STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA
3 0144 00360033 5

SR

PENNSYLVANIA
17 45
STATE LIBRARY

PENNSYLVANIA
INSTRUCTION

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

https://archive.org/details/vol3shakespeares00shak

THE

ILLUSTRATED
Shakespeare.

EDITED BY

G. C. Verplanck.

VOL. III.—TRAGEDIES.

New York:
HARPER & BROTHERS.
1847.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS:

WITH HIS LIFE.

Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts,

EXECUTED BY

H. W. HEWET, AFTER DESIGNS BY KENNY MEADOWS, HARVEY, AND OTHERS

EDITED

BY GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, LL.D.

WITH

CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS, NOTES, ETC., ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.—TRAGEDIES.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
82 CLIFF STREET.
1847.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-five, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

822.33
I
1847a
v.3

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

Tragedies.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 1597

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE. 1602

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK. 1603

MACBETH. 1603-1610

KING LEAR. 1607

CYMBELINE. 1623

TIMON OF ATHENS.

CORIOLANUS.

JULIUS CÆSAR. 1623

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 1623

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

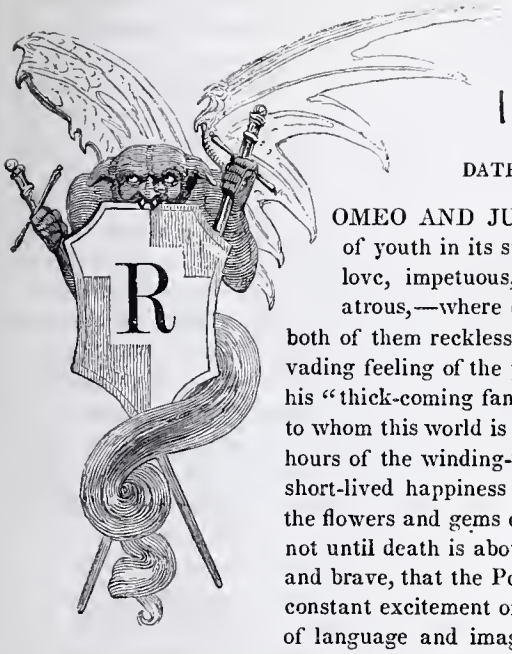
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE. 1619

11784

ROMEO AND JULIET

ROMEO & JULIET
J.W. Orr. Sc.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

DATE, HISTORY, AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY.

ROMEO AND JULIET is the production of youthful genius. It is all redolent of youth in its subject, its style, and its spirit. It is a tale of mutually youthful love, impetuous, ardent, passionate, rapturous,—yet tender, imaginative, idolatrous,—where each of the lovers is the sole object of the other's existence, and both of them reckless of all else, even of life itself. Into this one, engrossing, pervading feeling of the poem, the youthful author throws his whole soul; he pours forth his "thick-coming fancies" with the mounting spirit, the keen relish of existence of one to whom this world is still fresh and young. He does not anticipate the sad and bitter hours of the winding-up of the mournful tale he is about to tell, but luxuriates in the short-lived happiness of the lovers, and showers over them, and on all around them, the flowers and gems of poetical fancy, with a joyous, careless, extravagant wit. It is not until death is about to cast his mantle over the loves of the young and beautiful and brave, that the Poet suffers either his own mind or his reader's to repose from the constant excitement of passion, wit, or fancy. It is this buoyancy of spirit, this luxury of language and imagery, this fervid activity of intellect and of fancy, that mark ROMEO AND JULIET as a work of the great Poet when just arrived to the full possession and confidence of his strength, yet still immature in experience and knowledge; quite as much as the numerous "conceits depraving his pathetic strains" which Johnson censured, or those similar faults which youthful compliance with the taste of the age can best explain or excuse; and not less than the "absence (remarked by Hallam) of that thoughtful philosophy which, when it had once germinated in Shakespeare's mind, never ceased to display itself." Coleridge therefore pronounced this play to have been intended by the author to approach more to the poem than to the drama. I should rather say that it bears the internal evidence of having been written in the period of the transition of the author's mind from its purely poetical to its dramatic cast of thought; from the poetry of external nature, of ingenious fancy and active thought, to that of the deeper philosophy of the heart.

This drama is also remarkable in another point of view; as it not only exhibits to us the genius of the Poet in this stage of its progress, but it affords no small insight into the history of the progress itself. It was first printed in 1597, as having been before that time "often with great applause plaid publiquely." This edition, an original copy of which is now of great rarity and value, has been reprinted *literatim* by Stevens, in his edition of the original quartos of "twenty of the plays of Shakespeare." Although this first edition was probably one of those "stolen and surreptitious copies maimed and deformed by the hand which stole them," of which the old folio editions complain, yet it enables us, by the comparison of the play there given, with what was afterwards avowedly added, to trace the advance of the author's taste and judgment. It contains the whole of the plot, incidents, and characters of the play afterwards enlarged, with its sweetness and beauty of imagery and luxury of language, and almost all its gayety and wit. Its defects of taste are more conspicuous, because it contains, in a much smaller compass, all the rhyming couplets, the ingenious and long-drawn conceits, and the extravagances of fanciful metaphor, which are still intertwined with the nobler beauties of this play. In 1599 appeared a second quarto edition, "newly corrected, augmented, and enlarged," containing about one fourth more in quantity, partly from expansion of thoughts already expressed imperfectly, and partly by large and admirable additions. Among these are the several soliloquies of Juliet, and especially that before taking the sleeping-potion, and the last speech of Romeo at the tomb. These all breathe that solemn melody of rhythm which Shakespeare created for the appropriate vehicle of his own mightier thoughts; while, as compared with the earlier play, the passion becomes more direct and intense, and less imaginative, and the language assumes more of that condensed and suggestive cast which afterwards became habitual to his mind.

The original structure is the work of a poet, and arranged with the skill of a practised dramatist; yet it is also evidently the work of a man of genius whose powers were governed, controlled, and modified by the spirit and taste of the literature of his day, and it consequently partakes of the usual blemishes of the poetry and eloquence of that age. The additions and corrections are those of the same mind, with its mighty energies more developed, and now throwing off the influence of inferior minds, giving to itself its own law, and about to assume the sway of its country's language and literature.

The contrast between the revision and the original play, beautiful and glowing as that is, with all its extravagance of thought and defects of taste, is such that I fully agree with Mr. Knight's just and acute observation, that the development of power and judgment is too great to have taken place in the short period of two years, the interval between the dates of the first and second editions; and that therefore the ROMEO AND JULIET, when

published in 1597, being then a popular acted play, must have been originally written some years before. Mr. Hallam (Literature of Europe) judging from the evidence of style and thought, places its composition before that of the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, which would make it, in its original form, the production of the Poet's twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth year; and this date corresponds with some slight points of circumstancial evidence collected by the commentators, such as the supposed allusion of the Nurse to the great earthquake of 1580 as having occurred eleven years before. The enlarged edition was the work of the Poet's thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth year. The third edition appeared in 1609, and this, says Collier, "was printed from the edition which came out ten years earlier; the repetition, in the folio of 1623, of some decided errors of the press, shows that it was a reprint of the quarto, 1609. It is remarkable, that although every early quarto impression contains a Prologue, it was not transferred to the folio."

The first edition has also its value, as assisting to form a correct text, several difficulties in the later editions being cleared up by its aid, and the metrical arrangement especially has been thus preserved; Mercutio's "Queen Mab" speech, when improved in language, having been printed as prose in the enlarged edition, though correctly in the first. Otherwise, it is clear that the true text is to be found in the original enlarged editions, collated with each other, using the first only to correct accidental errors of the press or the copyist. But it is certainly not consistent with sound criticism to employ it, as several editors have done, to make up a text out of two differing editions, by inserting what the author had himself thrown aside, to substitute other words or lines. Wherever the text of the present edition differs from any in common use, as that of Stevens, the difference will be found to proceed from adherence to this principle, which is also followed by both Knight and Collier, the former of whom takes the folio of 1623, and the latter the 1597 quarto as the standard of his edition,—a difference which does not lead to any very material variations.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

"When Dante reproaches the Emperor Albert for neglect of Italy,—

'—— Thy sire and thou have suffer'd thus,
Though greediness of yonder realms detain'd,
The garden of the empire to run waste,'—

He adds,—

'Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,
The Filippeschi and Monaldi, man,
Who car'st for nought! those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion rack'd.'

The Capulets and Montagues were among the fierce spirits who, according to the poet, had rendered Italy 'savage and unmanageable.' The Emperor Albert was murdered in 1308; and the Veronese, who believe the story of Romeo and Juliet to be historically true, fix the date of this tragedy as 1303. At that period the Scalas, or Scaligers, ruled over Verona.

"If the records of history tell us little of the fair Capulet and her loved Montague, whom Shakespeare has made immortal, the novelists have seized upon the subject, as might be expected, from its interest and its obscurity. Massuccio, a Neapolitan, who lived about 1470, was, it is supposed, the writer who first gave a somewhat similar story the clothing of a connected fiction. He places the scene at Sienna, and, of course, there is no mention of the Montagues and Capulets. The story too, of Massuccio, varies in its catastrophe; the bride recovering from her lethargy, produced by the same means as in the case of Juliet; and the husband being executed for a murder which had caused him to flee from his country. Mr. Douce has endeavoured to trace back the ground-work of the tale to a Greek romance by Xenophon Ephesius. Luigi da Porto, of Vicenza, gave a connected form to the legend of Romeo and Juliet, in a novel, under the title of "La Giulietta," which was published after his death in 1535. Luigi, in an epistle prefixed to this work, states that the story was told him by "an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker." Bandello, in 1554, published a novel on the same subject, the ninth of his second collection. It begins "When the Scaligers were lords of Verona," and goes on to say that these events happened "under Bartholomew Scaliger" (Bartolomeo della Scala.) The various materials to be found in these sources were embodied in a French novel by Pierre Boisteau, a translation of which was published by Paynter in his "Palace of Pleasure," in 1567; and upon this French story was founded the English poem by Arthur Brooke, published in 1562, under the title of "The tragicall Hystorye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br." It appears highly probable that an English play upon the same subject had appeared previous to Brooke's poem; for he says in his address to the reader:—"Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for: being there much better set foorth than I have or can dooe, yet the same matter penned as it is, may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes, to consider it, which hath the more incouraged me to publish it, suche as it is." Thus Shakespeare had materials enough to work upon. But, in addition to these sources, there is a play by Lope de Vega in which the incidents are very similar; and an Italian tragedy also, by Luigi Groto, which Mr. Walker, in his Historical Memoirs of Italian Tragedy, thinks that the English bard read with profit. Mr. Walker gives us passages in support of his assertion, such as a description of a nightingale when the lovers are parting, which appear to confirm this opinion."—KNIGHT.

Although Shakespeare gives us scarcely any indications of familiarity with the higher Italian literature (such as abound in Spenser,) yet as some knowledge of Italian was in his age a common as well as fashionable acquisition among persons of cultivation, it is quite probable that at some (and that not a late) period of his life, he had learned enough of the language to read it for any purpose of authorship, such as to get at the plot of an untranslated tale. The evidence in support of this probability will be found in some of the notes and remarks of this edition, on other plays. It is also well argued by Ch. A. Browne, in his Essay on Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems. It is therefore very probable that he had read or looked into all the books containing the subject of his intended play, so as to fill his mind with the incidents and accessories of the story. He had undoubtedly read either Boisteau's novel, or Paynter's inelegant translation of it, for he has taken from it at least one circumstance not found in the other versions of the plot. But he has otherwise made very little use either of Paynter or of the continental novelist, and has adhered closely to Brooke's poem. The commentators have been unjust to Brooke. His poem has been treated as a dull and inelegant composition, which it was a sort of merit for a Shakespearian critic to undergo the drudgery of reading. Mr. T. Campbell dismisses it contemptuously, as "a dull English poem, of four thousand lines." The reader who will turn to it, as reprinted by Malone, in the Variorum editions, or more accurately by Collier in his "Shakespeare's Library," will, after overcoming the first repulsive difficulties of metre and language, find it to be a poem of great power and beauty. The narration is clear, and nearly as full of interest as the drama itself; the characters are vividly depicted, the descriptions are graceful and poetical. The dramatist himself (though he paints far more vividly) does not more distinctly describe than the poet that change in Juliet's impassioned character, which Mr. Campbell regards as never even conceived of by any narrators of this tale before Shakespeare,—I mean her transition from girlish confidence in the sympathy of others, to the assertion of her own superiority, in the majesty of her despair. The language of the poem is of an older date than is familiar even to the reader of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and it is clouded, in addition, with affectations, like those of Spenser, of still more antiquated English. The metre, too, is unusual and unpleasing to the modern reader, being of alternated twelve and fourteen-syllable lines, with an occasional redundant syllable to the already overflowing verse—a rhythm which to modern ears is associated chiefly with ludicrous or humble compositions. It has, with all these accidental drawbacks to the modern reader, the additional real defect of partaking of the faults of its times, in extravagance of imagery and harsh coarseness of phrase. Nevertheless, it is with all these faults, a noble poem, which, either coming down from antiquity under a great name, or rewritten in modern days by Pope or Campbell, would not need defence or eulogy.

To this poem, Shakespeare owed the outline at least, of every character except Mercutio (what an exception! sufficient to have made a reputation as brilliant as Sheridan's, for an ordinary dramatist.) He owes to the story abundant hints worked up in the dialogue. Will not Shakespeare's readers agree with me in the opinion that this fact is, like many others, a proof of the real greatness of his mind? He had before him, or within his reach, materials enough for his purpose, in books not familiar to his audience; but he went to the best source, although it was one where every reader of poetry might trace his adaptations, while only the judicious few of his own day would note and understand how much of the absorbing interest of the plot, of the picturesque or minute description, of the towering magnificence of thought, the wit, of the passion and the pathos, belonged to the dramatist alone. He used what was best, and improved it. The author who borrows to improve, in this fashion, is no plagiarist. In the happy phrase of some French critic, who defends Molière against a charge of plagiarism, founded on a similar use of the ideas of a preceding novelist—"*Le plagiat n'est un vol que pour la médiocrité.*"

Malone has collected a number of minute circumstances that prove decisively that Shakespeare founded his play mainly on Arthur Brooke's poem. The following passages, pointed out by Collier, will show the nature of some of his obligations, and that they went beyond the mere plot, names, and characters. No doubt can be entertained by those who only compare a passage from a speech of Friar Laurence with three lines from Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet:"—

> 'Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
> Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
> The unreasonable fury of a beast.'—(Act iii. scene 3.)

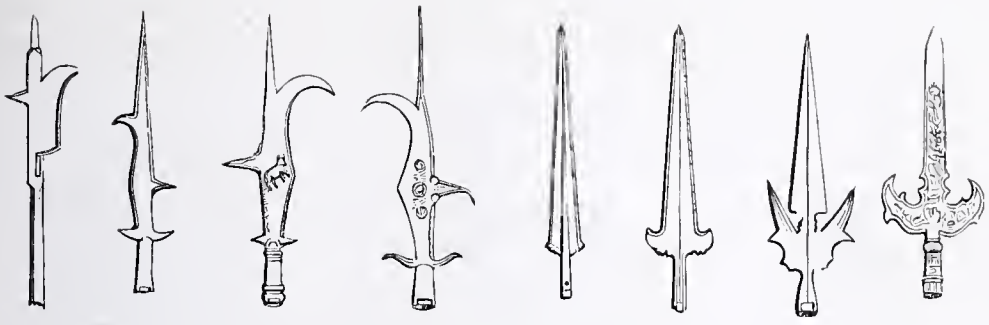
This is almost verbally from Brooke's poem:—

> 'Art thou, (quoth he,) a man? thy shape saith so thou art;
> Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart * *
> If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.'

It is also particularly worthy of remark, that Shakespeare has chosen to follow Brooke in his narration of the catastrophe from that of Bandello's novel, or what Brooke calls "Bandel's written story." According to Brooke and Shakespeare, Juliet, when she awakes from her sleep, finds Romeo dead; but in the "Giulietta" of Luigi da Porto, and in Bandello's novel, she recovers soon enough to hear Romeo speak, and see him struggle in the agonies of a painful death; then the Friar endeavours to persuade her to leave the tomb; she refuses, and determines on death, and after closing her husband's eyes, resolutely holds her breath (*riccolto a se il fiato, e per buono spazio tenutolo*) until, with a loud cry, she falls upon her husband's body and dies. Some of the critics (Skottowe and Dunlop) have regretted this as written in ignorance of the original story, and thus "losing circumstances more affecting and better calculated for the stage." Garrick thought so too, and remodelled the catastrophe upon the original plan, thus introducing a last interview between the lovers, which, however common-place in language or thought, is always painful in its effect. Sounder criticism, and the decision of a more cultivated public taste, has of

late years vindicated Shakespeare's judgment in following Brooke's narration of the Italian story, and pronounced that this softening the catastrophe is, in relation to the dramatic form of the story, the deliberate choice of exquisite taste and true feeling. After such a chain of events of deep and exciting interest, where wild hope and rapturous joy alternate with desperate grief, further prolongation of mental agony, (and that mixed with bodily suffering,) must cease to be pathetic, for it becomes merely painful. The simpler termination which the Poet deliberately preferred, leaves the youthful lovers to sink into death with calm resolution. They repose together in their antique tomb as placid as the lovely children on Chantrey's exquisite monument; the fiercer passions are hushed in their presence; old enmities die away, and a quiet solemn melancholy is spread over the scene as the day breaks slowly in gloom and sorrow over a mourning city.

(Costume of a young Venetian Nobleman, from Vecellio.)



(Bills and Partisans, from specimens.)

PERIOD OF THE ACTION, COSTUME, AND SCENERY.

"The slight foundation of historical truth which can be established in the legend of Romeo and Juliet—that of the 'civil broils' of the two rival houses of Verona—would place the period of the action about the time of Dante. But this one circumstance ought not very strictly to limit this period. The legend is so obscure that we may be justified in carrying its date forward or backward, to the extent even of a century, if any thing may be gained by such a freedom. In this case, we may venture to associate the story with the period which followed the times of Petrarch and Boccaccio—verging towards the close of the fourteenth century—a period full of rich associations of literature and art. To date the period of the action of ROMEO AND JULIET before this revival of learning and the arts, would be to make its accessories out of harmony with the exceeding beauty of Shakespeare's drama.

"Assuming that the incidents of this tragedy took place (at least traditionally) at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the costume of the personages represented would be that exhibited to us in the paintings of Giotto and his pupils or contemporaries."—KNIGHT.

Mr. Knight is as usual historically accurate, but as there is no historical or other connection to fix the date at any precise period of Italian story, the incidents may well have occurred at any time during the middle ages, while Italy was divided into small independent states, and its cities distracted by the fierce family factions of their nobles; as from the year 1300 almost down to the Poet's own times. Mr. Knight has therefore manifested his usual good taste in adding to his notice of the strictly historical costume of the long robes and the fantastic hats and hoods of the supposed times of the hero and heroine, that "artists of every description are perfectly justified in clothing the dramatis personæ of this tragedy in the habits of the time in which it was written, by which means all serious anachronisms will be prevented."

But in another respect this play allows much less latitude to art. Romeo and Juliet have so long been the historical belief of Italy, and the poetical faith of the rest of the world, as to be characters indissolubly connected with the real scenery, palaces, churches, and monuments of Verona and Mantua. All the localities of the story are preserved by old tradition and popular opinion; and their Palladian palaces, remains of Roman grandeur, and natural beauties, still represent the very scenes that floated before the Poet's fancy. Above all, the painter will observe that the Poet, by some Mesmeric faculty of his imagination, had transported himself into Italy, and become as familiar with the banks of the Adige as with those of his own Avon. His incidental descriptions, his allusions to rural beauties, are none of them drawn from the silver clouds, the chill moons, the long-lingering spring, and fadeless green of England; but they are all brilliant and joyous with "summer's ripening breath," beneath the hot blaze of an Italian sun, or are bathed in such moonlight as often "tips with silver" the cliffs of our Palisades or Catskills.

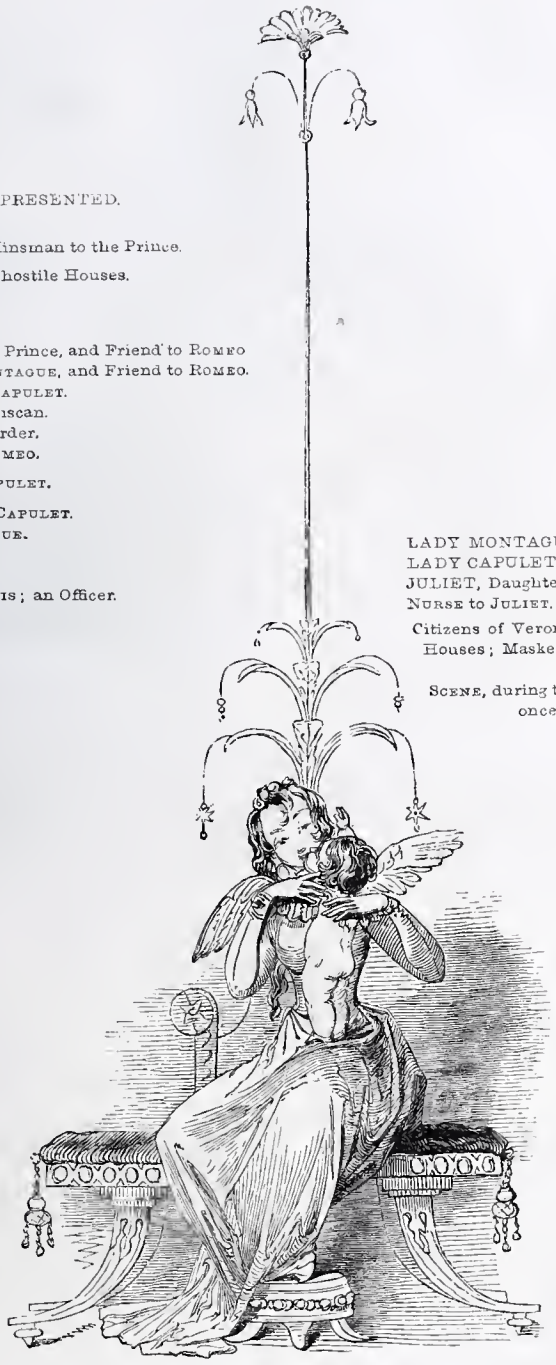
PROLOGUE

CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
  In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
  Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
  A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
  Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
  And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
  Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, } Heads of two hostile Houses.
CAPULET, }
Uncle to CAPULET.
ROMEO, Son to MONTAGUE.
MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to ROMEO
BENVOLIO, Nephew to MONTAGUE, and Friend to ROMEO.
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady CAPULET.
FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.
BALTHASAR, Servant to ROMEO.
SAMPSON, } Servants to CAPULET.
GREGORY, }
PETER, another Servant to CAPULET.
ABRAM, Servant to MONTAGUE.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
CHORUS. Boy, Page to PARIS; an Officer.



LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to MONTAGUE.
LADY CAPULET, Wife to CAPULET.
JULIET, Daughter to CAPULET.
NURSE to JULIET.
Citizens of Verona; Male and Female Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, during the greater part of the Play, in VERONA; once, in the fifth act, at MANTUA.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with Swords and Bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore, I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst,

thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a distance.*

Gre. Say—better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their Swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter several persons of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs or partisans.

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his gown; and* Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!
La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?
Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.
La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace:
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Attendants;* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, *Citizens, and Servants.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach.
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
La. Mon. O! where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a distance.*

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and* Lady.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz; I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lover's tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I will go along:
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
Rom. What! shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will;
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good mark-man!—And she's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit;
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O! she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.
Rom. O! teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call her's, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

(Verona.)

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and Servant.*

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before;
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which, on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
[*Giving a paper.*
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-den, good fellow.
Serv. God gi' good den.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book; but I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

"Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly; whither should they come?
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither? to supper?
Serv. To our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.
Serv. Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*
Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and Nurse.*

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again:
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teen be it spoken I have but four,
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.
Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry: I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man,—took up the child:
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay."
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?"
quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—"Ay."
La. Cap. Enough of this: I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—"Ay:"
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said—"Ay."
Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.
Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say, thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother, much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.
La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.
Nurse. No less? nay, bigger: women grow by men.
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.
La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.
Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,
Or shall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling:
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:
[*Putting on a mask.*
A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on:
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this save-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night?
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep;
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, is she—

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail.—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt*

('Court-cupboard,' and Plate.)

SCENE V.—*A Hall in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou, save

me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys: be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, *&c., with the Guests, and the Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir; His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here, in my house, do him disparagement;
Therefore, be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd:
What! goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests.
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame!
I'll make you quiet;—What!—Cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
[*To* JULIET.
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

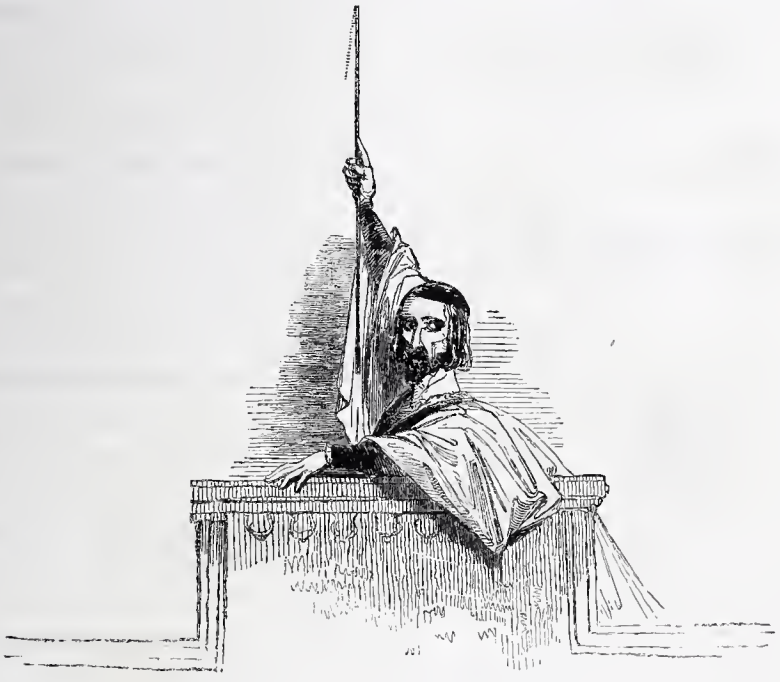
Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O, dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone: the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest.
[*Exeunt all but* JULIET *and* NURSE.
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond' gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* JULIET!
Nurse. Anon, anon:
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere:
But passion lends them power, time, means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*



SCENE I.—*An open Place, adjoining* CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo, humours, madman, passion, lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite. My invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[JULIET *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O! it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.
Jul. Ah me!
Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore, thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Jul. O! swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Rom. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. By and by; I come.—
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring.*

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tercel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy voice more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My dear!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my good hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checquering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wert thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O! she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom. O! let us hence: I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's: I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O! he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—"By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!"—Why! is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to courtesy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest! solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O! here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide abroad—goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived! I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter, pr'ythee give me my fan.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll 'quite thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now, God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O!—There's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for thee? no: I know it begins with some other letter; and she has the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
O! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God! she comes.—O honey nurse! what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?
Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench: serve God.—What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back! o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.
Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within:
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st;
"Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?"
Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil—Come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then, hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

(Nurse and Peter.)

SCENE VI.—Friar LAURENCE's *cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady.—O! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

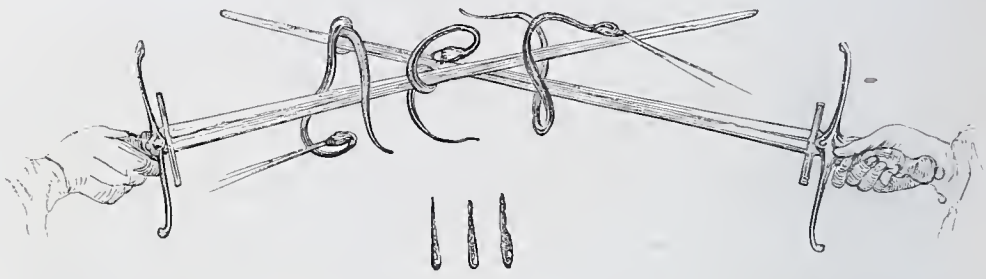
Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter TYBALT, *and others.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—

Mer. Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

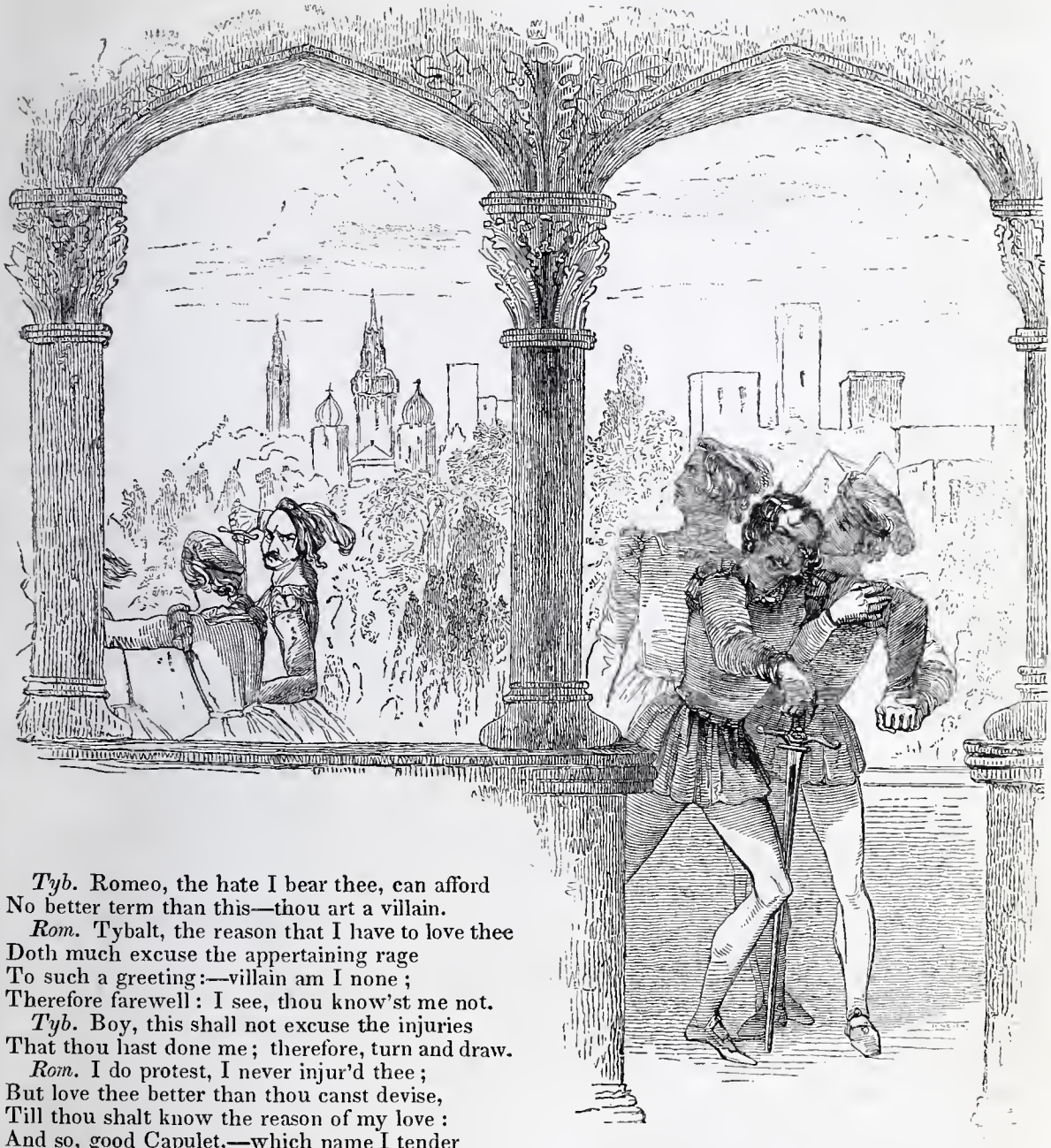
Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.



Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—thou art a villain.
Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—villain am I none;
Therefore farewell: I see, thou know'st me not.
Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore, turn and draw.
Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.
Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?
Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.
Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*
Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*
Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons:—gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage!—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio! [*Exeunt* TYBALT *and his Partisans.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?
Ben. What! art thou hurt?
Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit Page.*
Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.
Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!
[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin;—O sweet Juliet!
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight;* TYBALT *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away! begone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken.—Hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir:—go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended: MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince! I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay:
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was; and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses;
Therefore, use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That, unawares, eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?
Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*
Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—I; or if not—no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swounded at the sight.
Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty:
Vile earth, to earth resign: end motion here,
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished:
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished!
That—banished, that one word—banished,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished!—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—Romeo is banished!—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse: I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then, banished
Is death mis-term'd:—calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not; he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar! the damned use that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banished?
Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.
Rom. O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.
Fri. O! then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself. [*Knocking within.*
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while.—Stand up; [*Knocking.*
Run to my study.—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

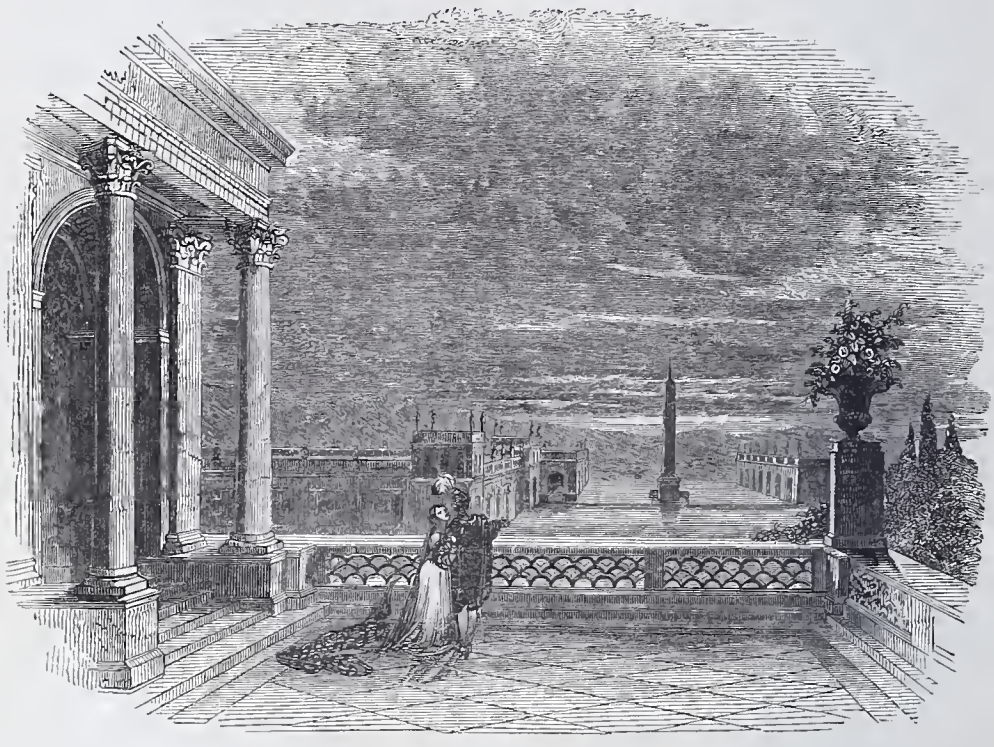
Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case;
Just in her case.
Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man;
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What! rouse thee, man: thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.
Nurse. O Lord! I could have stay'd here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit Nurse.*
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Go hence. Good night; and here stands all your state:—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! What day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;
O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado:—a friend or two;—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.—
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by.—Good night. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE V.—*Loggia, or Balcony of* JULIET'S *Chamber.*

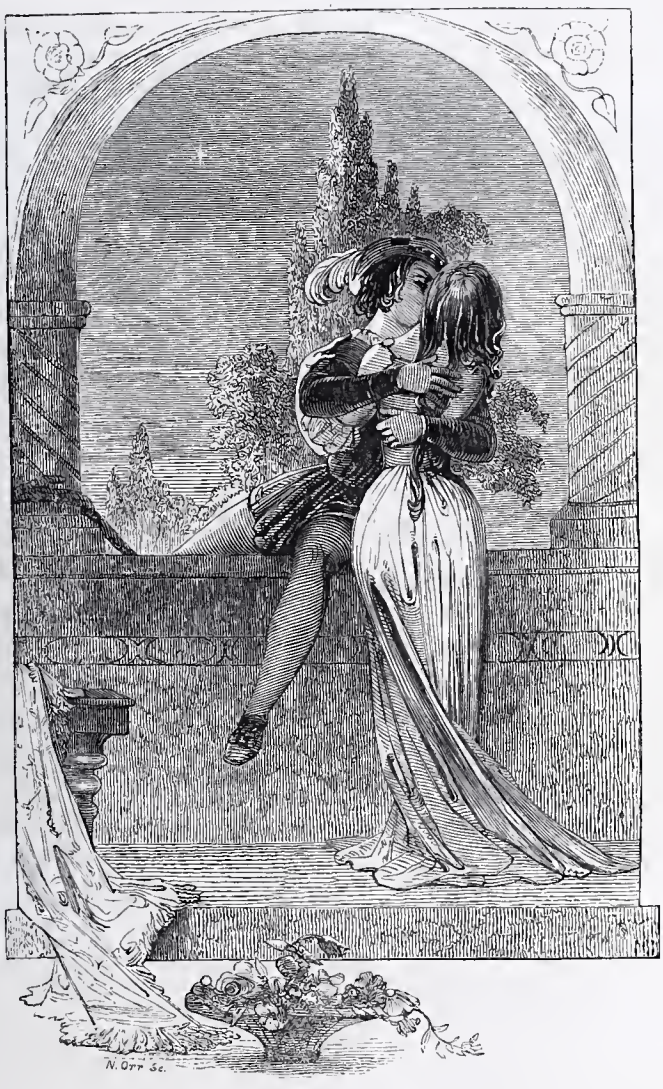
Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O! now I would they had chang'd voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O! now be gone: more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse.
Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[ROMEO *descends.*
Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord! ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O! think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:



Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* ROMEO.
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith! Be fickle, fortune;
For, then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho! daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early!
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

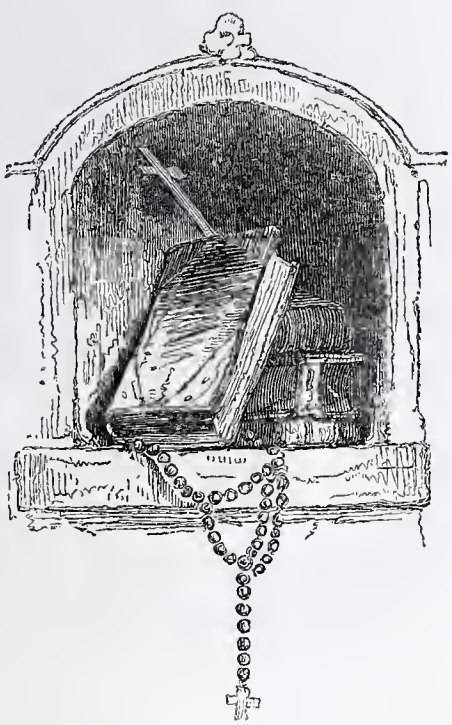
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then, weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should upon receipt thereof
Soon sleep in quiet.—O! how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and Nurse.*

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud:—mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence: smatter with your gossips; go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. O! God ye good den.
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—"I'll not wed,"—"I cannot love,"
"I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon me;"—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you;
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack! that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O! he's a lovely gentleman;
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nurse. What?
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
[*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*



ACT IV

SCENE I.—Friar LAURENCE's *Cell*.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.
Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And, therefore, have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
[*Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit* PAR.

Jul. O! shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. Ah, Juliet! I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,

O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then: go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *Nurse, and Servants.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore, he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you:
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county: go tell him of this.
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't: this is well,—stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county:
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday: there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* JULIET *and Nurse.*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet; help to deck up her:
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare up him
Against to-morrow. My heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—JULIET'S *Chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and Nurse.*

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt* Lady CAPULET *and Nurse.*

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all,
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort:—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud!
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo! Romeo! Romeo!—here's drink—I drink
to thee. [*She falls upon the bed.*

SCENE IV.—CAPULET'S *Hall.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and Nurse.*

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

La. Cap. Go, go, you cot-quean, go.
Get you to bed: 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[*Exeunt* Lady CAPULET *and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 *Serv.*]—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs,
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good father! 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
[*Music within.*
For so he said he would.—I hear him near.—
Nurse!—wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up:
I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—JULIET'S *Chamber;* JULIET *on the bed.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—
fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—
What! not a word?—you take your pennyworths now:
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed:
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady, lady!—
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter!
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me! O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
Cap. Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—
O son! the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy wife:—there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's!
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse. O woe, O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O! in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse: and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris:—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, *and Friar.*
1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up; put up; for well you know, this is a pitiful case.
[*Exit Nurse.*
1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians! "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:" O! an you will have me live, play—"Heart's ease."
1 *Mus.* Why "Heart's ease?"
Pet. O, musicians! because my heart itself plays—"My heart is full of woe." O! play me some merry dump, to comfort me.
2 *Mus.* Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Mus. No.
Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.
1 *Mus.* What will you give us?
Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.
1 *Mus.* Then, will I give you the serving-creature.
Pet. Then, will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?
1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.
2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—"silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—"music with her silver sound," because musicians have seldom gold for sounding:—

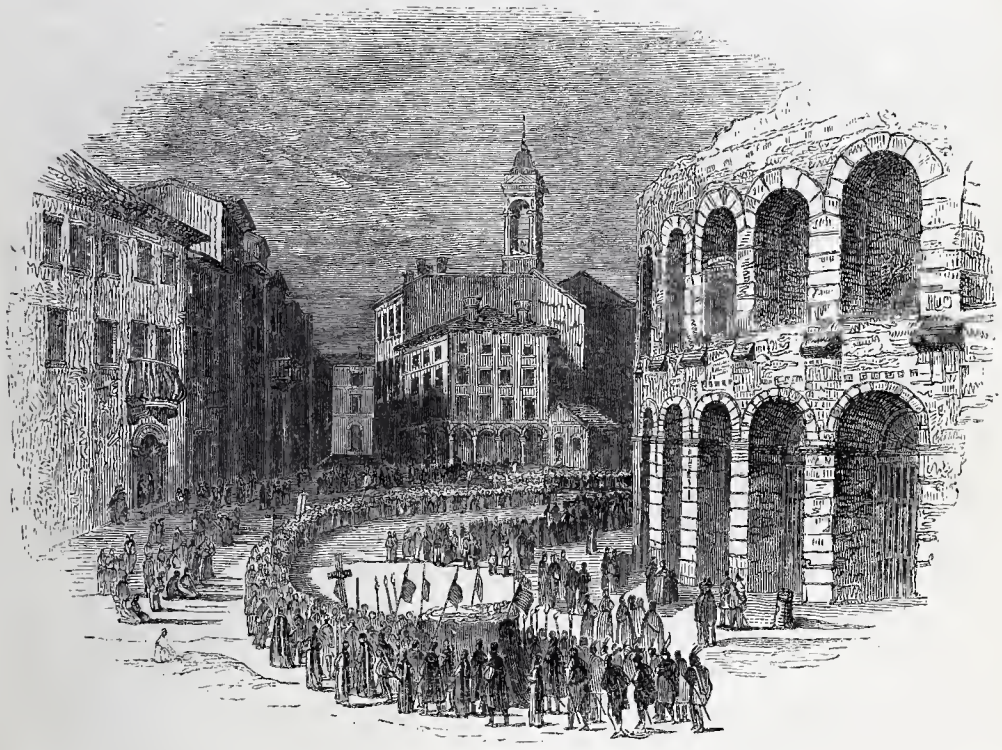
Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

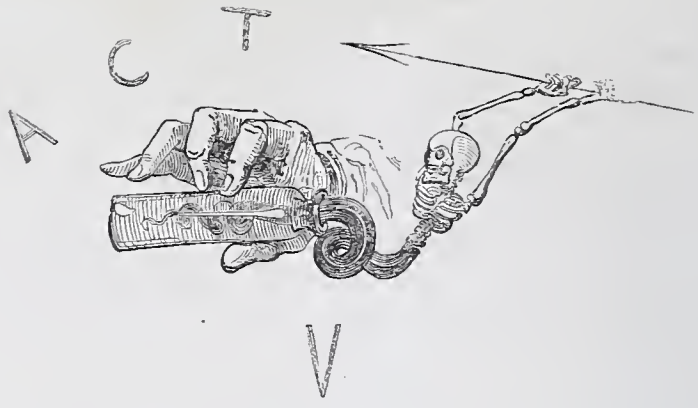
[*Exit, singing.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same.

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then, I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceived;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

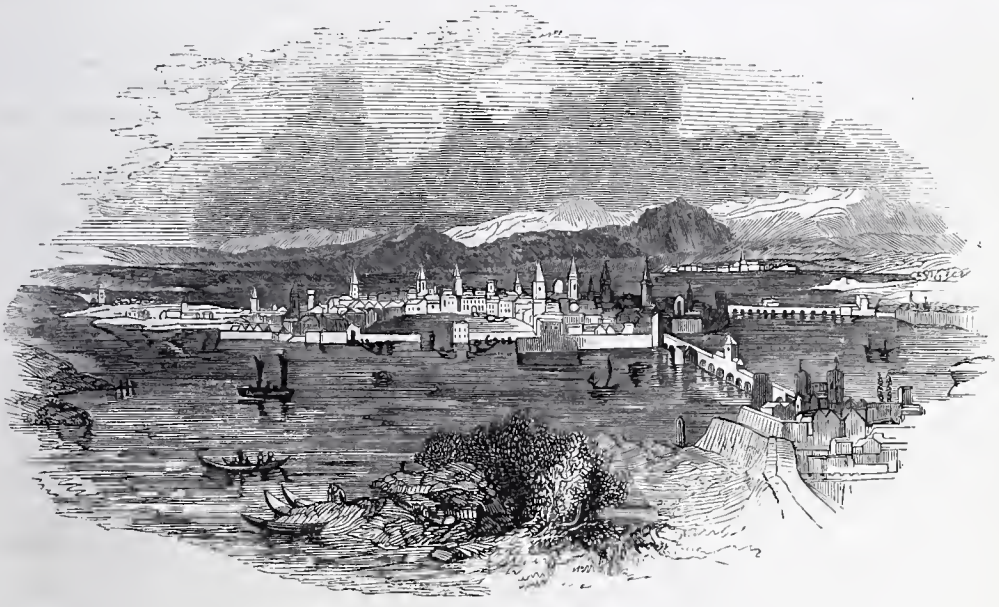
Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit* BALTHASAR.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O! this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then, be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*



(Mantua.)

SCENE II.—Friar LAURENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Lau. Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his Page, bearing flowers, and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond' yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies, that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep!
[*The boy whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What! with a torch?—muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter: early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
But, chiefly, to take thence, from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage, wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me here about:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*
Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the door of the Monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague.
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
[*Advancing.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me:—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then, have at thee, boy. [*They fight.*
Page. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*Exit Page.*
Par. O! I am slain.—[*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* PARIS *in the Monument.*
How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O! how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O! what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe—
Shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last:
Arms, take your last embrace; and lips, O! you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*

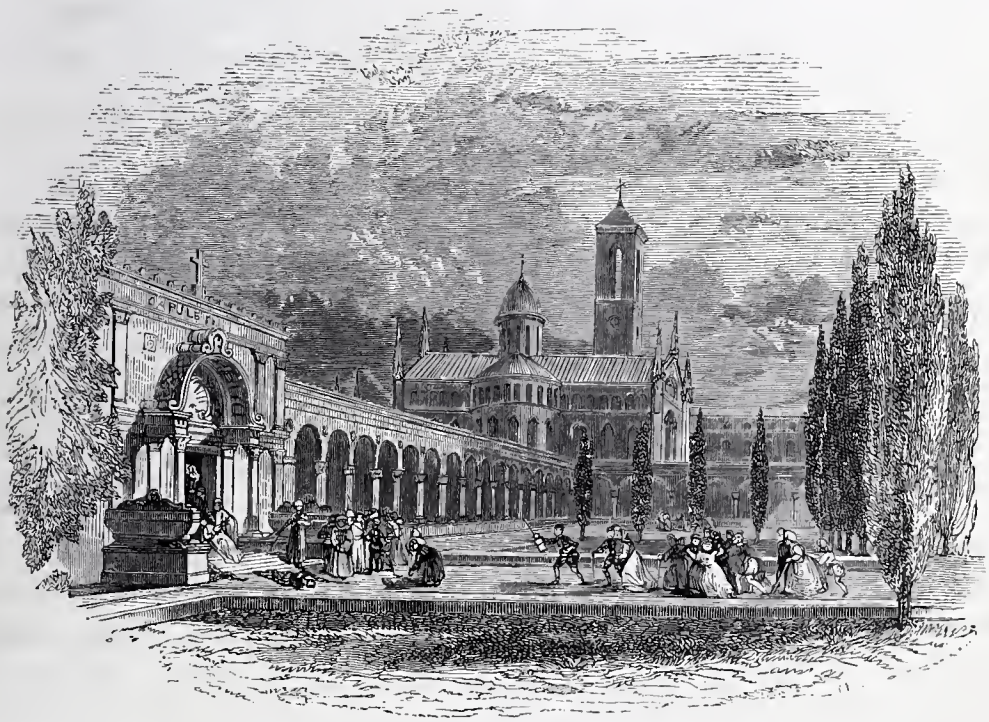
Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir.
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me;
O! much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. Romeo!— [*Advaneing.*
Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Entering the Monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what! Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [JULIET *wakes.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl! drink all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!
1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—which way?
Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*Snatching* ROMEO's *dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself;*] there rust, and let me die. [*Dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody: search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—
[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.



(Tomb of the Capulets.)

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. O! the people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger has mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris: then, comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, (so tutor'd by my art)
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

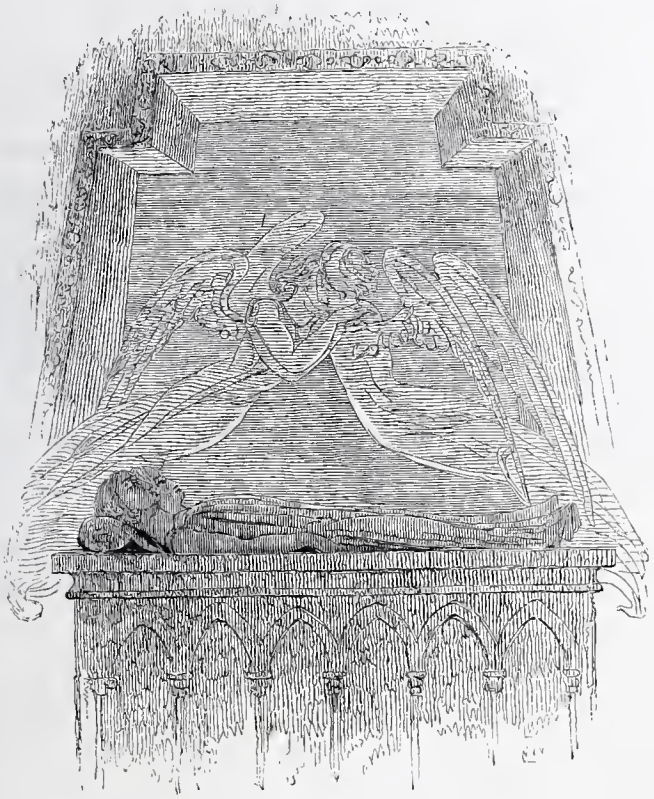
Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

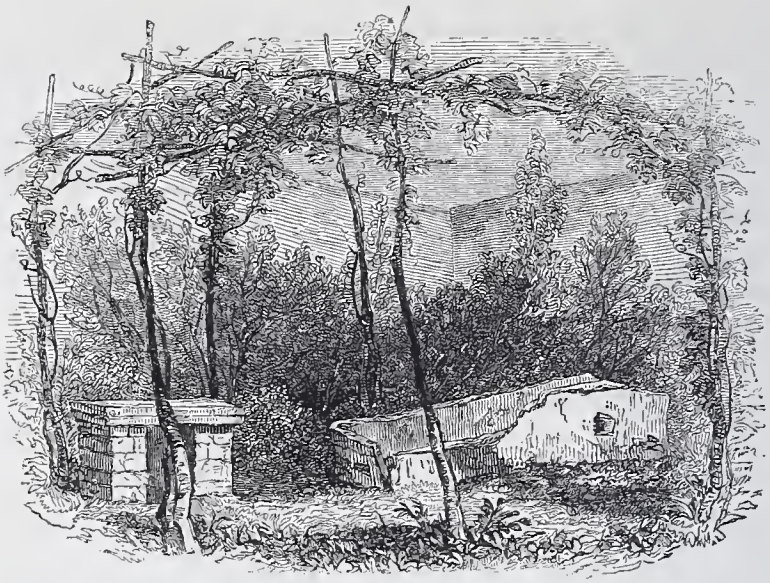
Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary; and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;
And I, for winking at your discords too,

Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.
Cap. O, brother Montague! give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*





(Juliet's Tomb, from an original drawing.)

NOTES ON ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Chorus"—As Malone suggested, means only that the Prologue was spoken by the same performer who delivered the chorus at the end of act i. The Prologue, as it is in the quarto, 1597, varies from the correction in every line. It runs *literatim* thus:—

Two household Frends, alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene,)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes
A paire of starre-crosst Lovers tooke their life;
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents' rage,)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want, wee'l studie to amend.

"— *fair* Verona."—*Verona*, the city of Italy where, next to Rome, the antiquary most luxuriates;—where, blended with the remains of theatres, and amphitheatres, and triumphal arches, are the palaces of the fractious nobles, and the tombs of the despotic princes of the Gothic ages;—Verona, so rich in the associations of real *history*, has even a greater charm for those who would live in the *poetry* of the past:

Are these the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the masque
Saw her lov'd Montague, and now sleeps by him?

So felt the tender and graceful poet, Rogers. He adds, in a note, "The old palace of the Cappelletti, with its uncouth balcony and irregular windows, is still standing in a lane near the market-place; and what Englishman can behold it with indifference?" When we enter Verona, we forget ourselves, and are almost inclined to say with Dante,—

Vieni a veder Montecchi, e Cappelletti.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"*Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.*"—This phrase was used proverbially for submitting to degradation, putting up with insult. Its origin is thus explained by Mr. Gifford:—"In all great houses, but particularly in the royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest deep there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchen, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then removed from palace to palace, the people in derision gave the name of blackguards; a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never properly explained."

"— *thou hadst been* poor John."—Dried and salted fish was so called.

"— *which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.*"—The meaning of this is shown by the following passage from Decker's "Dead Term," 1608, where he is adverting to the persons who visited the walks in St. Paul's church:—"What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels!"

"*Gregory, remember thy* swashing *blow.*"—We have "swashing" in As You Like It, "We'll have a *swashing* and a martial outside." Barret, in his "Alvearie," 1580, states that "to swash is to make a noise with swords against targets." Ben Jonson also, in his "Staple of News," speaks of "a *swashing* blow."

"*Clubs, bills, and partisans!*"—The cry of *clubs* is as thoroughly of English origin as the "bite my thumb" is of Italian. Scott has made the cry familiar to us in "The Fortunes of Nigel;" and when the citizens of Verona here raise it, we involuntarily think of the old watch-maker's hatch-door in Fleet-street, and Jin Vin and Tunstall darting off for the affray. "The great long club," (as described by Stowe,) on the necks of the London apprentices, was as characteristic as the flat cap of the same quarrelsome body, in the days of Elizabeth and James. The use by Shakespeare of home phrases, in the mouths of foreign characters, was a part of his art. It is the same thing as rendering Sancho's Spanish proverbs into the corresponding English proverbs, instead of literally translating them. The cry of *clubs*, by the citizens of Verona, expressed an idea of popular movements, which could not have been conveyed half so emphatically in a foreign phrase.—Knight.

"— *the grove of sycamore.*"—When Shakespeare has to deal with descriptions of natural scenery, he almost invariably localizes himself with the utmost distinctness. He never mistakes the sycamore groves of the south for the birch woods of the north. In such cases he was not required to employ familiar and conventional images, for the sake of presenting an idea more distinctly to his audience than a rigid adherence to the laws of costume (we employ the word in its larger sense of *manners*) would have allowed. The grove of sycamore

That westward rooteth from this city's side,

takes us at once to a scene entirely different from one presented by Shakespeare's own experience. The sycamore is the Oriental plane, (little known in England,) spreading its *broad* branches—from which its name, *plantanus*,—to supply the most delightful of shades under the sun of Syria or of Italy. Shakespeare might have found the sycamore in Chaucer's exquisite tale of the Flower and the Leaf, where the hedge that

—— Closed in alle the green arbere,
With sycamore was set and eglantere. KNIGHT.

"*Pursu'd my humour.*"—The reading of the two preceding lines in this edition, is that preferred by Collier, being that of all the early editions, except the first. The plain meaning is, that Benvolio, like Romeo, was indisposed for society, and sought to be most where fewest people were to be found, being one too many, even when by himself. The popular text, since Pope's time, has usually been that of the quarto, 1597, viz :—

I measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour.

"*Or dedicate his beauty to the* SUN."—The old copies here, instead of "to the sun," read "to the same." This prosaic termination of so beautiful a passage was altered at the suggestion of Theobald, as a typographical mistake for "sunne," in the old orthography. Daniel, in his sonnets (1594) has a passage somewhat similar :—

And while thou spread'st unto the rising sun
The fairest flower that ever saw the light,
Now 'joy thy time, before thy sweet be done.

Collier retains "same."

"*Enter* ROMEO," etc.

If we are right, from the internal evidence, in pronouncing this one of Shakespeare's early dramas, it affords a strong instance of the fineness of his insight into the nature of the passions, that Romeo is already love-bewildered. The necessity of loving creates an object for itself in man and woman; and yet there is a difference in this respect between the sexes, though only to be known by a perception of it. It would have displeased us if Juliet had been represented as already in love, or as fancying herself so;—but no one, I believe, ever experiences any shock at Romeo's forgetting his Rosaline (who had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination) and rushing into his passion for Juliet. Rosaline was a mere creation of his fancy; and we should remark the boastful positiveness of Romeo in a love of his own making, which is never shown where love is really near the heart :—

When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

* * * * * * * * *

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

COLERIDGE.

"*O brawling love! O loving hate!*"—This antithetical combination of contraries originated in the Provençal poetry, and was assiduously cultivated by Petrarch. Shakespeare, in this passage, may be distinctly traced to Chaucer's translation of the "Romaunt of the Rose," where we have love described as a hateful peace—a truth full of falsehood—a despairing hope—a void reason—a sick heal, etc.—KNIGHT.

(Lady masked, from VECELLIO.)

SCENE II.

"— *lady of my earth.*"—The heiress of my lands, as Stevens (I think rightly) explains it. But Malone thinks that Shakespeare uses earth for the mortal part, as in the 146th Sonnet :—

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth.

and in this play,

—— Turn back, dull earth.

"*This night I hold an old accustom'd feast.*"—"The day is hot," says Benvolio. The Friar is up in his garden,

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye.

Juliet hears the nightingale sing from the pomegranate tree. During the whole course of the poem, the action appears to move under the "vaulty heaven" of Italy, with a soft moon

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

and "day's pathway" made lustrous by

—— Titan's fiery wheels. KNIGHT.

"*Earth-treading stars,*" etc.—Warburton calls this line nonsense, and would read,

Earth-treading stars that make dark *even* light.

Monck Mason would read,

Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven's light,

that is, that make the light of heaven appear dark in comparison with them. It appears unnecessary to alter the original reading, especially as passages in the masquerade scene would indicate that the banquetting-room opened into a garden—as,

Her beauty hangs upon *the cheek of night.*

"*Which, on more view of many, mine being one.*"

The editions following Stevens's text, retain the reading of the first unrevised quarto, "Such amongst view of many;" the sense of which, most readers will say, with Johnson, "I do not understand." The present text agrees with that of the later editors, Singer and Collier, being from the revised quartos, (with the correction of an obvious error of the press,) reading "on" view of many, for *one* view, etc. Singer thus states the meaning :—

"Hear all, see all, and like her most who has the most merit; *her*, which, after regarding attentively the many, my daughter being one, may stand *unique* in merit, though she may be reckoned nothing, or held in no estimation. The allusion, as Malone has shown,

is to the old proverbial expression, '*One* is no number,' thus adverted to in Decker's 'Honest Whore:'—

— to fall to *one*
Is to fall to none,
For *one* no number is.

And in Shakespeare's 136th Sonnet:—

Among a number *one is reckon'd none*,
Then in the number let me pass untold.

It will be unnecessary to inform the reader that *which* is here used for *who*, a substitution common with Shakespeare, as in all the writers of his time."

"— CRUSH *a cup of wine*."—This expression is met with in many old plays and tracts of the time.

(Plantain leaf.)

SCENE III.

The character of the Nurse is the nearest of any thing in SHAKESPEARE to a direct borrowing from mere observation; and the reason is, that as in infancy and childhood the individual in nature is a representative of a class,—just as in describing one larch tree, you generalize a grove of them,—so it is nearly as much so in old age. The generalization is done to the Poet's hand. Here you have the garrulity of age strengthened by the feelings of a long-trusted servant, whose sympathy with the mother's affections gives her privileges and rank in the household; and observe the mode of connection by accidents of time and place, and the child-like fondness of repetition in a second childhood, and also that happy, humble, ducking under, yet constant resurgence against, the check of her superiors!—

Yes, madam!—Yet I cannot choose but laugh, &c.
COLERIDGE.

"*Even or odd*."—The speeches of the Nurse, from hence, are given as prose in all the early editions. Capell had the great merit of first printing them as verse; and not "erroneously," as Boswell appears to think, for there is not in all SHAKESPEARE a passage in which the rhythm is more happily characteristic.—KNIGHT.

"*And, pretty fool, it* STINTED"—i. e. it *stopped* crying. To *stint* is frequently used for to *stop* in writers of the time.

"*Examine every* MARRIED *lineament*"—i. e. Every harmoniously united lineament. This is the reading of the quarto, 1599, the oldest authority for this part of the play: the quarto, 1609, and the folio, 1623, have poorly, "Examine every *several* lineament."

"*The fish lives in the sea*"—i. e. Is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Farmer's explanation of this passage.—STEVENS.

SCENE IV.

"*Enter* ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO," etc.

In the fourth scene we have Mercutio introduced to us. O! how shall I describe that exquisite ebullience and overflow of youthful life, wafted on over the laughing waves of pleasure and prosperity, as a wanton beauty that distorts the face on which she knows her lover is gazing enraptured, and wrinkles her forehead in the triumph of its smoothness! Wit ever wakeful, fancy busy and procreative as an insect, courage,—an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh away those of others, and yet to be interested in them,—these and all congenial qualities, melting into the common *copula* of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellences and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of Mercutio!—COLERIDGE.

In Arthur Brooke's rhyming poem of "Romeus and Juliet," there is mention of Mercutio:—

At th' one side of her chair her lover Romeo,
And on the other side there sat one called Mercutio;—
A courtier that eachwhere was highly had in prize,
For he was courteous of his speech and pleasant of device:
Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
Such was among the bashful maids, Mercutio to behold.
With friendly gripe he seized fair Juliet's snowish hand:
A gift he had that nature gave him in his swathing band,—
That frozen mountain-ice was never half so cold
As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did them hold.

On this slight hint, Shakespeare founded the admirable character bearing the same name.—*Illust. Shak.*

"*We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with such a scarf*," etc.—This "device" was a practice of courtly life, before and during the time of Shakespeare. The "Tartar's painted bow of lath" is the bow of the Asiatic nations, with a double curve, so as to distinguish the bow of Cupid from the old English long-bow. The "crow-keeper," who scares the ladies, had also a bow: he is the shuffle or mawkin—the scarecrow of rags and straw, with a bow and arrow in his hand. "That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper," says Lear. The "without-book prologue faintly spoke after the prompter," is supposed by Warton to allude to the boy-actors that we find noticed in HAMLET.

"*Give me a torch*."—The character, (says Stevens,) which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in "Westward Hoe," by Decker and Webster, 1607:—"He is just like a *torch-bearer* to maskers; he wears good cloathes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing."

"— *doth* QUOTE *deformities*"—i. e. *Note* or *observe* deformities.

"*Tickle the senseless* RUSHES *with their heels*"—Alluding to the rushes with which apartments were anciently strewed, before the ordinary use of carpets.

"*Tut! dun's the mouse*."—We have a string of sayings here which have much puzzled the commentators. When Romeo exclaims, "I am done," Mercutio, playing upon the word, cries "dun's the mouse." This is a proverbial phrase, constantly occurring in the old comedies. It is probably something like the other cant phrase that occurs in LEAR, "the cat is grey." The following line,

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,

was fully as puzzling, till Gifford gave us a solution:—"*Dun is in the mire!* then, is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room: this is dun, (the cart horse,) and a cry is raised, that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts

of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let it fall on one another's toes. This will not be thought a very exquisite amusement; and yet I have seen much honest mirth at it, and have been far more entertained with the ludicrous contortions of pretended struggles, than with the writhing, the dark scowl of avarice and envy exhibited by the same description of persons, in the genteeler amusement of cards, now the universal substitute for all our ancient sports."— GIFFORD's *Ben Jonson's Works*.

"MER. *O! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.*"

This exquisitely fanciful piece of descriptive humour was strangely printed as prose in all the quartos and folio, where it appears with the author's last correction of language. The first quarto, being the first draft, is less perfect as to language, but has the metrical arrangement. We cannot but follow Mr. Knight's example in exhibiting to our readers the first draft of a performance so exquisitely finished as this celebrated description, in which every word is a study. The original quarto of 1597 gives the passage, as follows :—

Ah then I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and doth come
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of a burgomaster,
Drawne with a team of little atomy,
Athwart men's noses when they lie asleep.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners' webs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces are the moon-shine watery beams,
The collars cricket bones, the lash of films.
Her waggoner is a small gray-coated fly
Not half so big as is a little worm,
Picked from the lazy finger of a maid.
And in this sort she gallops up and down
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.
O'er courtiers' knees, who strait on courtesies dream;
O'er ladies' lips who dream on kisses strait,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
Because their breath with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes she with a tythe pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleep
And then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a soldier's nose,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,
Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
And swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs,
And proves them women of good carriage.
This is the very Mab,
That plaits the mains of horses in the night,
And plaits the elfe locks in foul sluttish hair,
Which once untangled much misfortune breeds.

"*She is the fairies' midwife*"—Warburton supposes this to be an error of the press for "fancy's midwife," a conjecture worth preserving for its ingenuity, though it does not seem wanted. Commentators have differed about the sense of the allusion, and Stevens's explanation has been commonly adopted. I prefer that of T. Warton. The reader may choose for himself :—

"The 'fairies' midwife' does not mean the midwife *to* the fairies, but that she was the person among the fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those children of an idle brain. When we say 'the king's judges,' we do not mean persons who are to judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects."—STEVENS.

"I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by 'the fairies' midwife' the Poet means—the midwife among the fairies, because it was her peculiar employment to steal the new-born babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The Poet here uses her *general* appellation and character, which yet have so far a proper reference to the present train of fiction, as that her illusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep; for she not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewise the incubus or nightmare: Shakespeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on sleepers; but denominates her from the most notorious one, of her personating the drowsy midwife, who was insensibly carried away into some distant water, and substituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*. The Poet avails himself of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency."—T. WARTON.

"*This is that very Mab*
That plats the manes of horses in the night

"This alludes to a singular superstition, not yet forgotten in some parts of the continent. It was believed that certain malignant spirits, whose delight was to wander in groves and pleasant places, assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night-time, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them in inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and the vexation of their masters. These hags are mentioned in the works of William Auvergne, Bishop of Paris, in the thirteenth century. There is a very uncommon old print by Hans Burgmair, relating to this subject. A witch enters the stable with a lighted torch; and previously to the operation of entangling the horse's mane, practises her enchantment on the groom, who is lying asleep on his back, and apparently influenced by the nightmare. The belemites, or elf-stones, were regarded as charms against the last-mentioned disease, and against evil spirits of all kinds; but the ceraunіæ, or bœtuli, and all perforated flint-stones, were not only used for the same purpose, but more particularly for the protection of horses and other cattle, by suspending them in stables, or tying them round the necks of the animals.

"The next line,

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

seems to be unconnected with the preceding, and to mark a superstition, which, as Dr. Warburton has observed, may have originated from the *plica Polonica*, which was supposed to be the operation of the wicked elves, whence the clotted hair was called elf-locks, and elf-knots. Thus Edgar talks of 'elfing all his hair in knots.' "—DOUCE.

"*Strike, drum.*"—Here the folio adds :—"They march about the stage, and serving-men come forth with their napkins." This stage-direction shows that the scene was supposed to be immediately changed to the hall of Capulet's house.

SCENE V.

"— *remove the* COURT-CUPBOARD"—i. e. A sideboard or buffet, for the display of plate, etc., often mentioned by old writers. "Here shall stand my *court-cupboard* with its furniture of plate."—CHAPMAN's *Monsieur d'Olive*, 1606.

"— *a piece of* MARCHPANE."—*Marchpanes*, says Stevens, were composed of filberts, almonds, pistachios, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour. It is supposed to be the same that we now call a macaroon.

"*A hall! a hall!*"—King James, in Scott's "Marmion," has made this antiquated phrase familiar to the modern reader. It was an exclamation used to make room in a crowd, and especially to clear a hall for a dance.

"— *good* COUSIN *Capulet.*"—M. Mason observes that the word *cousin* Shakespeare applies to any collateral relation of whatever degree; thus we have in this play "Tyhalt, my cousin!—Oh my brother's child!" Richard the Third calls his nephew York, cousin; while the boy calls Richard, uncle. In the same play, York's grandmother calls him, cousin; while he replies, grandam.

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night."

All the old copies anterior to the second folio read—"It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night." So much is gained in poetic beauty, and the other reading is so tame in expression, and so little in Shakespeare's manner, whose faults of language are never on that side, that it seems quite probable that this was a correction of the Poet's own, obtained from some other manuscript altered during the author's life. It is besides confirmed by the repetition of the word "beauty" in the next line but one. Collier and Singer adhere to the old reading of "It seems," etc., but most other editors agree with the reading in the text.

"This trick may chance to SCATH *you"*—i. e. To do you injury.

"This holy shrine, the gentle FINE *is this."*—The old copies read *sin* for "fine," an easy misprint when *sin* was written *sinne* with a long *s*. "Sin" scarcely affords sense, while "fine" (which Warburton introduced) has a clear meaning.

"Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie."

Our impression of Juliet's loveliness and sensibility is enhanced, when we find it overcoming in the bosom of Romeo a previous love for another. His visionary passion for the cold, inaccessible Rosaline, forms but the prologue, the threshold to the true—the real sentiment which succeeds it. The incident which is found in the original story has been retained by Shakespeare with equal feeling and judgment;—and far from being a fault in taste and sentiment, far from prejudicing us against Romeo, by casting upon him, at the outset of the piece, the stigma of inconstancy, it becomes, if properly considered, a beauty in the drama, and adds a fresh stroke of truth to the portrait of the lover. Why, after all, should we be offended at what does not offend Juliet herself? for in the original story we find that her attention is first attracted towards Romeo, by seeing him "fancy sick, and pale of cheer," for love of a cold beauty. We must remember that in those times, every young cavalier of any distinction devoted himself, at his first entrance into the world, to the service of some fair lady, who was selected to be his fancy's queen: and the more rigorous the beauty, and the more hopeless the love, the more honourable the slavery. To go about "metamorphosed by a mistress," as Speed humorously expresses it,—to maintain her supremacy in charms at the sword's point; to sigh; to walk with folded arms; to be negligent and melancholy, and to show "a careless desolation," was the fashion of the day. The Surreys, the Sydneys, the Bayards, the Herberts of that time—all those who were the mirrors "in which the noble youth did dress themselves," were of this fantastic school of gallantry—the last remains of the age of chivalry; and it was especially prevalent in Italy. Shakespeare has ridiculed it in many places with exquisite humour; but he wished to show us that it has its serious as well as its comic aspect. Romeo, then, is introduced to us with perfect truth of costume, as the thrall of a dreaming, fanciful passion for the scornful Rosaline, who had forsworn to love; and on her charms and her coldness, and on the power of love generally, he descants to his companions in pretty phrases, quite in the style and taste of the day.

But when once he had beheld Juliet, and quaffed intoxicating draughts of hope and love from her soft glance, how all these airy fancies fade before the soul-absorbing reality! The lambent fire that played round his heart, burns to that heart's very core. We no longer find him adorning his lamentations in picked phrases, or making a confidant of his gay companions; he is no longer "for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in;" but all is concentrated, earnest, rapturous, in the feeling and the expression.

How different! and how finely the distinction is drawn! His first passion is indulged as a waking dream, a reverie of the fancy: it is depressing, indolent, fantastic; his second elevates him to the third heaven, or hurries him to despair. It rushes to its object through all impediments, defies all dangers, and seeks at last a triumphant grave, in the arms of her he so loved. Thus Romeo's previous attachment to Rosaline is so contrived as to exhibit to us another variety in that passion which is the subject of the poem, by showing us the distinction between the fancied and the real sentiment. It adds a deeper effect to the beauty of Juliet; it interests us in the commencement for the tender and romantic Romeo; and gives an individual reality to his character, by stamping him like an historical, as well as a dramatic portrait, with the very spirit of the age in which he lived.—MRS. JAMESON.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"Young ADAM *Cupid, he that shot so* TRIM."—The old copies have "Abraham Cupid," which Upton judiciously altered to *Adam*, understanding the reference to be to Adam Bell, the famous archer; as in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, "he that hits me, let him be called Adam." "Trim" is from the quarto, the other editions reading *true*. The passage applies to the ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid." The portion particularly in Shakespeare's mind runs thus:—

> The blinded boy that shootes so trim
> From heaven downe so high,
> He drew a dart, and shot at him
> In place where he did lye.

"— the HUMOROUS *night"*—Dewy—vaporous—as in Chapman's Homer, "the humorous days;" and elsewhere, "the humorous fogs."

SCENE II.

Take notice in this enchanting scene of the contrast of Romeo's love with his former fancy; and weigh the skill shown in justifying him from his inconstancy by making us feel the difference of his passion. Yet this, too, is a love in, although not merely of, the imagination.—COLERIDGE.

"That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops."

This happy expression of a beautiful thought has often reappeared in modern poetry. Thus Pope used it to decorate the simpler night-landscape of Homer, by introducing it into his translation of the famous moonlight description at the end of the eighth book of the Illiad:—

> And tips with silver every mountain top.

And again in his imitation of the sixth satire of Horace, where the "jamque tenebat—Nox medium cœli spatium" of the Latin poet is enriched by the Shakespearian imagery—

> Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
> And tips with silver all the walls.

Tom Moore has put it to a profane use in the way of parody, when alluding to the rouge with which his dandy sovereign used to disguise the ravages of age, he makes it—

> — tip his whiskers' tops with red.

*"*JUL. *Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night,"* etc.

With love, pure love, there is always an anxiety for the safety of the object, a disinterestedness, by which it is distinguished from the counterfeits of its name. Compare this scene with act iii. scene 1, of the TEMPEST. I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakespeare's mastery in playing a distinctly remembrable variety on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love-confessions of Romeo and Juliet, and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of

Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other.—COLERIDGE.

"*To lure this* TERCEL-GENTLE *back again.*"—The "tercel" is the male of the goss-hawk. This species of hawk had the epithet of "gentle" annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed. It was thought the most beautiful and graceful kind of hawk, and appropriated to the use of princes.

SCENE III.

The reverend character of the Friar, like all Shakespeare's representations of the great professions, is very delightful and tranquillizing, yet it is no digression, but immediately necessary to the carrying on of the plot.—COLERIDGE.

"— *and Titan's fiery wheels*"—This is the reading of the first edition: in the revised copies it reads "burning wheels," evidently a misprint from taking the word "burning" from the line below. But, the four lines beginning "The grey-ey'd morn" are also printed in the folio as part of Romeo's speech just before, as if by some accidental error of a copyist, so that they are inserted twice; and there the reading is—"From forth day's pathway made by Titan's wheels," which is preferred by many editors. Both readings are from Shakespeare himself. It seems probable that the reading of the text was the one last preferred, and the later editors have adopted it.

"*The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.*"

Milton, in Paradise Lost, has the same idea,—

> The womb of nature, and, perhaps, her grave.

The editors of Milton have given a parallel passage in Lucretius,

> Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.

Knight asks, "Did Shakespeare and Milton go to the same common source?"

"*O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies*
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities."

Dr. Farmer remarked that "this eulogium on the hidden powers of nature affords a natural introduction to the Friar's furnishing Juliet with the sleeping potion in Act IV." Here is one of the many instances in which the train of thought was suggested by Brooke's poem:—

> But not in vain, my child, hath all my wandering been:—
> What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to work,
> And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do lurk
> With care I have sought out; with pain I did them prove.

"*Two such opposed* KINGS."—The first edition has "foes," followed in the common modern editions, but all the other old editions read *kings*—moral chiefs, contending for the rule of man—a thoroughly Shakespearian phrase.

"— *both our remedies*
Within thy help and holy physic lies."

Dr. Percy, who brought to the elucidation of our old authors, the knowledge of an antiquary and the feeling of a poet, has observed, that "in very old English the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth* as well as the singular, and often familiarly in *es*:" it has been further explained by Mr. Tollet, that "the third person plural of the Anglo-Saxon present tense endeth in *eth*, and of the Dano-Saxon in *es*." Malone's principle upon which such idioms, which appear false concords to us, should be corrected is, "to substitute the modern idiom in all places except where either the metre or rhyme renders it impossible." Knight adds, "but to those who can feel the value of a slight sprinkling of our antique phraseology, it is pleasant to drop upon the instances in which correction *is* impossible." Thus:

> Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
> And Phœbus 'gins arise,
> His steeds to water at those springs
> On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.

And again in "Venus and Adonis:"

> She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes
> Where lo! two lamps burnt out, in darkness *lies*.

SCENE IV.

"— *the very* PIN *of his heart cleft.*"—The "pin" was the peg by which the white mark or clout, at which archers shot, was fastened. To "cleave the pin" was a matter of more difficulty than to hit the clout or white.

"*More than prince of cats.*"—Tybalt or Tybert was the name of a cat; and the cat in the old allegory of "Reynard the Fox" was called Tybert. Nash, in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, has, "Tybalt, prince of cats."

"*He fights as you sing* PRICK-SONG"—Music pricked, or noted down, so as to read according to rule; in contradistinction to music learned by the ear, or sung from memory.

"— *the hay*"—All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting-sword, being first used in Italy. The "hay" is the word *hai*, "you have it," used when a thrust reaches the antagonist; from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha!*—JOHNSON.

"— *these* PARDONNEZ-MOIS"—"*Pardonnez-moi*" became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate that no other mode of contradiction would be endured.—JOHNSON.

"— *they cannot sit at ease on the old bench.*"—It is said that during the ridiculous fashion which prevailed of great "boulstered breeches," it was necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons, to make room for these monstrous protuberances, without which those "who stood on the new form could not sit at ease on the old bench."—SINGER.

"*Thisbe, a* GREY EYE *or so.*"—Mercutio means to allow that Thisbe had a very fine eye; for, from various passages, it appears that a gray eye was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may seem strange to those who are not conversant with ancient phraseology; but a gray eye undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a blue eye.—MALONE.

"— *a French salutation to your French* SLOP."—*Slops* were loose breeches or trousers.

"*Why, then is my pump well flowered.*"—It was the custom to wear ribands in the shoes, formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So in the "Masque of Gray's Inn," (1614,)—"Every masker's pump was fastened with a flower suitable to his cap."—STEVENS.

"— *what saucy* MERCHANT *was this, that was so full of his* ROPERY *?*"—An aristocratic distinction of the olden time, when a "merchant" was not a "gentleman." This old retainer of a noble family means to vent her contempt by the phrase. "Ropery" is a word found in "The Three Ladies of London," 1584, in a sense somewhat similar to *roguery*.

"*R is for* THEE *? no.*"—The meaning of this passage seems to have been hitherto mistaken, owing to "thee" in the old copies (as was often the case) having been misprinted *the*; it there runs thus: "R is for the no." The nurse means to ask, "how can R, which is the dog's name, be *for thee?*" And she answers herself, "no: I know Romeo begins with some other letter." The modern text, at the suggestion of Tyrwhitt, has usually been, "R is for *the dog*."—COLLIER.

R was called the dog's letter. In his English Grammar, Ben Jonson says, "*R* is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound." In our old writers we have a verb formed from the noise of a dog. Thus, in Nashe, 1600,

They *arre* and bark at night against the moon :

and in Holland's translation of Plutarch Morals, "a dog is, by nature, fell and quarrelsome, given to *arre* and war upon a very small occasion." Erasmus has a meaning for R being the dog's letter, which is not derived from the sound:—"*R*, litera quæ in *R*ixando prima est, canina vocatur."

Scene V.

"*O! she is* LAME : *love's heralds should be thoughts.*"

The first sketch in quarto follows up the line above quoted thus :—

And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.
O! now she comes. Tell me, gentle nurse,
What says my love.

Scene VI.

This scene was rewritten by the author in his revision. As the original scene has its peculiar beauties, which were sacrificed to the graver tone of the revised scene, the reader will doubtless be gratified by being enabled to compare the two :

Rom. Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and Juliet.
Friar. Without more words, I will do all I may
To make you happy, if in me it lie.
Rom. This morning here she 'pointed we should meet,
And consummate those never-parting bands,
Witness of our hearts' love, by joining hands;
And come she will.
Friar. I guess she will indeed:
Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter JULIET *somewhat fast, and embraceth* ROMEO.

See where she comes!—
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
Of life and joy, see, see the sovereign power!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes
(Clos'd in night's mists) attend the frolick day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet;
And thou art come.
Jul. I am (if I be day)
Come to my sun; shine forth, and make me fair.
Rom. All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.
Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.
Friar. Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass;
Defer embracements to some future time;
Part for a time, you shall not be alone,
Till holy church hath joined you both in one.
Rom. Lead, holy father, all delay seems long.
Jul. Make haste, make haste, this ling'ring doth us wrong.
Friar. O, soft and fair makes sweetest work they say;
Haste is a common hind'rer in cross-way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—Scene I.

"*The day is hot, the Capulets abroad.*"—It is observed that, in Italy, almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer.—JOHNSON.

"A LA STOCCATA *carries it away.*"—*A la stoccata* is the Italian term of art for the thrust with a rapier.

"— *your sword out of his* PILCHER *by the ears.*"—So all the old editions but the first, which has *scabbard*, thereby explaining what was meant by "pilcher." A *pilch* is a covering of leather, but no other instance has been adduced of the use of the word "pilcher."

"*My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt.*"—Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakespeare, that "he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him." Yet he thinks him "no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed," without danger to the Poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gayety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated; he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have continued him in existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.—JOHNSON.

Hallam suggests a different motive for the untimely end of this general favourite. He thinks that there is so much of excessive tenderness in Romeo's character, that we might be in some danger of mistaking it for effeminacy, if the loss of his friend had not aroused his courage. "It seems," says he, (Literature of Europe,) "to have been necessary to keep down the other characters, that they might not overpower the principal one; and though we can by no means agree with Dryden, that if Shakespeare had not killed Mercutio, Mercutio would have killed him, there might have been some danger of his killing Romeo. His brilliant vivacity shows the softness of the other a little to a disadvantage." Perhaps Hallam has hit upon the true reason, for it is worthy of note that the death of Mercutio is wholly the Poet's own invention. It does not come from the poem or novel, where is merely an accidental contest between the Capulets and Montagues, whom Romeo, endeavouring to part, is assailed by Tybalt, and kills him in self-defence, not in anger for the murder of a friend.

"*How* NICE *the quarrel was*"—i. e. How *trifling* how *slight :* as in act v. scene 2 : "The letter was *not nice,*" not a matter of small moment.

"*Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.*"—The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are distorted to criminal partiality.—JOHNSON.

Scene II.

"*Enter* JULIET."

The famous soliloquy, "Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds," teems with luxuriant imagery. The fond adjuration, "Come night, Come Romeo, *come thou day in night!*" expresses that fulness of enthusiastic admiration for her lover, which possesses her soul; but expresses it as only Juliet could or would have expressed it,—in a bold and beautiful metaphor. Let it be remembered that in this speech, Juliet is not supposed to be addressing an audience, nor even a confidant. And I confess I have been shocked at the utter want of taste and refinement in those who, with coarse derision, or in a spirit of prudery, yet more gross and perverse, have dared to comment on this beautiful "Hymn to the Night," breathed out by Juliet, in the silence and solitude of her chamber. She is thinking aloud; it is the young heart "triumphing to itself in words." In the midst of all the vehemence with which she calls upon the night to bring Romeo to her arms, there is something so almost infantine in her perfect simplicity, so playful and fantastic in the imagery and language, that the charm of sentiment and innocence is thrown over the whole; and her impatience, to use her own expression, is truly that of "a child before a festival, that hath new robes, and may not wear them." It is at the very moment too that her whole heart and fancy are abandoned to blissful anticipation, that the nurse enters with the news of Romeo's banishment; and the immediate transition from rapture to despair has a most powerful effect.—MRS. JAMESON.

"*That,* UNAWARES, *eyes may wink.*"—Thus Knight, with whom Collier agrees. They owe the reading to Jaekson's "Shakespeare's Genius Justified."

"The eommon reading, (says Knight,) whieh is that of all the old copies, is -

That *runaways'* eyes may weep.

"This passage has been a perpetual souree of eontention to the eommentators. Their difficulties are well represented by Warburton's question—'What run-aways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopt?' Warburton says, *Phœbus* is the run-away. Stevens argues that *Night* is the run-away. Douee thinks that *Juliet* is the run-away. Monek Mason is confident that the passage ought to be, 'that *Reomy's* eyes may wink,' Reomy being a new personage, ereated out of the Freneh Renommee, and answering, we suppose, to the 'Rumour' of Spenser. After all this learning, there comes an unlearned eompositor, Zachary Jackson, and sets the matter straight. *Run-aways* is a misprint for *unawares.* The word *unawares,* in the old orthography, is *unawayres,* (it is so spelled in the third part of HENRY VI.,) and the *r* having been misplaeed, produeed this word of puzzle, *run-awayes.* We have not the least hesitation in adopting Jaekson's reading."

"*Hood my* UNMANN'D *blood,* BATING *in my cheeks.*"—Terms of faleonry. An *unmanned* hawk, says Stevens, is one that is not brought to endure eompany. *Bating,* is fluttering with the wings, as striving to fly away.

"— *say thou but* I."—The affirmative *ay* was, in Shakespeare's time almost invariably spelt with a eapital *I;* and "that bare vowel" it is obviously neeessary to retain here.

SCENE V.

"*Enter* ROMEO *and* JULIET."

The stage-direction in the first edition is:—"Enter Romeo and Juliet, at the window." In the later editions, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." They appeared, probably, as Malone remarks, in the balcony at the baek of the stage. The seene in the Poet's eye was doubtless the large and massy projeeting balcony before one or more windows, common in Italian palaees, and not unfrequent in Gothie eivil arehitecture. The *loggia,* an open gallery, or high terraee, eommunieating with the upper apartments of a palaee, is a eommon feature in Palladian arehiteeture, and would also be well adapted to suеh a seene. Malone and Collier also have shown, in the aeeounts of the old English stage, the aetors were intended to appear on the balcony or upper stage, usual in the construction of the old English theatre, whieh was used for many similar purposes, as for the exhibition of the play in Hamlet, for dialogues, where part is from the walls of a eastle or fortified town, as in the historieal plays, &e.

"— *the lark makes sweet* DIVISION."—A division in musie is a number of quiek notes sung to one syllable; a kind of warbling. This continued to prevail in voeal musie till reeently.

"*Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes.*"—The toad having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the oeeasion of a saying that the lark and toad had ehanged eyes. This tradition Dr. Johnson states himself to have heard in a rustie rhyme:—

To heaven I'd fly,
But that the toad beguiled me of mine eye.

Juliet means that the croak of the toad would have been no indieation of the appearance of day, and eonsequently no signal for her lover's departure.

The "hunts-up" was the name of the tune aneiently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. See Chappell's "National English Airs."

"*Enter* Lady CAPULET."

In the dialogue between Juliet and her parents, and in the seenes with the Nurse, we seem to have before us the whole of her previous edueation and habits: we see her on the one hand, kept in severe subjeetion by her austere parents; and on the other fondled and spoiled by a foolish old nurse—a situation perfeetly aeeordant with the manners of the time. Then Lady Capulet eomes sweeping by with her train of velvet, her blaek hood, her fan, and rosary—the very *beau-ideal* of a proud Italian matron of the fifteenth eentury, whose offer to poison Romeo in revenge for the death of Tybalt, stamps her with one very eharaeteristie trait of the age and eountry. Yet she loves her daughter; and there is a toueh of remorseful tenderness in her lamentations over her, whieh adds to our impression of the timid softness of Juliet, and the harsh subjeetion in which she has been kept.—MRS. JAMESON.

"*O! he's a lovely gentleman.*"—The eharaeter of the Nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no prineiples for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embraee any expedieney that offers, to avert the eonsequences of her first infidelity. The picture is not, however, an original; the nurse in the poem exhibits the same readiness to aeeommodate herself to the present eonjuneture. Vanbrugh, in The Relapse, has copied, in this respeet, the eharaeter of his nurse from Shakespeare.—STEVENS AND MALONE.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"*And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo* SEAL'D."—The seals of deeds were not formerly impressed on the parehment itself, but were appended on distinet slips or labels affixed to it. Hence, in KING RICHARD II., the Duke of York diseovers, by the depending seal, a eovenant with his son, the Duke of Aumerle, had entered into:

What seal is that which hangs without thy bosom?

"*Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.*"—The quarto, 1597, has,

A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keepe
His natural progress, but surcease to beat.

This may seem preferable; but the whole speeeh is mueh briefer in the earliest edition, oeeupying only fourteen lines.

"*In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier.*"—The Italian eustom here alluded to is still eontinued. Rogers, in his "Italy," deseribes such a scene:—

But now by fits
A dull and dismal noise assailed the ear,
A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet:
And now a strange fantastic troop appeared!
Thronging they eame, as from the shades below;
All of a ghostly white!—"O say, (I cried,)
Do not the living here bury the dead?
Do spirits come and fetch them? What are these
That seem not of this world, and mock the day;
Each with a burning taper in his hand?"—
"It is an ancient brotherhood thou seest.
Such their apparel. Through the long, long line,
Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man:
The living masked, the dead alone uncovered.
But mark!"—And, lying on her funeral couch,
Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
Folded together on her modest breast,
As 'twere her nightly posture, through the crowd
She came at last,—and richly, gaily clad,
As for a birth-day feast!

SCENE II.

"*Sirrah, go hire me twenty* CUNNING COOKS."—The "eunning eook," in the time of Shakespeare, was, as he is at present, a great personage. Aeeording to an entry in the books of the London Stationers' Co., for 1560, the preacher was paid six shillings and two penee for his labour; the minstrel twelve shillings; and the eook fifteen shillings. The relative seale of estimation for theology, poetry, and gastronomy, has not been mueh altered during two eenturies, either in the eity generally, or in the eompany whieh represents the eity's

literature. Ben Jonson has described a master-cook in his gorgeous style :—

A master cook! why, he is the man of men.
For a professor; he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish.
Some he dry-ditches, some moles round with broths,
Mounts marrow-bones, cuts fifty angled custards
Rears bulwark pies; and, for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust,
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner—
What ranks, what files, to put his dishes in,
The whole art military! Then he knows
The influence of the stars upon his meats,
And all the seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes and sauces.
He has a nature in a pot, 'bove all the chemists,
Or bare-breech'd brethren of the rosy cross.
He is an architect, an engineer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathemat.ician.

Old Capulet, in his exuberant spirits at his daughter's approaching marriage, calls for "twenty" of these artists. The critics think this too large a number. Ritson says, with wonderful simplicity, "Either Capulet had altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us." This is, indeed, to understand a poet with admirable exactness. The passage is entirely in keeping with Shakespeare's habit of hitting off a character almost by a word. Capulet is evidently a man of ostentation; but his ostentation, as is most generally the case, is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first act, he says to his guests,

We have a trifling foolish banquet toward.

In the third act, when he settles the day of Paris's marriage, he just hints,—

We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two.

But Shakespeare knew that these indications of the "pride which apes humility," were not inconsistent with the "twenty cooks,"—the regret that

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time,—

and the solicitude expressed in

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica.

Stevens turns up his nose aristocratically at Shakespeare, for imputing "to an Italian nobleman and his lady, all the petty solicitudes of a private house, concerning a provincial entertainment;" and he adds, very grandly, "To such a bustle our author might have been witness at home; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet." Stevens had not well read the history of society, either in Italy or in England, to have fallen into the mistake of believing that the great were exempt from such "anxieties." The baron's lady overlooked the baron's kitchen from her private chamber; and the still-room and the spicery not unfrequently occupied a large portion of her attention.—KNIGHT.

"*And gave him what* BECOMED"—i. e. becoming.

SCENE III.

"*Laying down a* DAGGER."—"*Daggers*, or, as they are commonly called, *knives*, (says Gifford, Ben Jonson's Works,) were worn at all times by every woman in England—whether they were so in Italy, Shakespeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell."

"*I will not entertain so bad a thought.*"—This line is only in the quarto, 1597; it seems necessary to the completeness of the rejection of Juliet's suspicion of the Friar.

"*As in a vault.*"—It has been conjectured that the charnel-house under the church at Stratford, which contains a vast collection of human bones, suggested to Shakespeare this description of "the ancient receptacle" of the Capulets.

"*Romeo! Romeo! Romeo!—here's drink—I drink to thee.*"—The last line of the original sketch, has been substituted to this of the original enlarged copies, by Stevens and Malone, and appears in the ordinary editions, following their text, though rejected by the author, in order to substitute more wildly frenzied words. This speech of Juliet, like other great passages throughout the play, received the most careful elaboration. In the first edition it occupies eighteen lines; it extends to forty-five in the "amended" edition of 1599. We print the lines of the early play, that the reader may see the character of the author's corrections.

Farewell, God knows when we shall meet again.
Ah, I do take a fearful thing in hand.
What if this potion should not work at all,
Must I of force be married to the county?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lie thou there.
What if the friar should give me this drink
To poison me, for fear I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the tomb?
Awake an hour before the appointed time:
Ah, then I fear I shall be lunatic:
And playing with my dead forefathers' bones,
Dash out my frantic brains. Methinks I see
My cousin Tybalt weltering in his blood,
Seeking for Romeo: Stay, Tybalt, stay.
Romeo I come, this do I drink to thee.

SCENE IV.

"*They call for dates and quinces in the* PASTRY."—i. e. in the room where what we now call *pastry* was made.

"*Go, go, you* COT-QUEAN, *go.*"—In the old copies this speech is given to the Nurse, which is followed in the ordinary editions, as well as by Collier. It is clearly an error of the press, the nurse having been sent to fetch spices, and made to re-enter shortly after. The correction is due to the ingenuity of Z. Jackson. "Can we imagine that a nurse would take so great a liberty with her master, as to call him a cot-quean, and order him to bed. Besides, what business has a nurse to make a reply to a speech addressed to her master? Lady Capulet afterwards calls her husband a *mouse-hunt*, another appellation which, like *cot-quean*, none but a wife would dare to use."—*Shakespeare's Genius.*

Cot-quean is a term now obsolete, but which lasted in use until the time of the Spectator, where it is used as here, for a man interfering in such household affairs as belong to the other sex.

"*— a mouse-hunt*"—A hunter of mice, but evidently said here with allusion to a different object of pursuit, such as is called *mouse* only in playful endearment, as in HAMLET:—"Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouse*."—*See* NARE'S *Glossary.*

SCENE V.

"*— life,* LIVING, *all is death's.*"—Most modern editors, since Stevens, have thought fit to read, "life *leaving*, all is death's." Every old copy gives the passage as it stands in our text, and there is no reason for changing "living" to *leaving*. Capulet says that death is his heir—that he will die, and leave death all he has, viz:—"life, living, and every thing else." I concur with Mr. Collier, in his return to the authentic text.

"*— to see this morning's face.*"—The quarto, 1597, after this line, continues the speech of Paris thus:—

And doth it now present such prodigies?
Accurst, unhappy, miserable man!
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;
Born to the world to be a slave in it
Distrest, remediless, and unfortunate.
O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall?

The rest of the scene is considerably enlarged in the later editions.

"*For though* FOND *nature.*"—"Fond" is from the folio, 1632: the earlier editions have "For though

some nature;" probably a misprint. *Some* was of old written with a long *s*, which might be easily mistaken for an *f*, and frequently it was so mistaken. Yet *some* may have possibly been the true word, meaning "some impulses of nature, some part of our nature."

"*Enter* PETER."

As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, this scene is, perhaps, excusable. But it is a strong warning to minor dramatists not to introduce at one time many separate charaeters agitated by one and the same cireumstance. It is difficult to understand what effect, whether that of pity or of laughter, Shakespeare meant to produee; — the oecasion and the characteristic speeches are so little in harmony! For example, what the Nurse says is excellently suited to the Nurse's eharacter, but grotesquely unsuited to the occasion.—COLERIDGE.

"*My heart is full of woe.*"—This and "Heart's ease," were the names of popular tunes of the time. "Heart's ease" is mentioned in "Misogonus," a play by Ryehardes, written before 1570. A "dump" was a species of dance, (see Chappell's "National English Airs,") but it was also the name given to a species of poem. In TITUS ANDRONICUS we have had "dreary dumps," and in the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA we meet with "Tune a deplori ; dump." Shortly after we have "doleful dumps."

"*I'll* RE *you, I'll* FA *you.*"—*Re* and *fa* are the syllables, or names, given in solmization, or sol-faing to the sounds D and F in the musical scale.

"*What say you, Simon* CATLING"—A lute-string.

"*What say you, Hugh* REBECK"—The three-stringed violin.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"*My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.*"—This and the two lines following, are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakespeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions which many eonsider as certain foretokens of good and evil.—JOHNSON.

"*What, ho! apothecary!*"—We must imitate Knight and Collier, in trespassing upon our limited space by giving the speech descriptive of the apothecary, from the first edition. "The studies in poetical art, which Shakespeare's correetions of himself supply, are among the most instructive in the whole compass of literature:"

> Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
> Let's see for means. As I do remember
> Here dwells a pothecary whom oft I noted
> As I past by, whose needy shop is stufft
> With beggarly accounts of empty boxes:
> And in the same an alligator hangs,
> Old ends of packthread, and cakes of roses,
> Are thinly strewed to make up a show.
> Him as I noted, thus with myself I thought:
> An if a man should need a poison now
> (Whose present sale is death in Mantua)
> Here he might buy it. This thought of mine,
> Did but forerun my need: and hereabout he dwells.
> Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
> What, ho! apothecary! come forth I say.

"*Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,*
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back."

Instead of these lines, the quarto, 1597, has,

> Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
> And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheek.

Certainly very good lines, which might very well keep their place, if the author had chosen it, but we have no right, with Stevens, and the ordinary text, to make an entire new reading, by piecing together the two, thus:—

> Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
> Upon thy back hangs ragged misery.

Otway, in his bold plagiarism of the whole play, in Caius Marius, altering it so as to adapt to Roman instead of Italian story, changed *starveth* to "*stareth* in thine eyes," a poetical and probable emendation, which is followed by Singer. Yet the original phrase, though harsh, is powerful and expressive, and not to be thrown out on mere conjecture. The singular verb *starveth*, with the two nouns, was not a grammatical error, according to old English usage, when both nominatives, as here, made up one compound idea. Unless, therefore, we choose to erase all the peculiarities of ancient idiom, there is no reason to adopt Pope's double emendation:—

> Need and oppression stare within thy eyes.

SCENE II.

"*Going to find a bare-foot brother out.*"—This monkish custom the Poet learned from the old poem of "Romeus and Juliet."

> A pace our friar John to Mantua hies;
> And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise,
> That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
> But of their convent aye should be accompanied with one
> Of his profession.

They travelled in pairs, says Baretti, that one might be a check on the other; a shrewd piece of policy, which has been adopted by our American Shakers.

SCENE III.

"— *strew thy grave and weep.*"—Instead of these lines, the quarto has these verses:—

> Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
> The perfect model of eternity,
> Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
> Accept this latest favour at my hands,
> That living honour'd thee, and being dead,
> With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb.

"*Thou detestable maw.*"—The word "detestable," which is now accented on the second syllable, was once accented on the first; therefore this line was not originally inharmonious. In KING JOHN, act iii. scene 3, we read—"And I will kiss thy *détestable* bones." So, also, in Paris's lamentation, act. iv.:—"Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd."

"*Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.*"—The gentleness of Romeo was shown before, as softened by love; and now it is doubled by love and sorrow, and fear of the place where he is.—COLERIDGE.

"*A grave? O, no! a* LANTERN."—A "lantern" does not, in this instance, signify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round or octagonal turret, full of windows, by means of which cathedrals and sometimes halls are illuminated; such as the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minster.

The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard's "Siege of Edinbrough Castle:"—

> This lofty seat and *lantern* of that land,
> Like lodestarre stode, and lokte o'er ev'ry street.

And in Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. xxxv.:—"Hence came the *louvers* and *lanternes* reared over the roofes of temples."

A *presence* is a public room, which is at times the *presence-chamber* of a sovereign. This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his "Blunt Master Constable:"—

> The darkest dungeon which spite can devise
> To throw this carease in, her glorious eyes
> Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber
> In Paris Louvre. STEVENS.

"*Ah, dear Juliet.*"—In the quarto of 1597, the above passage appears thus:—

> ————Ah, dear Juliet,
> How well thy beauty doth become this grave!
> O, I believe that unsubstantial death
> Is amorous, and doth court my love.

Therefore will I, O here, O ever here,
Set up my everlasting rest
With worms, that are thy chamber-maids.
Come, desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary barge:
Here's to my love.—O true apothecary,
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kiss I die.

The text follows the quarto of 1599, which corresponds with the folio; except that some superfluous words and lines, which were repeated by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, are here omitted.

"*I dreamt my master and another fought.*"—This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer (book viii.) represents Rhesus dying, fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.—STEVENS.

"*The lady stirs.*"—In the alteration of this play, now exhibited on the stage, Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, in his "Caius Marius," who, perhaps without any knowledge of the story as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes.

We somewhat reluctantly extract from Mrs. Inchbald's edition of ROMEO AND JULIET, as now acted, the alterations of the tomb-scene, as manufactured by Garrick, on the basis of a similar scene by Otway, between young Marius and Lavinia, in his Romanized "Romeo and Juliet." Had Shakespeare chosen to have so managed his catastrophe, his picture of bitter mental suffering, combined with the physical horrors of prolonged and violent death, would have been intensely painful. Otway's forced extravagance, which still, in substance, keeps possession of the stage, interpolated in Shakespeare's dialogue, is not only offensive as an unnatural rant, but also, as Browne acutely remarks, "as intruding on our better thoughts the possibility of so unalloyed and so unmerited a horror."

Rom. —— Soft!—She breathes and stirs!
Jul. Where am I?—Defend me, powers!
Rom. She speaks, she lives, and we shall still be blest;
My kind propitious stars o'erpay me now
For all my sorrows past Rise, rise, my Juliet;
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms;
There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love. (*Raises her.*
Jul. Bless me, how cold it is!—Who's there?
Rom. Thy husband;
'Tis thy Romeo, Juliet, raised from despair
To joys unutterable.—Quit, quit this place,
And let us fly together. (*Brings her from the tomb*
Jul. Why do you force me so?—I'll ne'er consent;—
My strength may fail me, but my will's unmoved;—
I'll not wed Paris;—Romeo is my husband.
Rom. Romeo is thy husband! I am that Romeo;
Nor all the opposing powers of earth or man
Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.
Jul. I know that voice;—Its magic sweetness wakes
My tranced soul:—I now remember well
Each circumstance.
O my lord, my husband!—
Dost thou avoid me, Romeo?
You fright me:—Speak;—O, let me hear some voice
Besides my own, in this drear vault of death,
Or I shall faint.——Support me—
Rom. O, I cannot;
I have no strength; but want thy feeble aid.—
Cruel poison!
Jul. Poison! What means my lord? Thy trembling voice,
Pale lips, and swimming eyes,—Death's in thy face.
Rom. It is indeed: I struggle with him now;
'The transports that I felt
'To hear thee speak, and see thy opening eyes,
Stopp'd, for a moment, his impetuous course,
And all my mind was happiness and thee;—
But now the poison rushes through my veins:—
I have not time to tell,—
Fate brought me to this place, to take a last,
Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.

Jul. Die?—Was the friar false?
Rom. I know not that.
I thought thee dead; distracted at the sight,—
O fatal speed!—drank poison,—kiss'd thy lips,
And found within thy arms a precious grave:—
But, in that moment,—O!—
Jul. And did I wake for this!
Rom. My powers are blasted:
'Twixt death and love I'm torn, I am distracted:
But death's strongest:—And must I leave thee, Juliet!
O, cruel, cursed fate! in sight of Heaven,—
Jul. Thou ravest; lean on my breast.
Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em:—
Nature pleads in vain; children must be wretched.
Jul. O, my breaking heart!
Rom. She is my wife,—Our hearts are twined together,—
Capulet, forbear;—Paris, loose your hold;—
Pull not our heart-strings thus;—they crack,—they break,—
O, Juliet! Juliet!— (*Dies.* JULIET *faints on his body.*

But Otway and Garrick were moderate in their innovations, compared with an older dramatic manufacturer, James Howard, who, as we learn from the "Roscius Anglicanus," being of a compassionate disposition, preserved the lives of the lovers, and ended the play with their happy marriage. When Davenant was a manager, he had the original and Howard's alteration performed alternately, thus giving his audience their choice of joy or tears.

"— *the watch is coming.*"—Malone maintains that there is no such establishment as the watch in Italy, Mr. Armitage Brown, more familiar with Italian customs, says, "If Dogberry and Verges should be pronounced nothing else than the constables of the night in London, before the new police was established, I can assert that I have seen those very officers in Italy." Still, he does not think that ROMEO AND JULIET indicates any knowledge of Italy and Italian manners beyond what could be gained from the original, whence the plot was taken; this play having been written before the period in which he conjectures Shakespeare to have visited Italy, and to have acquired some knowledge of the Italian language.

"*Thy lips are warm.*"—Upon Shakespeare's preference of the catastrophe of the old poem to that of the original tale, Augustus Schlegel remarks, that "the Poet seems to have hit upon what was best. There is a measure of agitation, beyond which all that is superadded becomes torture, or glides off ineffectually from the already saturated mind. In case of the cruel reunion of the lovers for an instant, Romeo's remorse for his over-hasty self-murder, Juliet's despair over her deceitful hope, at first cherished, then annihilated, that she was at the goal of her wishes, must have deviated into caricatures. Nobody surely doubts that Shakespeare was able to represent these with suitable force; but here every thing soothing was welcome, in order that we may not be frighted out of the melancholy, to which we willingly resign ourselves, by too painful discords. Why should we heap still more upon accident, that is already so guilty? Wherefore shall not the tortured Romeo quietly

Shake the yoke of inauspicious stars,
From his world-wearied flesh?

He holds his beloved in his arms, and, dying, cheers himself with a vision of everlasting marriage. She also seeks death, in a kiss, upon his lips. These last moments must belong unparticipated to tenderness, that we may hold fast to the thought, that love lives, although the lovers perish."

"*I will be brief.*"—It is to be lamented that the Poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew.—JOHNSON.

Shakespeare was led into this narrative by following Brooke's "Tragical Hystory of Romeus and Juliet." In this poem, the bodies of the dead are removed to a public scaffold; and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. A similar circumstance is introduced in HAMLET, near the conclusion.

"Romeo and Juliet is a picture of love and its pitiable fate, in a world whose atmosphere is too rough for this tenderest blossom of human life. Two beings created for each other, feel mutual love at first glance; every consideration disappears before the invisible influence of living in one another: they join themselves secretly, under circumstances in the highest degree hostile to the union, relying merely on the protection of an irresistible power. By unfriendly events following blow upon blow, their heroic constancy is exposed to all manner of trials, till, forcibly separated from each other, they are united in the grave to meet again in another world.

"All this is to be found in the beautiful story which Shakespeare has not invented; and which, however simply told, will always excite a tender sympathy: but it was reserved for Shakespeare to unite purity of heart and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. By the manner in which he has handled it, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul, and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul; and at the same time is a melancholy elegy on its frailty, from its own nature and external circumstances: at once the deification and the burial of love. It appears here like a heavenly spark that, descending to the earth, is converted into a flash of lightning, by which mortal creatures are almost in the same moment set on fire and consumed.

"Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem. But, even more rapidly than the first blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union: then, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love survives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power.

"The sweetest and the bitterest love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fulness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other: and all these contrasts are so blended, in the harmonious and wonderful work, into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh."—Schlegel.

It is the plan of this edition to present at least an outline of the higher Shakespearian criticism, and without confining the reader to those views which accord with the editor's own conclusions, to indicate generally such other critical opinions as have received the sanction of eminent critics.

It is therefore proper to add to this glowing eulogy, the masterly but sterner criticism of Hallam:—

"In one of the Italian novels to which Shakespeare had frequently recourse for his fable, he had the good fortune to meet with this simple and pathetic subject. What he found he has arranged with great skill. The incidents in Romeo and Juliet are rapid, various, unintermitting in interest, sufficiently probable, and tending to the catastrophe. The most regular dramatist has hardly excelled one writing for an infant and barbarian stage. It is certain that the observation of the unity of time, which we find in this tragedy, unfashionable as the name of unity has become in our criticism, gives an intenseness of interest to the story, which is often diluted and dispersed in a dramatic history. No play of Shakespeare is more frequently represented, or honoured with more tears.

"If from this praise of the fable we pass to other considerations, it will be more necessary to modify our eulogies. It has been said of the Midsummer Night's Dream, that none of Shakespeare's plays have fewer blemishes. We can by no means repeat this commendation of Romeo and Juliet. It may be said rather that few, if any, are more open to reasonable censure; and we are almost equally struck by its excellences and its defects.

"Mad. de Staël has truly remarked, that in Romeo and Juliet we have, more than in any other tragedy, the mere passion of love; love, in all its vernal promise, full of hope and innocence, ardent beyond all restraint of reason, but tender as it is warm. The contrast between this impetuosity of delirious joy, in which the youthful lovers are first displayed, and the horrors of the last scene, throws a charm of deep melancholy over the whole. Once alone each of them, in these earlier moments, is touched by a presaging fear; it passes quickly away from them, but is not lost on the reader. To him there is a sound of despair in the wild effusions of their hope, and the madness of grief is mingled with the intoxication of their joy. And hence it is that, notwithstanding its many blemishes, we all read and witness this tragedy with delight. It is a symbolic mirror of the fearful realities of life, where "the course of true love" has so often "not run smooth," and moments of as fond illusion as beguiled the lovers of Verona have been exchanged, perhaps as rapidly, not indeed for the dagger and the bowl, but for the many-headed sorrows and sufferings of humanity."

After remarking upon the character of Romeo, as one of excessive tenderness, and observing that his first passion for Rosaline, which no vulgar poet would have brought forward, displays a constitutional susceptibility, Hallam notices the character of Mercutio, as already mentioned, (see note on act iii. scene 1,) and thus proceeds:—

"Juliet is a child, whose intoxication in loving and being loved whirls away the little reason she may have possessed. It is however impossible, in my opinion, to place her among the great female characters of Shakespeare's creation.

"Of the language of this tragedy what shall we say? It contains passages that every one remembers, that are among the nobler efforts of Shakespeare's poetry, and many short and beautiful touches of his proverbial sweetness. Yet, on the other hand the faults are in prodigious number. The conceits, the phrases that jar on the mind's ear, if I may use such an expression, and interfere with the very emotion the Poet would excite, occur, at least in the first three acts, without intermission. It seems to have formed part of his conception of this youthful and ardent pair, that they should talk irrationally. The extravagance of their fancy, however, not only forgets reason, but wastes itself in frigid metaphors and incongruous conceptions; the tone of Romeo is that of the most bombastic common-place of gallantry, and the young lady differs only in being one degree more mad. The voice of virgin love has been counterfeited by the authors of many fictions: I know none who have thought the style of Juliet would represent it. Nor is this confined to the happier moments of their intercourse. False thoughts and misplaced phrases deform the whole of the third act. It may be added that, if not dramatic propriety, at least the interest of the character, is affected by some of Juliet's allusions. She seems indeed to have profited by the lessons and language of her venerable guardian; and those who adopt the edifying principle of deducing a moral from all they read, may suppose that Shakespeare intended covertly to warn parents against the contaminating influence of such domestics. These censures apply chiefly to the first three acts; as the shadows deepen over the scene, the language assumes a tone more proportionate to the interest; many speeches are exquisitely beautiful; yet the tendency to quibbles is never wholly eradicated."—Hallam's *Literature of Europe*.

Yet the plays upon words, and sports of fancy in the lighter dialogue, were but a picture of the more ambitious and courtly style of conversation of those who aspired to the praise of refined elegance in the Poet's age, while the extravagance of metaphor and of language may well be excused if not defended for the effect it produces in harmonizing with the general tone of a tale of romantic passion, and conducing to the grand effect as a whole, however open to criticism it may be when examined critically in detail. Such seems to be the impression made upon Coleridge, Hazlitt, Mrs. Jameson, and Schlegel. Other names might be added.

"This highly figurative and antithetical exuberance of language appears natural, however critics may argue against its taste or propriety. The warmth and vivacity of Juliet's fancy, which plays like a light over every part of her character—which animates every line she utters—which kindles every thought into a picture, and clothes her emotions in visible images, would naturally, under strong and unusual excitement, and in the conflict of opposing sentiments, run into some extravagance of diction."—Mrs. Jameson.

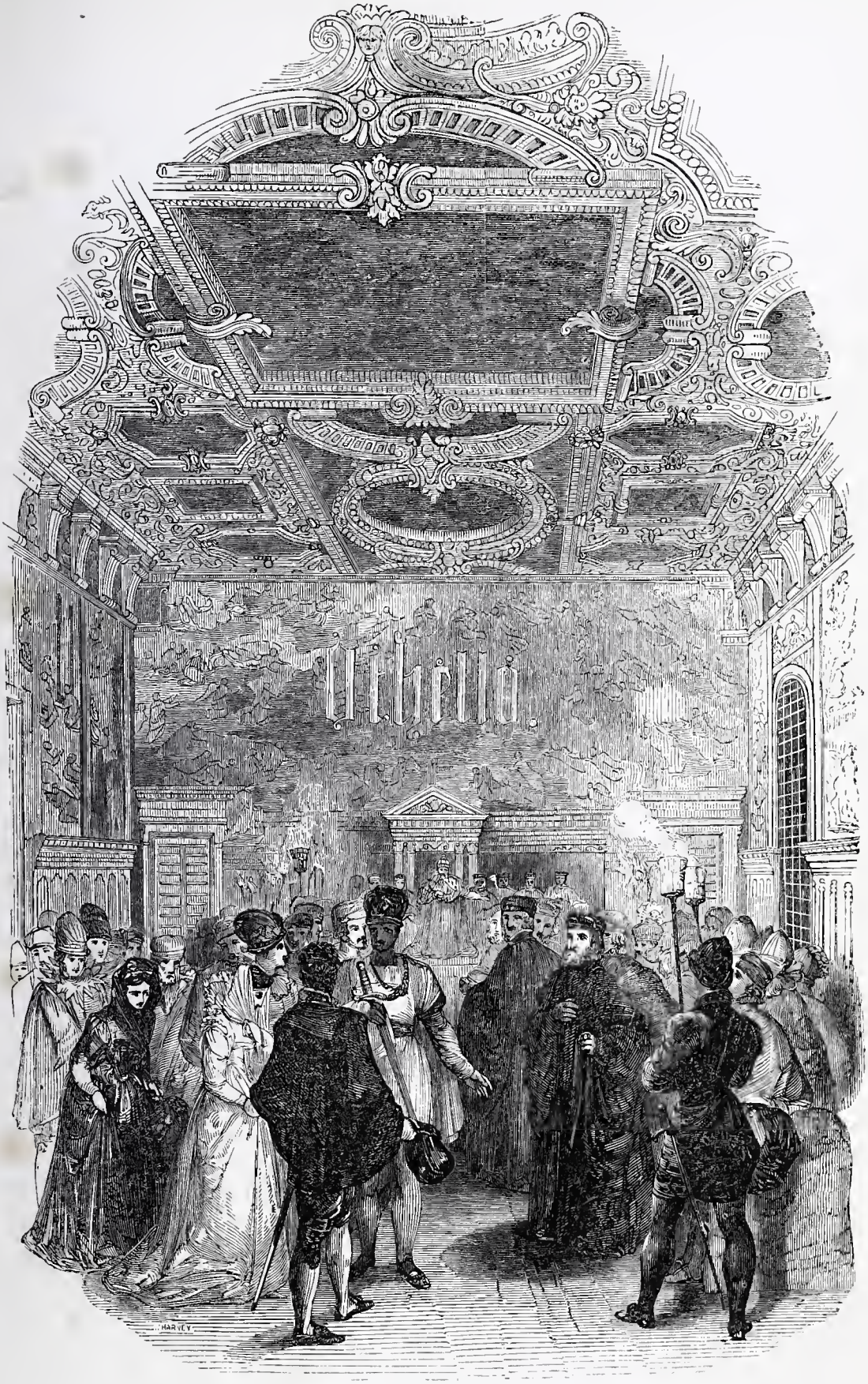
"The censure," says Schlegel, "originates in a fanciless way of thinking, to which every thing appears unnatural that does not suit its tame insipidity. Hence an idea has been formed of simple and natural pathos, which consists of exclamations destitute of imagery, and nowise elevated above every-day life; but energetic passions electrify the whole mental powers, and will, consequently, in highly-favoured natures, express themselves in an ingenuous and figurative manner."

Mr. Hallam has justly remarked upon the increased interest given to the action by the Poet's adherence to the unity of time, but he has not observed that the peculiarities which he notices as faults, (and, separately considered, they may be so,) arise from and powerfully conduce to the poetic unity of feeling to which this drama owes so much of its effect. On this point, Coleridge thus incidentally remarks:—

"That law of unity, which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, hut in nature itself, the unity of feeling, is everywhere and at all times observed by Shakespeare in his plays. Read Romeo and Juliet;—all is youth and spring;—youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies;—spring, with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring: with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth;—while, in Juliet, love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh, like the last breeze of the Italian evening. This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakespeare."

(Tomb of the Scaligeri, Verona.)

OTHELLO
THE
MOOR
of
VENICE


Othello.
HARVEY

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

PROBABLE DATE OF THE PLAY AND STATE OF THE TEXT.

OTHELLO, with fewer of those deep, ethical reflections, suggested by experience but generalized by the intellect, which characterize the later works of Shakespeare, yet contains, more than any other, the evident results of accurate personal observation of human nature and intimate acquaintance with man's inmost being—his very "heart of hearts." The emotions and passions it paints, are those which most powerfully agitate domestic life. If, happily, in modern civilized society, they rarely rise to the height of Othello's "wide revenge," they are yet too often found growing "like a thick scurf o'er life" and embittering existence. They are, in themselves, such as cannot be reasoned out by the young Poet from his own mind, or depicted by any effort of his inexperienced imagination. RICHARD, and ROMEO, and the TEMPEST, (whatever may have been their actual dates,) might have been the creations of youthful genius; but OTHELLO required actual experience, or close observation, of the workings of bitter passions, in however humble a form, yet, in actual life. This noblest of domestic tragedies, therefore, in my opinion, speaks for itself that its author had looked upon "human dealings" with as "learned a spirit" as Iago; while, unlike him, he had been taught by the experience of his own heart a liberal and pitying sympathy with man's weakness and guilt, and a deep reverence for woman's virtues and affections. I should accordingly, upon this internal evidence, have been disposed to ascribe the composition of OTHELLO to some period when the author, no longer young, could draw upon the treasures of long (perhaps of sad) experience. In this view, Malone's theory that it was written in 1611, and that of Chalmers, who ascribed it to 1614, appeared probable; but later antiquarian inquiries seem to have fixed the date of its authorship about 1602. This was the thirty-ninth year of Shakespeare's age,—a period of life something earlier than I should have supposed, theoretically; but in a mind like his, not incompatible with the views just expressed.

We now know from the "Egerton Papers," not long ago published by the Camden Society, that a play called "Othello" was acted for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, (6th August, 1602,) at a visit to the residence of Lord-Keeper Egerton, by "Burbidge's players;" and Collier (the highest authority in matters relating to the history of the old English drama) adds that "the probability is, that it was selected for performance because it was a new play, having been brought out at the Globe Theatre in the spring of that year." The late publication of "Extracts from the Accounts of Revels at Court," by the Shakespearian Society, gives official evidence that some piece called "The Moor of Venice" was performed at Whitehall Palace, in 1604. As there is no vestige or tradition of any other piece on this subject, this must have been Shakespeare's OTHELLO in some form or other. We know besides from the poetical tributes to the memory of Burbage, whose name is connected with the performance in 1602, that he was the original representative of Shakespeare's Othello, and with "that part his course began, and kept it many a year." He died in 1619. In the lately discovered elegy upon his death, after enumerating his numerous characters, his admirer adds—

> 'But let me not forget that chiefest part,
> Wherein, beyond the rest, he moved the heart:
> The grieved Moor, made jealous by a slave,
> Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
> Then slew himself upon the bloody bed,—
> All these, and many more, with him are dead.'

But it is not improbable that the OTHELLO of 1602 may have been, like the original HAMLET, barely an outline, sufficient for dramatic effect, containing all the incidents and characters, but wanting some of the heightened poetry and intense passion of the drama we now read. This conjecture, for it is no more, receives some support from the fact that the first printed copy of the play, (quarto, 1622,) published twenty years after the first representation, though substantially complete, still does not contain all the author's latest improvements; for, besides numerous slight variations of words and phrases, it appears that some of the most poetical passages were added

in the manuscripts from which the folio of 1623, and the second quarto of 1630, were printed. Besides, if the commentators are correct in thinking that one passage of the play contains an allusion to the creation of baronets, and another to the language and provisions of the English statute against sorcery, one of these passages must have been added after 1603, and the other after 1611. It may, therefore, be doubted whether this first quarto was not itself an improved version of the earliest OTHELLO, as performed in 1602 and 1604.

The first published edition of OTHELLO was in a quarto pamphlet, (1622,) the original of which has now become one of the scarcest of books, for which rich bibliomaniacs have paid thirty, forty, and even fifty-six pounds sterling. The copy contained in the first folio of the "Tragedies and Comedies," perhaps then already printed, was not published until the next year. The folio differs not only in very many smaller variations of phrase, but in the addition of above one hundred and fifty lines, containing several of the most beautiful and touching passages. In 1630, another quarto pamphlet appeared, containing OTHELLO with all these additions. Johnson, Stevens, Malone, and most of the modern editors have formed their text on the first quarto, with the insertion of the added lines from the second. Mr. Knight's Pictorial, and other editions, are as usual founded entirely on the first folio, with slight corrections of probable typographical errors. The second quarto was considered of little value, and supposed to be merely a reprint of the folio. Mr. Collier was the first to observe that this second quarto was itself an original authority, and incontestably printed from a different manuscript from either of the original editions. This is very manifest from the inspection of Stevens's accurate reprint and collation of the original quartos. The edition of 1630 much oftener agrees in the slighter variations with the first edition than with the folio, and yet contains the folio additions, though varying enough to show that they were printed from some different manuscript. The present text is founded on the principle that there are three independent copies of the original text. In all the minor variations, where there is no marked reason (from the sense or context) to prefer one reading to another, the folio is followed where it is supported by either of the others; but when the quartos agree, their reading has been preferred.

These variations are so numerous and so very unimportant, (beginning, for example, with the omission or insertion of the first word, "Tush!" with many longer but not more important differences in the succeeding lines,) that it has not been thought worth while to encumber the notes with the several readings and their authorities. It is sufficient to apprize the reader of the general rule of preference, that he may not impute any such variance from the text of Stevens on one side, or of Knight on the other, to any error of the printer, or capricious innovation of the editor. There are, however, some differences of readings affecting the sense or the poetical force of expression, and two or three are among the most vexed questions of critical discussion. In these cases, the internal evidence of sense, and that of contemporary use of language, are entitled to greater weight than mere preponderance of the evidence of printed copies. The reasons for preference in such cases, together with the differing readings, are given in original or selected notes.

With these few exceptions, the ordinary text is in a very satisfactory state; and the metrical arrangement has been little meddled with by modern editors, who have generally suffered the verses to stand as they were originally printed.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

THE plot is taken from the *Hecatommithi*, or Hundred Tales of Giraldi Cinthio, an Italian novelist and dramatist of the second class, in the sixteenth century. No English translation anterior to the date of the play has been discovered; but there was a contemporary French translation printed at Paris in 1584. Shakespeare must have read it either in this translation, or the original; for he has interwoven in his play too many of the minor and unessential circumstances of the story, to have derived his knowledge of it from any second-hand account of the plot.

The following is the outline of the original story; sufficient to enable the reader to judge of the extent of the English dramatist's obligations to the Italian novelist; which are much less than is commonly supposed by those who take their ideas of the Italian story from some of the critics, and suppose it to be a novel, filled with dialogue and sentiment, instead of a meagre tale, not longer than one act of OTHELLO.

There lived at Venice a valiant Moor, held in great esteem for his military talent and services. Desdemona, a lady of marvellous beauty, attracted not by female fancy (*appetito donnesco*) but by his high virtues, became enamoured of the Moor, who returned her love; and, in spite of the opposition of her relations, married her. They lived in great happiness in Venice until the Moor (he has no other name in the story) was chosen to the military command of Cyprus, whither his wife insisted on accompanying him. He took with him a favourite ensign, a man of great personal beauty, but of the most depraved heart,—a boaster and a coward. His wife is the friend of Desdemona. The ensign falls passionately in love with Desdemona, who, wrapped up in love of her husband, pays no regard to him. His love then turns to bitter hate, and he resolves to charge her with infidelity, and to fix the Moor's suspicions upon a favourite captain of his. Soon after, that officer strikes and wounds a soldier on guard, for which the Moor cashiers him. Desdemona endeavours to obtain his pardon; and this gives the ensign an opportunity of insinuating accusations against her, and rousing the Moor's jealousy. These suspicions he confirms by stealing from her a favourite worked handkerchief, and leaving it on the captain's bed. Then the Moor and his ensign plot together to kill Desdemona and her supposed lover. The latter is waylaid and wounded in the dark by the ensign. Desdemona is beaten to death by him also "with a stocking filled with sand;" and

then the Moor and he attempt to conceal their murder by pulling down the ceiling, and giving out that she was killed by the fall of a beam. The Moor becomes almost frantic with his loss,—turns upon the ensign, whom he degrades and drives from him. The ensign revenges himself by disclosing the murder to the captain, upon whose accusation to the senate the Moor is arrested, tried, tortured, and then banished, and afterwards killed by Desdemona's relations.

The tale has little beauty of style, power of narration, or vivid delineation of character. Indeed, none of the personages, except Desdemona, have any name, nor any distinctly and naturally drawn character; nor has the narrative any of that charm of expression and sentiment which has made others of the Italian stories, through "old Boccaccio's lore or Dryden's lay," a portion of the popular literature of every civilized nation. Its merit consists in the air of reality and apparent truth of the story; which, I can scarcely doubt, was in substance drawn from real events preserved in the traditionary or judicial history of Venice.

Shakespeare owes to it the general plan of his plot, and the suggestion of the first passion and the character of Desdemona, which, however, he has softened and elevated as well as expanded. The peculiarities and minuter incidents of the story give to the drama a character of reality, such as pure invention can seldom attain. He has also some obligation to Cinthio for the artful and dark insinuations by which Iago first rouses the Moor's suspicions. But all else that is essentially poetic or dramatic is the Poet's own. Cinthio's savage Moor and cunning ensign have scarcely any thing in common with the heroic, the gentle, the terrible Othello,—or with Iago's proud, contemptuous intellect, bitter wit, cool malignity, and "learned spirit." Cassio and Emilia owe to Shakespeare all their individuality: Roderigo, Brabantio, and the rest, are entirely his creation.

If, however, some of Shakespeare's English critics have overstated his obligations to the old novelist, that injustice, or rather carelessness, is more than compensated by the eloquent and discriminating criticism of a living French scholar and statesman. M. Guizot thus contrasts the Italian "*Moro di Venezia*" with the English Othello:—

"There was wanting in Cinthio's narrative the poetical genius which filled the scene with actors—which created the individuals—which gave each of them his own aspect, form, and character—which made us see their actions, and listen to their words—which unfolded their thoughts and penetrated their feelings:—that vivifying power which summons events to arise, to progress, to expand, to be completed:—that creative breath which, breathing over the past, calls it again into being, and fills it with a present and imperishable life:—this was the power which Shakespeare *alone* possessed, and by this, out of a forgotten novel, he has made Othello."

(Venetian Remains at Famagusta.)

(Venetian General.) "Farewell the plumed troops."

PERIOD OF THE ACTION, ARCHITECTURE, LOCALITY, AND COSTUME.

Reed places the precise period of the action in 1570, from the historical facts mentioned in the play,—the junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, for the invasion of Cyprus,—which it first threatened and then went to Rhodes. Whether or not this is the exact date, it is certain that the period must be taken somewhere between 1471, when the island first came under the sway of Venice, and was garrisoned by her troops, and 1571, when it was conquered by the Turks. The various references to customs, arms, government, etc., agree perfectly with this period. The first act is in Venice, in her day of splendour and power, of which the decaying monuments still remain. These have become familiar to the untravelled reader by beautiful and accurate paintings and engravings, from Canaletto to Prout, and by the not less vivid descriptions of Byron and Cooper. How they (and other Italian scenery) became familiar to Shakespeare, is a question which can be more appropriately examined in another place. All the allusions, however, to Venice and Venetian manners, have a character of reality, and no inaccuracy has been detected.

The rest of the action passes in Cyprus. The old copies do not mention the precise place; but Rowe, followed by all the editions until Malone, headed Act II. with "The Capital of Cyprus." He, with Hanmer, Theobald, and others, supposed that to be the place where the scene lay for the last four acts. But Malone showed that this could not have been Shakespeare's intention; "Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus, being nearly in the centre of the island, and thirty miles from the sea. The principal seaport town of Cyprus was Famagusta; where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, the only one of any magnitude in the island; and there undoubtedly the scene should be placed. 'Neere unto the haven (says Knolles) standeth an old castle, with four towers, after the ancient manner of building.' To this castle, we find Othello repairs."

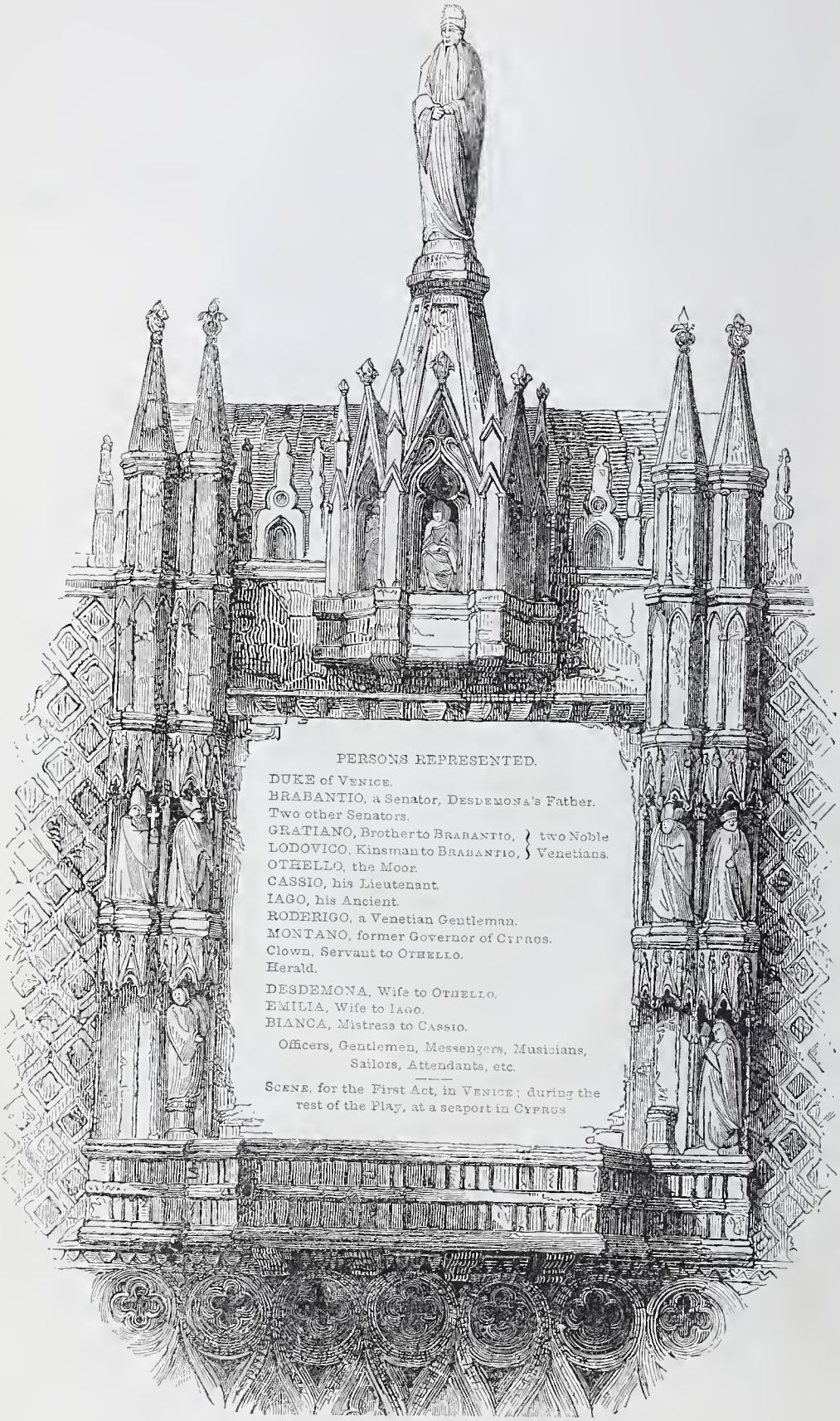
In this the later editors, of course, concur.

The costume of Venice in her glory has been preserved in all its details, in every form and degree of art, from the intellectual speaking portraits of Titian to the mere engravings of costume and armour. Some of them are transferred to this edition, and other authorities are easily accessible. The only question susceptible of controversy is as to the costume of Othello himself. Upon this point, painters and tragedians have differed from one another very widely; some attiring the Moor of Venice as a Mohammedan prince, while within some forty years, he was arrayed in an English major-general's uniform on the London boards. In historical strictness, it is very certain that the Venetian general, (who from motives of state policy as to their aristocracy, was always a foreigner, if not to Italy, at least to Venice,) wore an official dress, described by Vicellio, a contemporary of Shakespeare's, as a gown of crimson velvet, with loose sleeves; over which was a mantle of cloth-of-gold, buttoned over the shoulder with massy gold buttons. His cap was of crimson velvet, and he bore a silver baton like those

which are still the official designations of the field-marshals of Europe. When in actual service, he wore the knight's armour of the age, with the mantle and baton. Othello, though he could not hold this office if he were a Venetian, could not have held office at all unless a Christian in profession, and must, of course, have assumed the appropriate costume as much as if he had been a Frenchman, or a German, or a Neapolitan.

Thus much for the antiquarian accuracy of the costume, without regard to what may have been Shakespeare's own ideal portrait of the Moor. But of his intention on this point, there cannot be much doubt. He did not conceive his Moor as attired in Mohammedan costume. The Moor is one who would not "renounce his baptism, the seals and symbols of redeemed sin." In his last breath, he describes the "dog" whom he smote for beating a Venetian and traducing Venice, as a "malignant and a *turban'd* Turk." This the Poet could not mean for a portrait of the state's own commanding general, who elsewhere speaks of his own "helm." The Turks too, are the enemies of Venice; and no dramatic poet could have conceived so gross an incongruity as the general of any Christian state wearing the uniform and customary attire of the enemies whom he is to combat. But Othello—so far from being represented as a person negligent of these matters—is a soldier, delighting in "all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

(General of Venice, in full dress. Vicelli—Habiti Antichi.)



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Venice.
BRABANTIO, a Senator, Desdemona's Father.
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio, } two Noble
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio, } Venetians.
OTHELLO, the Moor.
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.
IAGO, his Ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.
MONTANO, former Governor of Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to Othello.
Herald.

DESDEMONA, Wife to Othello.
EMILIA, Wife to Iago.
BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians,
Sailors, Attendants, etc.

Scene, for the First Act, in Venice; during the
rest of the Play, at a seaport in Cyprus

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me: if ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price: I am worth no worse a place;
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,

Nonsuits my mediators; "For certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer." And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the tongued consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election;
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Christen'd and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster:
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir t' the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir! content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a dutcous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, Sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father;
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets: incense her kinsmen:
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, (by night and negligence,) the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Enter BRABANTIO, *above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir! you are robbed; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul:
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What! have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir! you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse: you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;

But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit from above.*

Iago. Farewell, for I must leave you;
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall)
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
(Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business; in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

(Court of the Ducal Palace, Venice.)

Enter BRABANTIO, *and Servants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O! she deceives me
Past thought.—What said she to you?—Get more tapers!
Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd?—Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Attendants, with torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity

Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here, under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance,
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?
Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.
Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, *and certain Officers with torches.*

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends.
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about, three several quests,
To search you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cas. To whom?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd:
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers, with torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O, thou foul thief! where hast thou 'stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken motion.—I'll have't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I, therefore, apprehend, and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him! if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands!
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bear me to him?
Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior:
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.
Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cause; the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Council-Chamber.*

The DUKE, *and Senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd:
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports

'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.
Duke. Now, the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?
Mess. Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us to him; post, post-haste dispatch.
1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
[*To* Brabantio.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to night.
Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold of me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense)
Sans witchcraft could not—
Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.
Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To* Othello.
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal)
I won his daughter with.
Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.
Duke. To vouch this is no proof:
Without more certain and more overt test,
These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, you prefer against him.
1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced causes
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?
Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,

And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.— [*Exeunt* Iago *and Attendants.*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:

Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man.—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?
Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you, I am bound for life, and education:
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.
Bra. God be with you!—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw more mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief:
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierc'd through the ear.
Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.
Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must, therefore, be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.
Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition,

With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. If you please,
Be't at her fathers.
Bra. I'll not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear:
And let me find a charter in your voice,
T' assist my simpleness.
Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.
Oth. Your voices, lords: 'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my reputation!
Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. Th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it: you must hence to-night.
Des. To-night, my lord?
Duke. This night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.
Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.
Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To* BRABANTIO.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.
1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.
Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, *Senators*, *Officers*, &c.
Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:

I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which, our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many: either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I profess me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

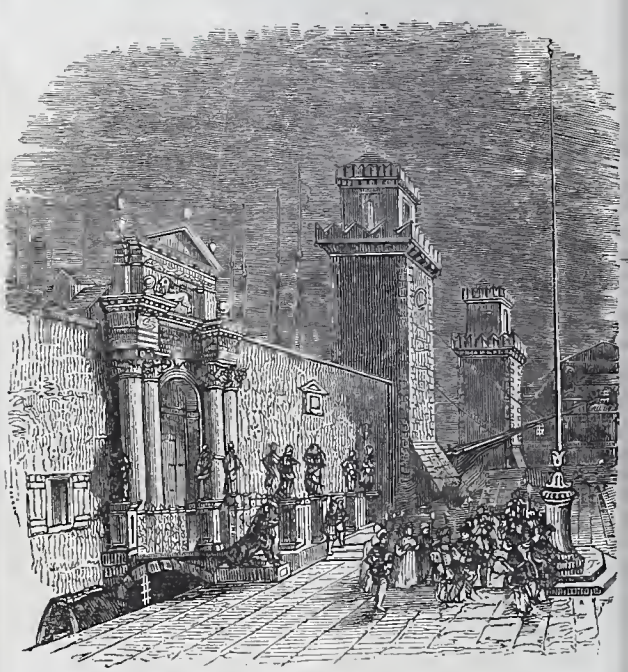
Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse. [*Exit* RODERIGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
In double knavery,—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.—
I have't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*



(Arsenal at Venice.) "Lead to the Sagittary the raised search."

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO, *and two Gentlemen.*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in:
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main, and th' aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor.—O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise?
Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "A sail."
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
[*Guns heard.*
2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
2 *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid,
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove! Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort.—O, behold!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O! but I fear.—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.
[*Within.*] A sail, a sail!
But, hark! a sail. [*Guns heard.*
2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel!
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the news.—
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome.—Welcome, mistress.— [*To* EMILIA.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
[*Kissing her.*
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.
Des. Alas! she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have leave to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.
Des. Come on; assay.—There's one gone to the harbour?
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come; how wouldst thou praise me?
Iago. I am about it, but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all; but my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.
Des. Well prais'd! How, if she be black and witty?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
Des. Worse and worse.
Emil. How, if fair and foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.
Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?
Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?
Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—"now I may;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good: well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake.—[*A trumpet heard.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. O, my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow, till they have waken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
[*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside.*] O! you are well tun'd now;
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel:
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* Othello, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—Come hither.—If thou be'st valiant—as they say base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them, list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a subtle slippery knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of a most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

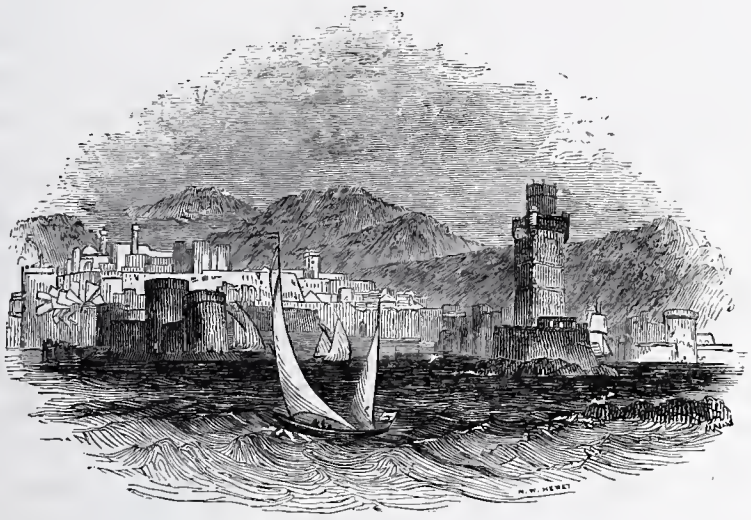
Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband, Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin.)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lustful Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,—
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;—
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

(Citadel, Famagusta.)

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter OTHELLO'S *Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [*Exeunt.*



(Rhodes.)

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love:
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
[*To* DESDEMONA.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH., DES., *and Attend.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.
Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.
Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.
Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.
Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?
Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.
Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.
Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.
Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.
Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.
Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.
Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.
Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me.
[*Exit* CASSIO.
Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble, swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come.

If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *with him* MONTANO, *and Gentlemen.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [*Sings.*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor—lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well, heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It is true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters: come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before:
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice.
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside to him.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.
[*Exit* RODERIGO.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within,*—Help! Help!

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty?
I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking* RODERIGO.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come; you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! [*Aside to* ROD.] go out, and cry—a mutiny. [*Exit* ROD.
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen!—
Help ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano, sir;—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell?—Diabolo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants, with weapons.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds! I bleed still; I am hurt to the death. [*He faints.*

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant!—sir, Montano,—gentlemen!—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you: hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds:
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How came it, Michael, you were thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?
Mon. If partially affined, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near.
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose: and I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report;—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—
Lead him off. [MONTANO *is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so light, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me, I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And, then, for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now; for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor:
So will I turn her virtue into pitch.

And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo!

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent: I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.] Two things are to be done.
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on:
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

(View of Cerini.)

Scene I.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter Cassio, *and some Musicians.*

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains:
Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow, general. [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O! thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but, he protests, he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the state:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord; I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, *and* Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O! that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir! I thank you. You do love my lord;
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that: before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a distance.*

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purpose.
Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.
Iago. Ha! I like not that. CLIMAX
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure; I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How, now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good, my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time

Des. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you?
Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn;
I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of her best,) is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exit, with* EMILIA.
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest? ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say but now,—thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,)—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. I'll know thy thoughts—
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: no, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.
Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio:
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,

Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is, not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft.—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love.—But, I do see you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend.
My lord, I see you are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd.—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so; and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends.
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell.
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour [*Returning.*
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings: if I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much:—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.—
I'll not believe it.
Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*Lets fall her handkerchief.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin.
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago: what he will do with it,
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

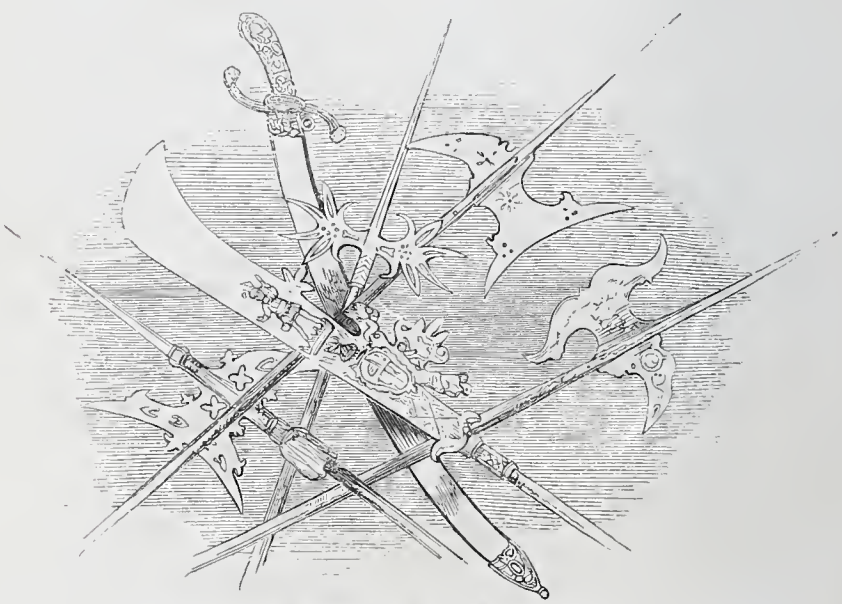
Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.
Emil. Ha?
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O! is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stolen it from her?
Emil. No, 'faith: she let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.
Go; leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.
Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?
Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord!
Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O! now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue: O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O! you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immorial Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!



(Venetian Glaive, Halberds, and Sword of an Estradiot.)

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Seizing him by the throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is it come to this?
Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof: my name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
Oth. Would! nay, I will.
Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you the supervision grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! O!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk; but yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.
Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—"O sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then, laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried,—"Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!"
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one: 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: 'tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love! thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!
Iago. Pray, be content.
Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.
Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont:
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneeling.*
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneeling.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soe'er.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't.
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead: 'tis done at your request;
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Clown.*

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where the lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clo. I dare not say, he lies anywhere.
Des. Why, man?
Clo. He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.
Des. Go to. Where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Des. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.
Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.
Des. Seek him; bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.
Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*
Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
Emil. I know not, madam.
Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes; and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Emil. Is he not jealous?
Des. Who? he! I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?
Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart.
Hot, hot and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand;
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?

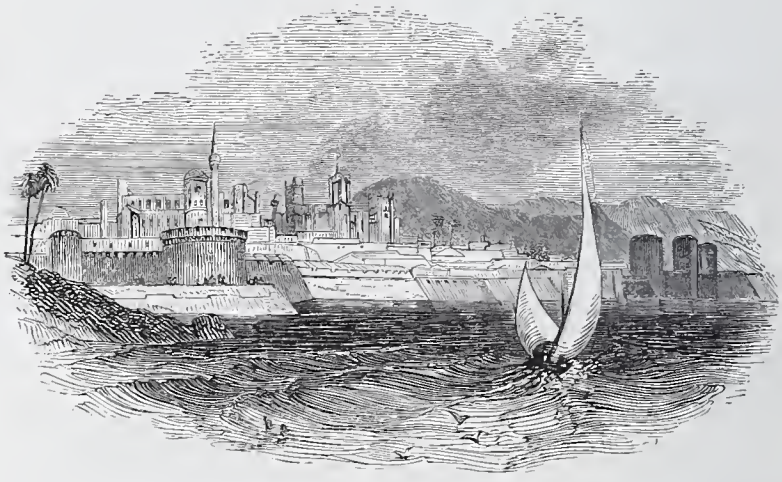
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me.
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't:
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or giv't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden's hearts.
Des. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
Des. Then, would to heaven that I had never seen it!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?
Oth. How?
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.
Des. Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now,
This is a trick, to put me from my suit:
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit* OTHELLO.
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Look you! Cassio, and my husband.
Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech. You must a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him.
There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I pr'ythee, do so. [*Exit* IAGO.]—Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.
Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Emil. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

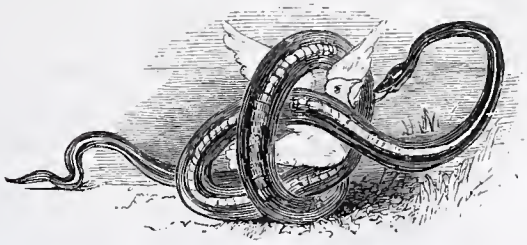
Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.
Bian. O Cassio! whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence, now, I feel a cause.
Is it come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*



(General View of Famagusta. From Le Brun—Voyage en Orient.)

ACT



IV

SCENE I.—*The Same.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What!
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou saidst,—O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good, now.
Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips.—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!— [*Falls, in a trance.*
Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!
Cas. What's the matter?
Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear.
The lethargy must have his quiet course,
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—
[*Exit* CASSIO.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O! thou art wise; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,
(A passion most unsuiting such a man,)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. But encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture.—Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *retires.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter: here he comes.—

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
[*Aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
[*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her!—what! a customer? I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.
[*Aside.*

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.
[*Aside.*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes this bauble; and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not

who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Oth. [*Advancing.*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is.—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O! a thousand thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition.

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

Iago. O! 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again.—This night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Giving him a packet.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the packet, and reads.*

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oph. "This fail you not to do, as you will"— [*Reading.*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What! is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

Lod. Truly an obedient lady.—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay, you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well painted passion!
I am commanded home.—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence! avaunt!
[*Exit* DESDEMONA.
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.
Lod. What! strike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What! did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—
[*Exit* EMILIA.
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes:
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress;
[*To* EMILIA.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.
[*Exit* EMILIA.
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double-damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona!—away, away, away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at;
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!
Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed?
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed?—
Impudent strumpet!
Des. By heaven you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other, foul, unlawful, touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be saved.
Oth. Is it possible?
Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then?
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter.

And keep the gate of hell; you, you, ay, you:
We have done our course; there's money for your pains.
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed!
[*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia, *with* Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie! there is no such man: it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.—
O, heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fie upon them! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. O good Iago!
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Des. If 'twere no other,—
Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!
Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.
Iago. What in the contrary?
Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.
Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?
Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.
Iago. You charge me most unjustly.
Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means: the jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me, she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.
Iago. Well; go to; very well.
Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well; by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.
Iago. Very well.
Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.
Iago. You have said now.
Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.
Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.
Rod. It hath not appeared.
Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.
Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?
Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.
Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.
Iago. O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.
Rod. How do you mean removing of him?
Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.
Rod. And that you would have me do?
Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.
Rod. I will hear further reason for this.
Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.
Oth. O! pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.
Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.
Des. Your honour is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walk, sir?—
O!—Desdemona,—
Des. My lord?
Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.
Des. I will, my lord.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, *and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu;
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one.—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid called Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [*Singing.*

The poor soul sat sighing by a syeamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these.—

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. [*Singing.*

I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light:
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'tis a great price
For a small vice.

Des. I troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. I troth, I think I should, and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates, both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth. Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too: and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well; else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene I.—*A Street.*

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm the resolution.
Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires to a little distance.*
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Goes to his stand.*
Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die:—be't so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest.
[*Rushing out, and making a pass at* Cassio.
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds* Roderigo.
Rod. O! I am slain.
[Iago *rushes from his post, cuts* Cassio *behind in the leg, and exit.*
Cas. I am maim'd for ever.—Light, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter Othello, *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.
Rod. O villain that I am!
Oth. It is e'en so.
Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!
Oth. 'Tis he.—O brave Iago! honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies:—strumpet, I come!
Forth of mine heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit* Othello.

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groan.—It is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *with a light.*

Lod. Hark!
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd; undone by villains;
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To* Lodovico *and* Gratiano.
Rod. O, help me! here.
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[Iago *stabs* Roderigo.
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
O! O! O!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd!
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas! he faints.—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come.
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend and my dear countryman.
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure. O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio!—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O! that's well said;—the chair.— [*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress, [*To* BIANCA.
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air. [CASSIO *and* ROD. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, an you stir:—we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas! what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
What! do you shake at that?
Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O! did he so! I charge you, go with me.
Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet.
Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I? fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber.*

DESDEMONA *in bed asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.— [*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—
Des. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—heaven forefend—I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humph!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then, Lord, have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. My fear interprets then.—What! is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause. IRONY
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so!
Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord! I would speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia,—By and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think she stirs again:—no.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O, insupportable, O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you, I may speak with you.
O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.—
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord! yonder's foul murder done.
Oth. What! now?
Emil. But now, my lord!
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?
Emil. No; Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! Help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O! who hath done
This deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O farewell! [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so; I must needs report a truth.
Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that killed her.
Emil. O! the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.
Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.
O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy husband.
Emil. O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with love.—
My husband say, that she was false?
Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace! you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known.
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general!
Emil. O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false.
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.
All. O heavens forefend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villainy! villainy! villainy!
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't:—O villainy!
I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar,
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O! she was foul.— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece;
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.
I know, this act shows terrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead.
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the north.
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
[IAGO *offers to stab his Wife.*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest.
Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a woman?
[*The Moor runs at* IAGO, *and is held and disarmed by* MONTANO. IAGO *stabs* EMILIA, *then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay. O, lay me by mistress' side!
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.
[*Exeunt* MONTANO *and* GRATIANO.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
By why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
O! here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak to me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;
Even like thy chastity.—O, cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! dead? Desdemon! O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *(carried in a chair,) and Officers, with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was Othello: here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[OTHELLO *wounds* IAGO.
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello! thou wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What! not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!
Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain:
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O, the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come; bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*
Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—no way but this, [*Falling upon* DESDEMONA.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O Spartan dog!
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To* IAGO.
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of his hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture:—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

(Piazza of the Mosque at Famagusta.)

NOTES ON OTHELLO.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"*Enter* Roderigo *and* Iago."

Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shakespearian, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in so doing display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honour, which his rank and connections had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for, very want of character and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago,—the purse,—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness,—the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter. The mere language of protestation—

'If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me'—

which falling in with the associative link, determines Roderigo's continuation of complaint—

'Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate'—

elicits at length a true feeling of Iago's mind, the dread of contempt habitual to those, who encourage in themselves, and have their keenest pleasure in the expression of contempt for others. Observe Iago's high self-opinion, and the moral, that a wicked man will employ real feelings, as well as assume those most alien from his own, as instruments of his purposes:—

'— and, by the faith of man,
I know my price: I am worth no worse a place.'

In what follows, let the reader feel how, by and through the glass of two passions, disappointed vanity and envy, the very vices of which he is complaining, are made to act upon him as if they were so many excellences, and the more appropriately, because cunning is always admired and wished for by minds conscious of inward weakness;—but they act only by half, like music on an inattentive auditor, swelling the thoughts which prevent him from listening to it.—Coleridge.

"Off-capp'd *to him*"—So the folio; the quarto, *oft* capp'd. The latter has been adopted by the editors, and is used as an example of the antiquity of the academical phrase *to-cap*, meaning to take off the cap. We admit that the word *cap* is used in this sense by early English authors. But is *oft* capp'd supported by the context? As we read the passage, three great ones of the city wait upon Othello; they *off-capp'd*—they took cap-in-hand—in personal suit that he should make Iago his lieutenant; but he evades them, &c. He has already chosen his officer. Here is a scene painted in a manner befitting both the dignity of the great ones of the city and of Othello. The audience was given, the solicitation was humbly made, the reasons for refusing it assigned. But take the reading, *oft* capp'd; and then we have Othello perpetually haunted by the three great ones, capping to him, and repeating to him the same prayer, and he perpetually denying them with the same bombast circumstance.—Knight.

"— *a great arithmetician,*
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine."

Charles Armitage Browne, in his original and very ingenious volume on the autobiographical character of Shakespeare's poems, notes the close preservation of Venetian customs and manners in Othello, as corrobative of his opinion that the Poet, at some period after his earlier works, and before the composition of The Merchant of Venice (first printed in 1600) and Othello, had visited Italy, and that he had acquired

enough Italian to read it. On this passage he remarks, "Not one of the annotators has attempted to give a reason why Cassio, the Florentine, is called in derision 'a great arithmetician,' and 'a counter-caster,' with 'his debitor and creditor;' but there is a good reason. A soldier from Florence, famous for its bankers throughout Europe, and for its invention of bills of exchange, book-keeping, and every thing connected with a counting-house, might well be ridiculed for his promotion by an Iago in this manner."

"*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife.*"

This is one of the debateable grounds of annotators. Cassio, being a bachelor, several critics have rejected "wife" in the reading of all the old copies, and proposed to read, a fair *face*, or (with Hanmer) *phyz*, or *guise*, alluding to Cassio's style of dress; or, with Tyrwhitt, fair *life*. The last is ingeniously explained of Cassio's "daily beauty in his life" subjecting him to the scriptural curse as one "of whom all men speak well." Coleridge, taking it more literally, approves the reading as expressing "Iago's contempt for all that did not display intellectual power." The later editors have been satisfied with the original reading, and Stevens's interpretation of it—that Cassio is almost ruined by being nearly married to a frail beauty. In act iv., the report of Cassio's being about to marry Bianca is mentioned by Iago, and explained by Cassio.

"*Wherein the* TONGUED"—So the folio, and the 1630 quarto; the first quarto reads *toged*, which is preferred by Collier and others, as referring to the *toga* or robe worn by the Venetian civil officers—men of the gown, not of the sword.

"— *unless the bookish* THEORIC"—"Theoric" is the same as *theory*, and the word was not uncommonly so used.

"CHRISTEN'D *and heathen,—must be* BE-LEE'D *and* CALM'D."—In one quarto, *Christian*. Iago uses terms of navigation to express that Cassio had out-sailed him.

"*Whether I in any just term am affin'd.*"

i. e. Do I stand *within* any such *terms* of propinquity to the Moor, as that I am bound to love him? The first quarto has *assign'd*.

"*What a* FULL *fortune*"—The folio prints "full" *fall;* but both the quartos read "full." In CYMBELINE we have the expression "full fortune," and in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA "full fortun'd." Knight has thus defended the folio reading, and may be right in his preference. "If the Moor can *carry it thus*—appoint his own officer, in spite of the great ones of the city who capp'd to him, and, moreover, can secure Desdemona as his prize,—he is so successful, that *fortune owes him a heavy fall*. To *owe* is used by Shakespeare not only in the ancient sense of to *own*, to *possess*, but in the modern sense of *to be indebted to, to hold or possess for another*. Fortune here owes the thick-lips a fall, in the same way that we say, 'He owes him a good or an evil turn.' This reading is much in Shakespeare's manner of throwing out a hint of coming calamities."

"— *the thick-lips*"—Othello's complexion and race have furnished a fruitful theme of discussion. Was he, as this phrase would indicate, a negro of the enslaved African race, or was he to be viewed as Coleridge and others have thought, as a "descendant of the proud Arabs who had borne sovereign sway in Europe (men 'of royal siege') and had filled an age of comparative darkness with their poetry and science?" "We do not think, (says Knight, summing up this view of the question,) that Shakespeare had any other intention than to paint Othello as one of the most noble and accomplished of the proud children of the *Ommades* and the *Abbasides*. The expression "thick-lips" from the mouth of Roderigo can only be received dramatically, as a nickname given to Othello by the folly and ill-nature of this coxcomb. Whatever may have been the practice of the stage, even in Shakespeare's time, the whole context of the play is against the notion." Coleridge has remarked with reference to the practice of making him a blackamoor, "Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakespeare himself, from the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages?"

On the other hand, actors and artists had familiarized England to an Othello of the unmixed African race; and this in former days furnished the ground to Rymer, (the learned editor of the *Fœdera*, the great storehouse of English documentary history,) for a famous attack upon the utter improbability of the plot of OTHELLO. In our own days and country, a very original article of criticism, bearing the initials of a distinguished American statesman, (See American Monthly Mag., 1838,) while it renders the highest tribute to the Poet's skill and power, has transferred the attack to the character of Desdemona; the points of which he thus sums up:—

"First—That the passion of Desdemona is *unnatural*, solely and exclusively because of his colour.

"Second—That her elopement *to* Othello, and secret marriage with him, indicate a personal character not only very deficient in delicacy, but totally regardless of filial duty, of female modesty, and of ingenuous shame.

"Third—That her deficiency in delicacy is discernible in her conduct and discourse throughout the play.

"The moral of the tragedy is, that the intermarriage of black and white blood is a violation of the law of nature. This is the lesson to be learned from the play."

He adds, "That it does not need any laborious effort of the imagination to extend the moral precept resulting from the story to a salutary admonition against all ill-assorted, clandestine, and unnatural marriages."

I should arm as Desdemona's champion against any assailant, even against this tremendous veteran, terrible in every field of controversy; but I refrain, (partly it may be because "*me terret Jupiter hostis*" and I would not wantonly provoke him,) but mainly because Desdemona's appeal for herself from Iago's calumny, and the critics' wrong, is sustained by the pervading sentiment of all spectators and readers. I should add, too, that I have found whatever I could say better said, and with more authority, by a female critic, Mrs. Jameson.

But it is of importance to the true understanding and feeling of this drama, that we should not mistake the author's own intention, and the understanding of his times, as to the relative social position of Othello and his bride. The truth here will be found, as truth so often is, half way between the two extreme opinions.

The constant designation of Othello as the Moor, with the reference to Barbary as his native country, his royal descent, his education and experience as a soldier, mark him as descended from a civilized, mixed Arab and African race, then as well understood as now to be different from the other African races. This was a race that had met upon equal terms with the soldiers and nobles of Europe; and we may learn from history, poetry, and romance, how much the ordinary feeling towards them differed from that which has since arisen, from other causes, towards the African race. There was nothing in the Moor's descent so to affect his social position in the eyes of Cinthio's readers or Shakespeare's audience, as to surprise them at his being received on equal footing in the family of a Venetian noble, or attaining the highest military rank in the service of the republic.

Yet it is equally clear that, in regard to Desdemona, his race and colour are not a matter of indifference; they are especially dwelt upon as one of the grounds of jealousy; they place between the Moor and the Venetian lady a natural barrier, which it requires "a downright violence and storm of fortune" to break down. It is the admiration of high intellect, of heroic qualities and achievements—such as has been sometimes known in real life to overcome most strange disparities of age, character, and external circumstances—which gives the lady to see Othello's visage only "in his mind." She does not lose her own social position by marriage with one under whom Italian and Cypriot nobles (Cassio, Iago, Montano) are ambitious to serve, and with whom the princes and rulers of the state associate as companions; yet her love to him would appear in itself strange and unaccountable, had not the Poet opened to us "the pure recesses of her mind," and showed us whence it sprung. Let us listen to Mrs. Jameson.

"The love of Desdemona for Othello, appears at first such a violation of all probabilities, that her father at once imputes it to magic, 'to spells and mixtures powerful o'er the blood.' And the devilish malignity of Iago, whose coarse mind cannot conceive an affection founded purely in sentiment, derives from her love itself a strong argument against her.

> 'Aye, there's the point; as to be bold with you,
> Not to affect many proposed matches
> Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
> Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends.'

"Notwithstanding this disparity of age, character, country, complexion, we, who are admitted into the secret, see her love rise naturally, and necessarily out of the leading propensities of her nature.

"At the period of the story, a spirit of wild adventure had seized all Europe. The discovery of both Indies was yet recent; over the shores of the western hemisphere still fable and mystery hung, with all their dim enchantments, visionary terrors, and golden promises; perilous expeditions and distant voyages were every day undertaken from hope of plunder, or mere love of enterprise; and from these the adventurers returned with tales of 'Antres vast and deserts wild, of cannibals that did each other eat, of anthropophagi, and men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders.' With just such stories did Raleigh and Clifford, and their followers, return from the new world; and thus by their splendid or fearful exaggerations, which the imperfect knowledge of these times could not refute, was the passion for the romantic and marvellous nourished at home, particularly among the women. A cavalier of those days had no nearer, no surer way to his mistress' heart, than by entertaining her with these wondrous narratives. What was a general feature of his time, Shakespeare seized and adapted to his purpose with the most exquisite felicity of effect. Desdemona, leaving her household cares in haste, to hang breathless on Othello's tales, was doubtless a picture from the life; and her inexperience and her quick imagination lend it an added propriety; then her compassionate disposition is interested by all the disastrous chances, hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field, of which he has to tell; and her exceeding gentleness and timidity, and her domestic turn of mind, render her more easily captivated by the military renown, the valour, and lofty bearing of the noble Moor—

> 'And to his honours and his valiant parts
> Does she her soul and fortunes consecrate.'

"The confession and the excuse for her love is well placed in the mouth of Desdemona, while the history of the rise of that love, and of his course of wooing, is, with the most graceful propriety, as far as she is concerned, spoken by Othello, and in her absence. The last two lines summing up the whole—

> 'She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
> And I loved her that she did pity them,'

comprise whole volumes of sentiment and metaphysics.

"Desdemona displays at times a transient energy, arising from the power of affection, but gentleness gives the prevailing tone to the character—gentleness in its excess—gentleness verging on passivencss—gentleness which not only cannot resent, but cannot resist."

"*Yet throw such* CHANGES"—The folio has *chances;* both the quartos "changes."

"*My house is not a grange*"—That is, we are in a populous city, not in a lone house where robbery might easily be committed. A grange is, strictly, the farm of a monastery; but in the northern counties of England every lone house or farm which stands solitary is called a grange.—WARTON.

"*— you'll have your* NEPHEWS *neigh to you*"—The word *nephews* was formerly used to signify a grandson, or any lineal descendant. In RICHARD III., the Duchess of York calls her grand-daughter *niece. Nephew* here is the Latin *nepos.*

"*At this* ODD-EVEN *and dull watch o' the night.*"—"Odd-even of the night" is explained to be the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning.

"*In an extravagant and wheeling stranger.*"—The word "in" is here used in the sense of "to." This is one of the many obsolete peculiarities of ancient phraseology. "Extravagant" has its Latin signification of "wandering." As in HAMLET:—"The extravagant and erring spirit."

"*O, she deceives me past thought.*"—One quarto reads, "*Thou deceiv'st me.*"

SCENE II.

"*Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience.*"—The very stuff of the conscience, is the very substance of the conscience.

"*As double as the duke's.*"—Some editors give this a literal construction, supposing that Shakespeare adopted the popular though incorrect notion, that the doge had two voices in the senate. It is clear that Shakespeare did not take the phrase in a literal sense; for, if he had supposed that the duke had a double voice as the duke, he would not have assigned the same privilege to the senator Brabantio. It means, as much above others—as powerful.

"*From men of royal siege; and my demerits*
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune," etc.

The quartos read "royal height." "Men of royal siege" signifies men who have sat upon royal seats or thrones. "Siege" is used for "seat" by many writers. "Demerits" has here the signification of "merits." As in CORIOLANUS:—

> 'Opinion, that so sticks on Martius, may
> Of his demerits rob Cominius.'

Mereo and *demereo* had the same meaning in the Latin.

Fuseli has given the best explanation of "unbonneted:"—"I am his equal or superior in rank: and were it not so, such are my *merits,* that unbonneted, without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune," &c. At Venice, the bonnet was a badge of aristocratic honours.

"*I would not my* UNHOUSED *free condition*"—"Unhoused"—free from *domestic* cares; a thought natural to an adventurer, says Johnson. Whalley says that Othello, talking as a soldier, means that he has no settled habitation.

"*For the sea's worth.*"—So in HENRY V., act i. scene ii.

> '— as rich with praise
> As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
> With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.'

Pliny, whom Shakespeare may have read in Holland's translation, if not in Latin, has a chapter on "The Riches of the Seas."

"*'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack.*"—"Carack," a vessel of heavy burden.

"*—weaken motion*"—The old editions agree in this reading, and the sense must be—drugs that impair the faculties, and deaden those natural inclinations which would have led to the choice of younger and more suitable lovers. Yet there is probability in Hanmer's conjecture of an early error of the press of *weaken* for *waken;* and that "motion" is used in the sense of "the wanton stings and motions of the senses."

Scene III.

"*As in these cases, where the* AIM REPORTS."—"Aim" is used in the sense of *conjecture*, as in The Two Gentlemen of Verona :—

'But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err.'

And in Julius Cæsar :—

'What you would wish me to, I have some aim.'

The quartos read, "Thus aim reports," which Johnson prefers, as meaning "when men report by conjecture."

"*Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you*
Against the general enemy Ottoman."

It was part of the policy of the Venetian state never to entrust the command of an army to a native. "By land (says Thomas), they are served of strangers, both for generals, for captains, and for all other men of war; because their law permitteth not any Venetian to be captain over an army by land: fearing, I think, Cæsar's example."

"*Stood in your* ACTION"—"Action" in its legal sense—even were it my own son against whom you bring your suit.

"*I won his daughter* WITH."—The last word is not in the oldest editions, and Malone and those editors who follow his text also omit it, maintaining this to be the elliptical phraseology of Shakespeare's age. But as it is added in the second folio, 1632, this would show that such an omission was as harsh then as now, and was considered as an error of the press; and so it has been considered by Johnson and Stevens and the majority of editors.

"*Send for the lady to the* SAGITTARY"—"Sagittary" was the name applied to a fictitious being, compounded of man and horse. As used in the text, it was formerly supposed to be the sign of an inn; but later inquiry shows that it was the residence of the commanding officers of the republic's army and navy: it is said that the figure of an archer, over the gate, still indicates the spot.

"*And portance in my* TRAVEL'S HISTORY."—Thus the quarto. The folio reading is *traveller's history*, which Knight thus supports: "Othello modestly, and somewhat jocosely, calls his wonderful relations *a traveller's history*—a term by which the marvellous stories of the Lithgows and Coryats were wont to be designated in Shakespeare's day."

"*— and deserts* IDLE"—Thus all the old copies until the second folio, (1632,) which reads "desarts wilde." This Pope adopted. Johnson marvels that Pope should have rejected a word "so poetically beautiful" as *idle;* while Gifford, in his notes on Ben Jonson, supports the emendation, because "*wilde* adds a feature of some import even to a desert, whereas *idle* leaves it just where it first found it." He holds Pope's emendation to be better poetry as well as better rhythm, and it is certain that the typographical error of *idle* for *wilde* would be an easy one. Yet *idle* strikes my ear as more in Shakespeare's manner of describing the qualities of natural objects in language drawn from similar qualities of living persons—a half personification. To my judgment, the old editions need no emendation, though the weight of authority is the other way.

"*The anthropophagi,*" etc.—Shakespeare did not mean that Othello should win his bride (as Iago accuses him) by telling "fantastical lies." He took as true Sir Walter Raleigh's report of what he had heard and vouched as his "own belief," in his Voyage to Guiana. Extracts from Raleigh, and copies of some of the old plates in his narrations, are given in several of the English editions of Shakespeare.

"*But not* INTENTIVELY"—i. e. *attentively;* for so the word was used in Shakespeare's time.

"*She swore*"—The modern reader is likely to be shocked at the lady's swearing; for that word now, when not taken in its legal sense, conveys the idea of coarse profanity. But it was formerly used in a larger sense for any strong asseveration, as the context shows here, that her swearing was "in faith, 'twas strange." Thus, Whitaker, in his Vindication of Queen Mary, says of Mary :—"To aver upon faith and honour, was then called swearing, equally with a solemn appeal to God; and considered as the same with it. This is plain from the passage immediately before us: 'I swear—upon my faith and honour,' she says expressly. She also says she does this 'again;' thus referring to the commencement of this letter, where she 'appeals to her God as witness.'"

"*— yet she wish'd*
That heaven had made her such a man."

Tieck says that Eschenburg has fallen into a mistake of translating this passage into German as if Desdemona had wished that heaven had made such a man *for* her, instead of wishing that heaven had created *her* as brave as the hero to whose story she had given "a world of sighs." Knight is not sure that Eschenburg is wrong.

"*She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd.*"

Rymer, the learned historian, and Lord Shaftesbury, in other days a high authority both in philosophy and in taste, had sneered at this, on which Johnson thus comments :—"Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance, not only of history but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions which, however great, were magnified by her timidity."

"*— a grise, or step*"—The word "grise" is explained by "step," which follows it. So, in Timon—

'— every *grise* of fortune.'

"*— was* PIERCED *through the ear*"—Warburton suggested that "we" ought to read *pieced;* but "pierced," as Malone remarked, means *penetrated* or *reached;* and in Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," 1590, we have the expression "my heart to be *with gladness pierc'd.*"

"*Slubber the gloss.*"—Modern use has confined *slubber* or *slobber* to the nursery; but it originally meant, to take off the gloss or brightness of any thing; as, in an old poet, "The evening slubbers day."

"*— I do* AGNIZE"—i. e. *acknowledge* or *recognise.*

"*The young affects in* ME *defunct.*"—This passage has given rise to pages of controversial commentary and critical conjecture; and yet Stevens predicts that it will "be a lasting source of doubt and controversy." The old copies all read, and the two quartos punctuate thus—

'Not to comply with heat, the young affects
In *my* defunct, and proper satisfaction.'

The general intent of this is evident enough; but it is difficult to extract a precise meaning from the words, so that editors have had recourse to conjecture. Dr. Johnson's is preferred in the text of this edition, (as it has been in that of Singer and some others,) as giving

the best sense, with the slight change of one letter, *me* for *my*—monosyllables always pronounced alike in old-fashioned colloquial English, unless *my* is specially emphatic. According to this reading, the Moor, remarking that he had reached that age when, (in Hamlet's phrase,) "the heyday of the blood is tame, and waits on judgment," says that he asks this favour, not in indulgence to the heat of youthful passion (which had passed away in him) nor for his own satisfaction, but to indulge the wishes of his bride. *Proper*, for *own*, was of common use, (as the Duke in this scene says, "though our proper son;") and *affects* for *passions* may be found in all the poets of that age.

Stevens, and others, have substituted "*distinct* satisfaction," which also gives a reasonable sense, and may have been so written originally, for to me it is manifest that there is some typographical error in the old copies. Mr. Collier, however, retains the folio reading, and thus explains it:—"Nothing can be clearer, allowing only a little latitude of expression. Othello refers to his age, elsewhere several times alluded to, and 'in my *defunct* and *proper* satisfaction' is merely 'in my *own dead* satisfaction' or gratification; the youthful passions, or 'young affects,' being comparatively 'defunct' in him."

"For *she is with me*"—i. e. *Because* she is with me. The folio substitutes *When* for "For" of both the quartos.

"— *and active instruments*"—Our text is from the two quartos, agreeing. In the folio, 1623, *scel* is printed for "foil;" *offic'd* for "active;" *instrument* for "instruments;" and *estimation* for "reputation."

"— *if thou hast eyes to see*"—The quarto, 1622, alone reads, "have a quick eye to see."

"*I have looked upon the world for four times seven years*"—It is clear that Shakespeare has fixed Iago's age at twenty-eight, since he makes him distinguish between the whole time he had looked upon the world, and the time since he could "distinguish between a benefit and an injury." The common notion of careless readers is otherwise; and the actors who have been most celebrated in the part, from Quin to Cooke, are understood to have represented him as at least a middle-aged man. Yet the incident of Iago's youth seems to add much to the individuality and intensity of the character. An old soldier of acknowledged merit, who after years of service, sees a young man like Cassio placed over his head, has not a little to plead in justification of deep resentment, and in excuse, though not in defence of his revenge: such a man may well brood over imaginary wrongs. The caustic sarcasm and contemptuous estimate of mankind are at least pardonable in a soured and disappointed veteran. But in a young man, the revenge is more purely gratuitous, the hypocrisy, the knowledge, and dexterous management of the worst and weakest parts of human nature, the recklessness of moral feeling,—even the stern, bitter wit, intellectual and contemptuous, without any of the gayety of youth,—are all precocious and peculiar; separating Iago from the ordinary sympathies of our nature, and investing him with higher talent and blacker guilt.

"— *as luscious as* LOCUSTS—The old and still the popular name for the *ceratonia*, or *carob*, an evergreen of the south of Europe, bearing sweet black pods. The Mediterranean commerce had made the fruit familiar enough to a London audience, and the comparison was well suited to the mouth of an Italian. This is more probable than the opinion of some of the annotators that there is an allusion to the Baptist's food of "locusts and wild honey."

"— *defeat thy favour*"—Means, alter thy appearance, or, more strictly, thy *countenance*.

"*Traverse*"—An ancient military word of command. Bardolph gives it to Wart in HENRY IV.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"Observe in how many ways Othello is made, first, our acquaintance, then our friend, then the object of our anxiety, before the deeper interest is to be approached."—COLERIDGE.

"— *with high and monstrous* MANE."—In the folio, this word is spelt *maine*; in the quarto, *mayne*. Most modern editions read '*main*.' This gives no tolerable sense, "the surge with high and monstrous main sea!" We have therefore adopted the reading of Collier and Knight, the latter of whom well observes:—"In the *high and monstrous mane* we have a picture which was probably suggested by the noble passage in Job: 'Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his *neck* with thunder?' One of the biblical commentators upon this passage remarks, that Homer and Virgil mention the mane of the horse: but that the sacred author, by the bold figure of thunder, expresses the *shaking of the mane*, and the *flakes of hair* which suggest the idea of lightning. The horse of Job is the war-horse, 'who swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;' and when Shakespeare pictured to himself his *mane* wildly streaming, 'when the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield,' he saw an image of the fury of 'the wind-shak'd surge,' and of its very form; and he painted it 'with high and monstrous *mane*.'"

"— *cast water on the burning bear.*"

The "burning bear" is the constellation near the pole. The next line alludes to the star Arctophylax, which word signifies the guard of the bear.

"*A* VERONESE."—This is printed in the quarto *Veronessa*, and in the folios *Verrennessa*. There is no doubt that this means a Veronese, with the final *e* accented, to give the Italian sound; just as Spenser has "Albanese;" but the doubt is, whether it is Cassio who is called a Veronese, or the ship. Warton, Malone, and the later editors, prefer the latter, as it is certain that Cassio is elsewhere made a Florentine; and they maintain the vessel to be called a Veronese, (as we now say of ships, an American, a Dane, a Hamburgher,) because fitted out by Verona, a subject city of Venice. On the other hand, the old editions agree in punctuating as here; and Cassio is called a Veronese, either from a slip of the poet's memory, or, if the reader prefer it, from a mistake of the relater. I have, with Collier, chosen to retain the original punctuation, without being very confident that Warton (who seldom errs) is not right here.

"*Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle.*"—The reading of the quarto is—

'Thanks *to* the valiant of *this worthy* isle.'

Many editors give us a mixed reading.

"— *does bear all excellency*"—The folio reads, "does tire the *ingeniuer*," which has been taken for *inginer*. Our text is that, not only of the quarto, 1622, but of the quarto, 1630. By the "essential vesture of creation" the poet means her *outward form*, which he in another place calls "the muddy *vesture* of decay." If the reading of the folio be adopted, the meaning would be this—She is one who excels all description, and in real beauty, or outward form, goes beyond the power of the inventive pencil of the artist. Fleckno, in his Discourse on the English Stage, 1664, speaking of painting, mentions "the stupendous works of your great *ingeniers*." And Ben Jonson, in his Sejanus, act iv., sc. 4:—

'No, Silius, we are no good *ingeniers*,
We want the fine arts.'

An *ingenier* or *ingeniuer* undoubtedly means an *artist* or *painter*; and is perhaps only another form for *engineer*, anciently used for any kind of artist or artificer.

"*If this poor trash of Venice, whom I* TRACE."—"Trace" seems used to indicate some species of confinement (like a trace applied to horses) in order to keep back a dog that is too quick in hunting.

"*in the* RANK GARB"—Having puzzled Stevens and Malone, is merely—in the *right down*, or *straight forward fashion*. In As You Like It we have "the right butterwoman's *rank* to market." And in King Lear, Cornwall says of Kent in disguise, that he "doth affect a saucy roughness, and constrains the *garb* (i. e. assumes the *fashion*) quite from his nature." Gower says of Fluellen, in King Henry V.:—"You thought, because he could not speak English in the native *garb*, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel." The folio reads "in the *right* garb."—Singer.

"*Knavery's plain face,*" etc.—An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution.—Johnson.

Scene III.

"*— they have given me a* ROUSE *already*"—Respecting the word "rouse," see the King's "rouse" in Hamlet.

"*A life's but a span*"—The folio reads "*Oh man's* life's but a span."

"*King Stephen was a worthy peer*"—The ballad from which these two stanzas are quoted is to be found entire in Percy's "Reliques." In Camden's "Remains" is a story respecting the breeches of William Rufus; but there the king complained, not that his breeches were "all to dear," but that they did not cost enough.

"*If drink rock not his cradle*"—That is, if he have no drink he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours. Chaucer and other old writers use "horologe" familiarly.

"*Diablo*"—An exclamation employed by other dramatists. It is the Spanish title of the devil.

"*And passion, having my best judgment* COLLIED,"—Blackened, discoloured. The quarto reads *cooled;* evidently a mistake.

"*Probal*"—Thus, all the old editions. There may be (says Stevens) such a contraction of the word *probable*, but I have not met with it in any other book.

"*When devils will the blackest sins put on,*
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows."

The term "put on" is here and in various other places used in the sense of *urge on*. The meaning is, when devils mean to instigate men to commit the most atrocious crimes, they prompt or tempt at first with appearances of virtue.—Malone.

"*That she* REPEALS *him*"—i. e. *recalls* him; its etymological sense. To *repeal* a statute is to *recall* it.

Act III.—Scene I.

"*— I never knew*
A Florentine more kind and honest."

Cassio does not mean to call Iago a Florentine, since he was a Venetian, as is evident from several parts of this tragedy, but to say that he, Cassio, never knew even one of his own countrymen more kind and honest.

Scene III.

"*I'll watch him* TAME."—Hawks and other birds were tamed by being kept from sleep. Thus, in Cartwright's "Lady Errant"—

'We'll keep you,
As they do hawks, watching until you leave
Your wildness.'

"*Not now, sweet* Desdemon."—In five passages of this play, in the folio edition, Desdemona is called *Desdemon*, and here in the second quarto. The abbreviation was not a capricious one, nor introduced merely for the sake of rhythm. It is clearly used as an epithet of familiar tenderness. In the present instance Othello playfully evades his wife's solicitation with a rarely-used term of endearment. In act iv. scene ii., it comes out of the depth of conflicting love and jealousy—

'Ah! *Desdemon*, away, away, away!'

In act v. scene ii., it is used upon the last solemn occasion when he speaks to her,—

'Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemon?*'

And, lastly, it is spoken by him when he has discovered the full extent of his guilt and misery:—

'O *Desdemon!* dead? *Desdemon!*'—

The only other occasion in which it is employed is by her uncle Gratiano—

'Poor *Desdemon!*'

We have no warrant for rejecting such a marked peculiarity.—Knight.

"*Save that, they say, the wars must make examples*
Out of her best."

That is, the severity of military discipline must not spare the best men of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome example.—Johnson. "Her best," a personification of war, changing the number.

"*Or stand so* MAMMERING *on.*"—One quarto has *muttering*. The word—in the meaning of *suspense, hesitating*—is used by old writers, as in Lyly's "Euphues"—"Neither stand in a *mammering*, whether it be best to depart or not."

"*Excellent* WRETCH!"—The meaning of the word *wretch* is not generally understood. It is still, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. "Excellent wretch" expresses "Dear, harmless, helpless excellence."—Johnson.

There is a singular coincidence of phrase between these lines and two in a Latin poem of Buchanan's:—

'Cesset amor, pariter cessabunt foedera rerum,
In Chaos antiquum, cuncta elementa ruent.'

"*By* HEAVEN, *he echoes me*"—Thus, the quarto, 1622: the folio, "*Alas!* he echoes me;" and the quarto, 1630, "*Why dost* thou echo me?"

"*They are close* DELATIONS"—The word "denotements" stands in the quarto, 1622, for *delations* of the folio and of the quarto, 1630. Johnson conjectures "delations" are *accusations* or *informations;* and in this sense Ben Jonson used the verb to *delate* in his "Volpone,"—

'Yet, if I do not, they may *delate*
My slackness to my patron.'

I have preferred the reading which gives a clear sense without the aid of conjectural correction.

"*Keep* LEETS, *and* LAW-DAYS"—*Leets* and *law-days* are synonymous terms. "*Leet* (says Jacob, in his Law Dictionary) is otherwise called a *law-day*." They are there explained to be courts, or meetings of the *hundred*, "to certify the king of the good manners, and government, of the inhabitants," and to inquire of all offences that are not capital. The Poet's meaning then is—Who has a breast so pure but that foul thoughts and surmises will not sometimes intrude, hold a session there as in a lawful court, and sit judicially by the side of lawful thoughts?

"*It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make*
The meat it feeds on."

The old copies have "*mock.*" The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I have not the smallest doubt that Shakespeare wrote "make," and have, there-

fore, inserted it in the text. The words "make" and "mocke" (for such was the old spelling) are often confounded in these plays.—MALONE.

I have received Hanmer's emendation: because "to mock" does not signify "to loathe;" and because, when Iago bids Othello "beware of jealousy, the green-ey'd monster," it is natural to tell why he should beware; and, for caution, he gives him two reasons:—that jealousy often creates its own cause, and that, when the causes are real, jealousy is misery.—JOHNSON.

Passages, from Shakespeare and other writers, are quoted in support of this reading. The chief is what Emilia says of jealousy, in the last scene of this act:—

"'Tis a monster, begot upon itself, born on itself."

This emendation was first made by the poet Southern, in manuscript, in his folio copy, and all his emendations are of great authority, as he approached nearer Shakespeare's age than any other of his commentators, was a native of the same town, and had much poetic taste and feeling. Collier has no difficulty in regarding *mock* as a mere error of the press. Yet Stevens defends and Knight retains the original reading, which is thus explained—"which doth play with, half receive and half reject, the meat it feeds on." Stevens takes it as an allusion to the tiger or the cat, that sports with its victim on which it feeds.

"*Exsufflicate*"—Todd, in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, says that "exsufflicate" may be traced to the low Latin *exsufflare*, to spit down upon, an ancient form of exorcising, and figuratively to spit out in abhorrence or contempt. *Exsufflicate* may thus signify contemptible. Richardson, in his Dictionary, dissents from this: considering the word "not improbably a misprint for *exsufflate*, i. e. *efflate* or *efflated*, puffed out; and, consequently, exaggerated, extravagant."

"*She did deceive her father, marrying you:*
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most."

This and the following argument of Othello ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence. The same objection may be made, with a lower degree of strength, against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion that the same violence of inclination which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those that have shown that their passions are too violent for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue.—JOHNSON.

"*— if I do prove her haggard,*
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings."

A "haggard" is a *wild*, and, as Johnson truly says, an *unreclaimed* hawk. "Jesses" were short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she was held on the fist. The falconers (Johnson observes) let fly the hawk against the wind: if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If, therefore, a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for itself, and *preyed at fortune*.

"*Your* NAPKIN."—"Napkin" and *handkerchief* were synonymous. The expression was used as recently as the date of the Scotch proceedings in the Douglas cause, in which a lady is described as constantly dressed in a hoop, with a large napkin on her breast. A pocket-handkerchief is still a *pocket-napkin* in Scotland, and the north of England.

"*Be not* ACKNOWN *on't*"—The quarto "Be not you known of't." The more poetical word, *acknown*, is used in a similar manner in the "Life of Ariosto," subjoined to Sir John Harrington's translation of it, 1607: "Some say he was married to her privily, but durst not be *acknown* of it."

"*Not poppy, nor* MANDRAGORA"—The "mandragora," or *mandrake*, has a sorporific quality; and the ancients (says Stevens) used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. "Ow'dst" is *owned-est*, a sense of the verb "owe" of which we have many examples.

"*The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.*"

Warton (still known in literature by the familiar name he bore in his life, as Tom Warton) has left a commentary on this line, in which his boy-like love of the drum and fife, gives zest to his antiquarian knowledge. He tells us, that Shakespeare paints from the life: the drum and fife (accompanying each other) being in his age used by the English soldiery, and common throughout Europe. The fife, as a martial instrument, was then long discontinued in England, until it was revived by the Duke of Cumberland (the victor of Culloden) in 1747, since which it became general in the English service. It was at that time borrowed from the German or Dutch allies, and its use is of great antiquity on the continent. Warton traces his "beloved fife" back to the siege of Paria in 1525, and follows the "drommes and viffleurs" through the military drill, feasts, masques, and processions, to Philip and Mary, in 1554. It was formerly used in the French service, especially by the Swiss regiments; but since the revolution, it has gone out of use in France. M. de Vigny, in his spirited translation of this passage, gives only the drum; which Knight attributes to "the fife being unknown to the French in the present day." It is more probably because *fifre* is less poetical to a French ear, than even the shrill sounding word *fife* is to us.

'Adieu, beaux bataillons aux panaches flottants;
Adieu, guerre, adieu, toi dont les jeux eclatants
Font de l'ambition une vertu sublime!
Adieu donc, le coursier que la trompette anime,
Et ses hennissements et les bruits du tambour,
L'etendard qu'on deploie aves des cris d'amour!'

"— RUDE *throats*."—The two quartos read "wide throats;" and as Milton has spoken of the "deep-throated" thunder of artillery, this may have been the author's original phrase. Yet *rude* seems to me so much in unison with Shakespeare's characteristic of giving human expression to inanimate objects, that I conjecture this to be an emendation of his own in the later copies—*wide* having been the first epithet, descriptive and appropriate, but unimpassioned.

"— *of* MINE *eternal soul*"—In the quarto, 1622, "*man's* eternal soul;" a finer reading than that in the text, which, however, is retained, as having the concurrent authority of the other old copies and a sufficient sense.

"MY *name, that was as fresh*."—This speech is contained only in the last quarto and the folios; the latter having the reading here given, the quarto substituting "*her* name." This last is now the common reading, having been preferred by all the editors except Rowe, Malone, and Knight. Either reading gives a clear and forcible sense; but the passion of the scene, to my feeling of it, is with the folios. As Othello's name, according to the usual unjust estimate of the world, would be sullied by his wife's infidelity, his intense feeling of personal honour is deeply wounded, even while he still doubts as to her real guilt;—

'I think my wife be honest, and think she is not.—
Would I were satisfied.'

and he bursts into ungovernable passion at the thought of his disgrace—"I'll not endure it."

"*Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!*"

Thus the folios. The two quartos concur in reading "*thy* hollow *cell*;" which Collier, upon the weight of

their concurring authority, with several other editors, as a matter of taste, prefers and adopts. I think the first reading more poetic and appropriate: "hollow," as applied to cell, strikes me, as it did Warburton, to be unmeaning; but "the hollow hell" is in consonance with the feeling of the speaker, and the poetic phraseology of the age. Milton has repeatedly adopted and applied it—"the hollow deep of hell resounds," and "hell's concave;" and in the old translations of Homer and Seneca, which Shakespeare must have read, the same phrase is used. Besides, the context seems to lead to this very word. Othello in the preceding line says—

'All my fond love thus do I blow to *heaven*'—

and the antithesis of Revenge arising from hell, was naturally suggested."

"*Ne'er* FEELS *retiring ebb*"—The folios (followed in the Pictorial edition) had it, "Ne'er *keeps* retiring ebb." Pope altered *keeps* to "feels." This conjecture was happy, as is proved by the quarto, 1630, which was exactly the same word, "Ne'er *feels* retiring ebb." The later folios repeat *keeps*, but Southern altered the word, in his copy of the edition of 1685, to *knows*.

From the word "Like" to "marble heaven," inclusively, is not found in the quarto, 1622. Pope thinks that it would be better omitted, as an unnatural excursion in this place. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge upon this subject from the second book and ninety-seventh chapter of Pliny's Natural History, 1601:—"And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis; but the sea never retireth baeke againe within Pontus." Mr. Edwards conceived this simile might allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whose impress Camden, in his "Remains" says, was the Caspian Sea, with this motto—*Sine Reflexu*.

There is also a continual flow of the tide at Gibraltar, where the Mediterranean "ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on" to the Atlantic.

"— *shall be in me* REMORSE."—Stevens and others have given numerous quotations from old English writers, showing *remorse* to have been anciently used by them for pity, compassion; as in Hollingshed—"to have remorse and compassion upon others' distresses." Iago must therefore be understood as saying—Let him command any bloody work, and to obey will not be an act of cruelty, but of compassion for his wrongs.

"*My friend is dead.*"—It is remarkable how the impress of Shakespeare's mind can be traced through all English poetry and eloquence, even where one would least expect to find it. In Lord Clive's defence of his conduct in India, a speech famous in the last generation, and ascribed to Wedderburn, is this passage, evidently suggested by the above words: "Ali Kawn was my friend, whom I loved; but the service of my country required that he should die—and he was dead."

SCENE IV.

"*Full of* CRUZADOES"—A Portuguese gold coin, so called from the cross stamped upon it.

"*But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.*"

Warburton, with his accustomed ambitious ingenuity, maintains this to be a satirical allusion to the bloody hand borne on the arms of the order of baronets, first created by James I. This is approved by the high authority of Johnson, Douce, and Judge Blackstone. Stevens, and other later editors, reject it, and apparently with reason. This creation was not until ten years after the now ascertained date of the first performance of OTHELLO; the passage therefore must have been added to the first draft of the play. This is possible; as we know that many other small and some important alterations and additions were made. Yet it is hardly possible that Shakespeare would have introduced so obvious an anachronism as making Othello refer to the last heraldic innovation of the day; and this for the purpose of a needless allusion, offensive to the court and the new order.

"*That handkerchief.*"—Mrs. Jameson (a much better judge in this, as well as in many other matters, than the male critics) observes, that this handkerchief was one of those embroidered handkerchiefs, which were as fashionable in Shakespeare's time as in our own, it being described in the Italian as "lavorato alla morisco;" which, she says, "is the pattern we now call *arabesque*. This slight description suggested to the poetical fancy of Shakespeare one of the most exquisite and characteristic passages in the whole play." In the last scene of the play, Othello says, that this was "an antique token, my father gave my mother." This has been noted as an oversight; but Stevens considers it as a fresh proof of the Poet's art:—"The first account was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he again mentions it, the truth was sufficient."

"— *in a more* CONTINUATE *time.*"—One quarto, *convenient*. Continuate time is—time uninterrupted.

"*I must be circumstanc'd*"—i. e. I must yield to circumstances.

[Venetian Soldier off Guard.]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"—*hypocrisy against the devil*"—Means, hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit.—JOHNSON.

"CONVINCED *or* SUPPLIED *them*"—i. e. *overcome* or *satisfied* them. This is an ordinary sense of "convince;" as, in MACBETH, a malady is said "to *convince* the assay of art."

"—*without some* INSTRUCTION."—Warburton would read *induction*. Johnson thus explains "instruction:" "There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance,

notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature. Othello says, 'Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without *instruction*.' 'It is not words that shake me thus.' This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities."

Sir Joshua Reynolds says—"Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears, (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief,) it produces stupefaction and fainting.

"Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows, that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpowers it that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence."

"— *in a patient* LIST"—i. e. in a patient *limit* or *boundary*.

"*Fitchew*"—The polecat; apparently a cant phrase for a courtesan.

"*To* ATONE *them*"—i. e. to *reconcile* them, or *at one* them; as in CORIOLANUS and elsewhere.

SCENE II.

"*A fixed figure, for the time of scorn,*" etc.

By the "fixed figure," we understand a living man exposed to public shame; or, an effigy exhibited to a multitude, as Butler has it:—

'To punish in *effigie* criminals.'

By "the time," we receive the same idea as in HAMLET:—

'For who would bear the whips and scorns of *time*?'

"Time" is by Hamlet distinctly used to express the *times*, the *age;* and it is used in the same way by Ben Jonson:—

'O how I hate the monstrousness of *time!*'

In the passage before us, then, the "time of scorn" is the *age* of scorn. Shakespeare has also personified scorn in his 78th sonnet:—

'When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn.'

The *slow finger* is *the pausing* finger, pointing at the fixed figure; but, while it points, it *moves in mockery*. Shakespeare was, perhaps, thinking of the *Digito Monstrari* of the ancients; or, it may be, of the finger gesticulations of the Italians."—KNIGHT.

"*Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd* CHERUBIN."—Cherubin, in the singular, as elsewhere in Shakespeare; not cherubim, as it appears in very many good editions. Cherubin is the older English word for cherub, as also seraphin for seraph. Cherubim is the Hebrew plural adopted through the Latin into our language, and used in solemn and devotional style for cherubs.

"— *discourse,* OR *thought, or actual deed.*"—The folio reading is "discourse *of* thought," which is followed in many of the best editions. This gives a good and clear sense, in old poetic language, as meaning "the discursive range of thought;" like Hamlet's "discourse of reason." But the quarto reading is, as here printed, "discourse, *or* thought;" which Pope adopted, and Stevens defends. It appears to me more probable in itself, because more impressive, and more in unison with the particularity of Desdemona's asseveration of innocence in every possible manner:—

'— that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,' etc.

It is natural that, in this minute asseveration, she should also affirm her innocence of any trespass against her plighted love, even in word or discourse. The phrase too, resembles, and is supposed to have been perhaps suggested by the language of the liturgy and old catechisms,—"offending in thought, word, or deed." The authorities being balanced, I rest my own decided preference for the reading in the text, upon the superior intensity of expression thus gained by the repetition of *or*.

SCENE III.

"*He looks gentler than he did.*"—"Here is one of those side-intimations of the fluctuations of passion, which we seldom meet with but in Shakespeare. He has here put into half a line what some authors would have spun into ten set speeches."—HAZLITT.

"— *she had a song of—willow.*"—In Percy's "Reliques," will be found an old ballad, from the black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, entitled "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love." Shakespeare, in adopting a portion of this ballad, accommodated the words to the story of "poor Barbara." We subjoin two stanzas of the original from which the song in the text has been formed:—

'A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

'The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, etc.
Sing, O the greene willow,' etc.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"— *this young* QUAT"—The quarto reads *gnat;* and the older commentators were much puzzled by either reading, until Johnson explained, that a *quat*, in the midland counties, is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is rubbed to sense. It has since been found in other old authors.

"*I will make proof of thine*"—Malone explains that Cassio's speech implies that he wore some secret armour. The *coat* was the *buff jerkin*, which agreed with the Italian costume, and was usual in England until after Charles I. Walter Scott mentions it in some of his novels.

"*O inhuman dog!*"—The modern stage-direction here in several editions is "*Dies,*" but it is evident from what is said at the end of the act, that Roderigo does not die immediately. This stage-direction is not in any of the old copies.

"*Good* GENTLEMEN."—The quarto reads, *good gentlewoman*, which Malone adopts; but Lodovico and Gratiano are going away with Cassio, when Iago stops them, to hear his accusation of Bianca.

SCENE II.

"*Put out the light, and then—put out the light?*"

This passage is printed in the old copies—

'Put out the light, and then put out the light.'

This has long been a favourite text for critical and theatrical discussion. Nearly a century ago, Fielding, in his "Journey to the Next World," makes Betterton and Booth, the great actors of the preceding generation, dispute in the Elysian Fields on the different readings or meanings of the line, and finally refer it to Shakespeare himself, who frankly confesses that he is not

able to decide the controversy. But the author had a clear meaning in his mind, and the only difficulty is to decide which of the several meanings presented by varied punctuation and emphasis, is the one intended. The punctuation adopted in the text is that first suggested by Upton and Warburton, which adds so much beauty and force, that it has at last obtained general reception even among those critics most tenacious of the original readings. Warburton thus comments on his reading:—

"The meaning is—I will put out the light, and then proceed to the exeeution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say—But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites."

But the learned Dr. Farmer treats this as a fanciful refinement, "giving a spirit which was never intended by the author." He says—"It seems a mere play upon words; to *put the light out*, was a phrase for *to kill*." Malone supports this opinion warmly, maintaining that the Poet meant merely to say, "I will now put out the lighted taper which I hold, and then put out the light of life." He conjectures, too, the true reading to be "and then put out *thy* light." But the internal evidence of the connection of thought, the Shakespearian characteristics of manner, and the increased impressiveness and pathos, have overcome these objections, and now give very general acceptance to the later reading. Knight, averse as he is to innovation upon the folio, agrees with Singer and Collier in adopting the amended punctuation; and the younger Boswell, while he leaves Malone's text unaltered, thus comments upon it:—

"Broken sentences, as I have had occasion more than once to observe, are much in our Poet's manner, and are surely natural in the perturbed state of Othello's mind. I am unwilling to persuade myself that a regulation of the text which contains so much beauty could be merely the refinement of a critic, and that our great author, in one of his most highly-wrought scenes, instead of it, intended nothing but a cold conceit."

"*And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,*
A murder—"

"This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me* kill thee with the rage of a *murderer* when *I thought to have sacrificed thee* to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.

"One of the quartos reads—'*thou dost stone* thy *heart;*' which I suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be—*thou forcest me* to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the *murdered* without preparation for death, *when I intended* that thy punishment should have been *a sacrifice* atoning for thy crime.

"I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured."—JOHNSON.

"'*Thy heart*' is the reading of the original quarto, 1622."—MALONE.

Singer's alteration of the punctuation is ingenious, and may possibly be right:

'And mak'st me call, what I intend to do
(A murder which I thought) a sacrifice.'

i. e. Thou dost harden my heart, and mak'st me call what I before thought a murder, now only a sacrifice.

"*So, so!*"—There is no stage-direction at this place in the original copies; but it is most probable that the Poet intended Othello here to stab Desdemona, according to the practice of the modern stage. His previous resolution, "I'll not shed her blood," is forgotten in the agony and terror of the moment, when he says—"Not dead! not yet quite dead?"

"—*a* THOUSAND *times committed.*"—Dr. Johnson thinks that this and other passages seem to suppose a longer space comprised in the action of this play than the scene includes. Mr. Tollet has adduced several instances in support of this opinion, as that in act iii. scene 3:—

'I *slept the next night well,* fed well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.'

"On Othello's wedding night, he and Cassio embarked from Venice, where Desdemona was left under the eare of Iago. They all met at Cyprus; and since their arrival there, the scenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. What night was there to intervene between Cassio's kisses and Othello's sleeping the next night well? Iago has said, 'I lay with Cassio lately,' which he could not well have done, unless they had been longer at Cyprus than is represented in this play; nor could Cassio have kept away for the space of a whole week from Bianca." Stevens obviates one objection, by supposing that what Othello mentions might have passed before he was married, when Cassio went between them, and that a *thousand* times is only an aggravated term for many times.

The laws of dramatic writing as to time, are founded on the degree of acquiescence the mind can give to any imaginary prolongation of the supposed period of dramatic action beyond that which actually passes, as the spectator witnesses the representation. The classic and regular French drama, somewhat arbitrarily, confined the duration of the plot to twenty-four hours. In the English, German, and what is called generally the Romantic drama, there is given great allowance for a lapse of time of days and weeks in those intervals between the acts and scenes when the stage is empty; and the spectator may as well believe a day to have elapsed as an hour. To this the imagination readily lends itself. But ordinarily the mind is not ready to give assent to a very much greater lapse of time, claimed by the poet as necessary for his story, than actually passes while the stage is occupied by the same continuous dialogue.

Now, to my mind, there are two distinct grounds of defence for our Poet in his alleged breach of the common law of the English stage; for no one pretends that he is amenable to the stricter statute of the classic drama. The English commentators have quite overlooked the first and most obvious defence, which is strange. There is an interval of a sea-voyage between the first and second acts, after the marriage. There is again an interval between the first and third scenes of the third act, quite sufficient to allow as large an interval as an imagination at all excited by the interest of the plot, could require. Cassio, after requesting an opportunity to solicit Desdemona's intercession for him, is not of necessity immediately admitted to an interview. For aught that appears, a week may have elapsed in the two intervals, between the first and third scenes, while the stage is twice vacant. There is also an indefinite interval after the first strong suspicions have been infused into Othello's breast, between the third and fourth acts. To my understanding this is quite sufficient for Shakespeare's vindication, upon the naked literal facts of the case, to the most matter-of-fact and unpoetical comprehension.

But the higher ground of the Poet's justification is, that even the fault charged does not offend against the principle and intent of the dramatic law. It is the purpose of the rule that the reader or spectator should not be offended by palpable impossibility, so as to prevent him from giving that transient assent to the reality of the scene, which is necessary for any lively interest or deep emotion. Now in every scene of quick and exciting action, whether it be the torrent-like rapidity of events in Macbeth, or the crowded interest of the Agamemnon of Eschylus, or Corneille's Cid, or even the colder succession of incident in Addison's Cato, the events occurring as related are such as by no possi-

bility could occur within the limits of the actual representation; yet these are all received by the mind as at least probable or conventional truths, sometimes even as living realities. Their suggestions are filled out by the workings of our thoughts, as the eye fills up for itself the outline of a masterly sketch with the details necessary for truth of imitation. When the imagination is warmed, the feelings engaged, the attention fixed, the intellect busy, we do not stop to look at the watch. Therefore it is that we follow Iago's machinations, and Othello's wrath kindling till it blazes into a devouring flame, not as the mere witness of so many minutes' dialogue, but as made privy to a plot of which this dialogue is but the outline, and which may have occupied days, and weeks, and even months, in its progress. When the Poet has once subjected us to his control on the stage, there seems no reason why we should be more sensible of the short space of time into which he crowds his events, than the reader is in pursuing any imaginative and impassioned narrative. It does not occur to us to inquire whether the catastrophe was attained in an hour or two, or in as many weeks.

Such is certainly the experience as to OTHELLO; for until it became the subject of minute criticism by professed critics and laborious commentators, it had been the delight of the stage and the closet, for a century and a half, before it occurred to any one that there was the smallest incongruity as to the time of action.

If my own experience can add any thing to the general suffrage, I can say that after thirty years' admiration and study of this drama, the difficulty above suggested never attracted my attention until the preparation of this edition led to a more minute examination of the commentators.

"IAGO *stabs* EMILIA, *then runs out*," etc.—The old stage-direction is "*The Moor runs at Iago; Iago kills his wife;*" but his exit is not marked until after Emilia's next speech, although Gratiano before says "He's gone." It appears from the text that Montano disarms Othello. Wishing to preserve the author's original idea of the stage action, I have restored so much of the old stage-direction as had been omitted.

"—*the* ICE-BROOK'S *temper.*"—Thus the folio; but as it was printed in the quartos "*isebrookes*," Pope and Sir W. Blackstone would read, the "Ebro's temper." The folio is right, and the other a misprint, for the swords or blades of Spain were famous in these days, as we may learn from Ben Jonson and others, and it was the common practice to temper steel by putting it red-hot into very cold water. Stevens has shown from Justin and Martial, that in ancient Spain this was done by plunging weapons hot from the forge in the icy waters of the Salo and the Chalybes. "*Gelidis hunc Salo tinxit aquis.*" It is not necessary to suppose that Shakespeare got this knowledge from classic reading, for the mode of tempering a "Toledo" in those days, when every gentleman wore a sword and was curious as to its quality, must have been a common topic of information.

"—*towards his feet*"—To see (observes Johnson) if, according to the common opinion, his feet were cloven.

"*Like the base* INDIAN"—The first quarto reads distinctly *Indian;* the first folio, *Iudean.* The controversy as to reading *Indian*, or *Judean*, and who was *the base Judean*, occupies six pages of the Variorum Editions, which Knight thus sums up:—

"Theobald maintained that he was 'Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him.' Stevens brings forward an old story of a Jew, who threw a pearl into the Adriatic. This story looks excessively like a forgery, in which art Stevens dabbled. He will not have the *Indian*, because he thinks 'base' an improper epithet. Malone rejects him, because the word *tribe* appears to have a peculiarly Hebrew signification. We may mention that a correspondent wishes to impress upon us that the allusion was to Judas Iscariot. Boswell shows that *tribe* meant in Shakespeare's day *kindred;* that *base* is used in the sense of *ignorant;* and, what is very important, that two poets, after Shakespeare, have described the *Indians* as casting away jewels of which they knew not the value. Harrington, in his 'Castara,' has these lines:—

> 'So the *unskilful Indian* those bright gems
> Which might add majesty to diadems
> 'Mong the waves scatters.'

And Sir Edward Howard, in 'The Woman's Conquest,' has—

> 'Behold my queen—
> Who with no more concern I'll cast away
> Than *Indians* do a pearl, that ne'er did know
> Its value.'

Coleridge prefers *Indian.* He says 'Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not to excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word 'base,' which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's.'"

To these observations it may be added, that the rhythm agrees better with *Indian*, unless the accent is laid upon the first syllable of *Judean*, which (though not without example) is not usual. Thus stood the question, the better critical opinion inclining to the quarto reading, when Collier settled this with several other doubtful readings in this play, by showing conclusively that the quarto of 1630 was a separate and distinct authority, bearing internal evidence that the two quartos and the folio were all from separate manuscripts. This last edition of original authority agrees with the first in "Indian," showing therefore that *Judean* was clearly a misprint, as well it might be.

[Estradiot, or Greek Soldier, in service of Venice.]

"The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge;—

the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance;—the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit and conscious of innocence; her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected;—are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is in vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that though it will not, perhaps, be said of him, as he says of himself, that he is a man 'not easily jealous,' yet we cannot but pity him when at last we find him 'perplexed in the extreme.' There is always danger lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation: but the character of Iago is so conducted that he is, from the first scene to the last, hated and despised.

"Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest; ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, (and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated,) exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend:—and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find,—worn loosely, but not cast off; easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

"The scenes, from the beginning to the end, are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progress of the story: and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello. Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity."—Johnson.

Johnson has left little to be added to his just and discriminating criticism; unless it be to observe that if the scene of the play throughout had been laid in Cyprus, according to his wish, the drama would have indeed acquired the arbitrary unity of the classic stage as to time and place, but nothing would be gained as to the more important unity of action and interest; while mere narrative could hardly have given us that familiar acquaintance with the personages of the drama, and that deep respect for Othello's lofty and generous nature, which we derive from the actual exhibition of the prior part of his story during the first act at Venice.

Within a few years, a new view of Othello's character has been maintained by Schlegel, which has found favour with several English critics, who have repeated it in various forms. It is that in Othello the Poet has painted not general nature, but the half-civilized African Prince. Schlegel recognizes in him "the wild nature of that glowing zone which generates the most furious beasts of prey, and the most deadly poisons, tamed only in appearance by the desire of fame, by foreign laws of honour, and by gentler manners.—His jealousy," says the German critic, "is not of the heart, which is compatible with the tenderest feeling and adoration of the beloved object; it is of that sensual sort which in torrid climes gives birth to the imprisonment of wives and other barbarous usages. A drop of this poison flows in the Moor's veins, and all his blood is inflamed. He seems, and *is* noble, frank, confiding, grateful, a hero, a worthy general, a faithful servant of the State; but the physical force of passion puts to flight at once all his acquired and accustomed virtues, and gives the savage within him the rule over the moral man. The tyranny of the blood over the will betrays itself in his desire of revenge against Cassio. In his repentant sorrow, a genuine tenderness for his murdered wife bursts forth, with the painful sentiment of annihilated reputation, and he assails himself with the rage which a despot displays in punishing a runaway slave. He suffers as a double man; at once in the higher and the lower sphere into which his being is divided."

All this is ingenious, original and eloquent; yet to my mind widely different from the Poet's intention, and the actual character he has so vividly pourtrayed.

So far as the passions of Love and Jealousy are the results of our common nature, their manifestations must be alike in the Moor and the European; differing only as modified by the more quickly excited and inflammable temperament of the children of the sun, or the slower and steadier temperament of the men of the north. But the critic confounds with this difference another one,—that resulting from the degraded and enslaved state of woman in the half-civilized nations of the East. There the jealous revenge of the master-husband, for real or imagined evil, is but the angry chastisement of an offending slave, not the terrible sacrifice of his own happiness involved in the victim's punishment. When woman is a slave, a property, a thing, all that jealousy may prompt is done, to use Othello's own distinction, "in hate" and "not in love." But Othello is pourtrayed with no single trait in common with the tyrant of the Eastern or African seraglio. His early love is not one of wild passion, but of esteem for Desdemona's gentle virtue, of gratitude for her unlooked-for interest in himself and his history, and of pride in her strong attachment. The Poet has laboured to show that his is the calm and steady affection of "a constant, noble nature;" it is respectful, confiding, "wrapt up in measureless content," and manifesting a tender and protecting superiority which has in it something almost parental. In his jealousy and revenge, he resembles not the Mahometan so much as the proud and sensitive Castilian. He is characterized by all the higher qualities of European chivalry, and especially by that quick sense of personal reputation "which feels a stain like a wound," and makes his own life and that of others alike cheap in his eyes compared with his honour. It is this, together with the other habits and characteristics of one trained in an adventurous military life, by which he is individualized. He is made a Moor, not because that is at all necessary to the story, but because the Poet found it in the tale from which he derived the outline of his plot; and it was adopted as an incident plastic to his purpose, and by its peculiarity giving that air of reality to the story which accidental and unessential circumstances, such as pure imagination would not have indicated, can alone confer. It is on this account indeed that the original tale itself, to my mind, has not the appearance of a product of fancy, but seems, like many of our traditionary romantic narratives, founded upon some occurrence in real life.

Othello's Moorish blood is thus (to use a logical phrase) an accident, distinguishing the individual character, and adding to it the effect of life and reality; but it is not in any sense essential to its sentiment or passion. The tone of chivalrous honour and military bearing is much more so, and yet that serves only to modify and colour the exhibition of passions common to civilized man. The history and domestic traditions and legal records of Spain and Italy,—and even of Germany, England, and America,—can exhibit many an instance, in coarser and unpoetical forms, of jealous revenge as fatal as that of the Moor. Even while this edition is passing through the press, the newspapers relate two such bloody stories as having recently occurred in private life within the United States; and the jealous murderer was in one instance an Englishman, and in the other a Frenchman.

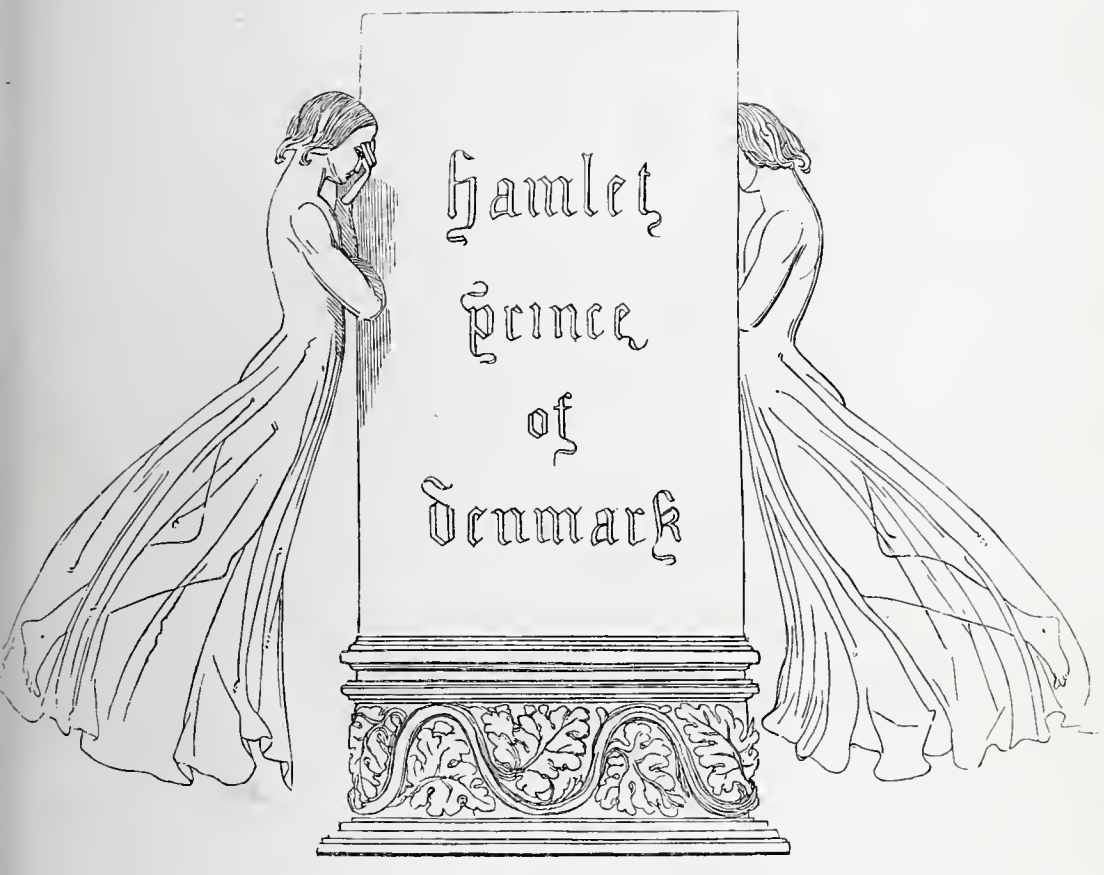
Were Othello but the spirited portrait of a half-tamed barbarian, we should view him as a bold and happy poetical conception, and, as such, the Poet's work might

satisfy our critical judgment; but it is because it depicts a noble mind, wrought by deep passion and dark devices to agonies such as every one might feel, that it awakens our strongest sympathies. We see in this drama a grand and true moral picture; we read in it a profound ethical lesson; for (to borrow the just image of the classical Lowth) while the matchless work is built up to the noblest height of poetry, it rests upon the deepest foundations of true philosophy.

These notes upon Othello cannot be more appropriately closed than by the remarkable criticism of Bishop Lowth, (just alluded to,) contained in his Lectures on Hebrew Poetry, which, often before quoted in its original exquisite Latinity, deserves to be more familiarly known to the English reader:—

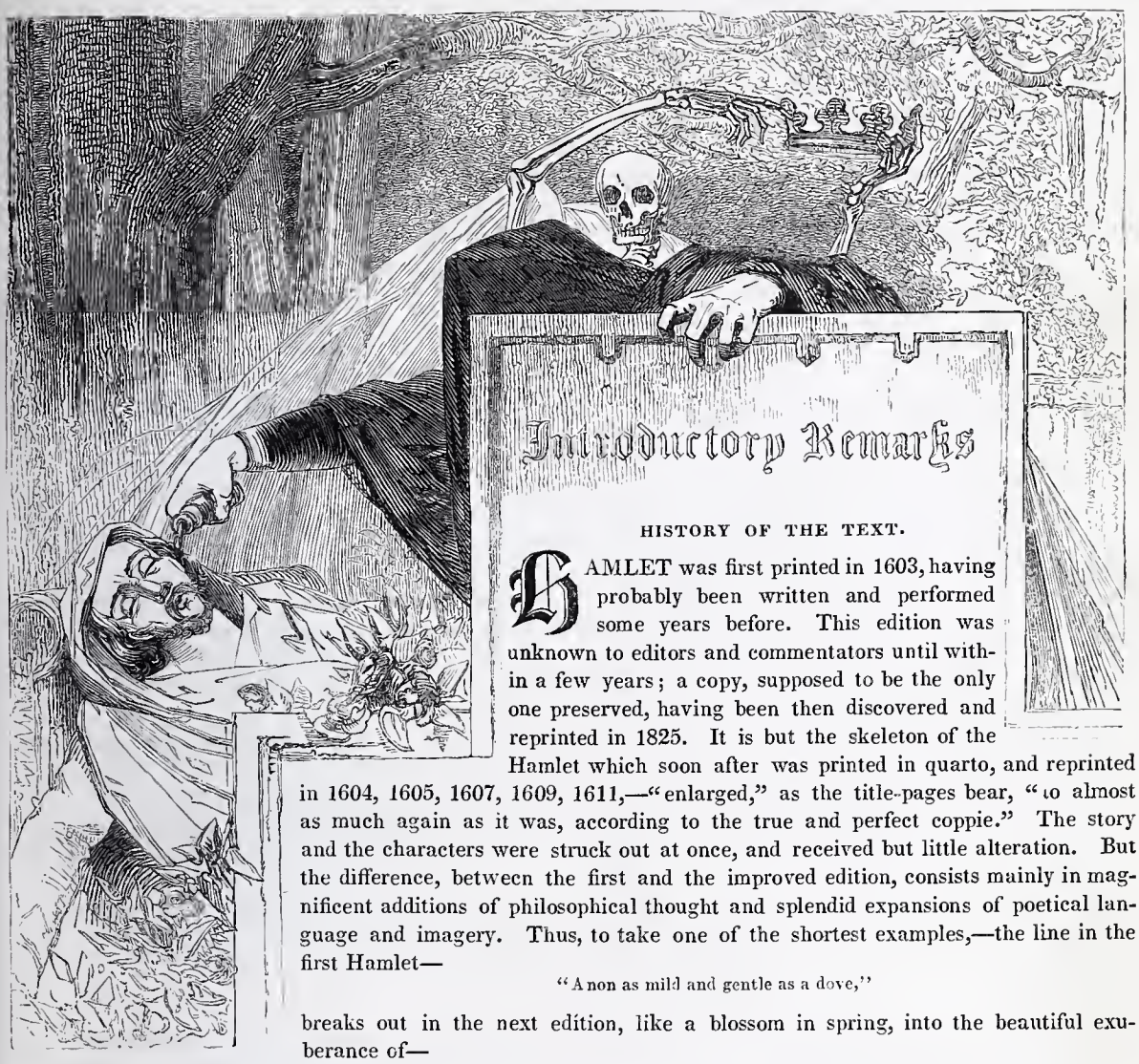
"He whose genius has unfolded to him the knowledge of man's nature and the force of his passions; has taught him the causes by which the soul is moved to strong emotions, or calmed to rest; has enabled him not only to explain in words those emotions, but to exhibit them vividly to other eyes; thus ruling, exciting, distracting, soothing our feelings,—this man, however little aided by the discipline of learning, is, in my judgment, a philosopher of the highest rank. In this manner, in a single dramatic fable of our own Shakespeare, the passion of jealousy, its causes, progress, incidents, and effects, have been more truly, more acutely, more copiously, and more impressively delineated than has been done by all the disquisitions of all the philosophers who have treated on this dark argument."

(Famagusta, from a recent sketch.)


Hamlet
Prince
of
Denmark

Orn. O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

HAMLET.



Introductory Remarks

HISTORY OF THE TEXT.

HAMLET was first printed in 1603, having probably been written and performed some years before. This edition was unknown to editors and commentators until within a few years; a copy, supposed to be the only one preserved, having been then discovered and reprinted in 1825. It is but the skeleton of the Hamlet which soon after was printed in quarto, and reprinted in 1604, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611,—"enlarged," as the title-pages bear, "to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie." The story and the characters were struck out at once, and received but little alteration. But the difference, between the first and the improved edition, consists mainly in magnificent additions of philosophical thought and splendid expansions of poetical language and imagery. Thus, to take one of the shortest examples,—the line in the first Hamlet—

"A non as mild and gentle as a dove,"

breaks out in the next edition, like a blossom in spring, into the beautiful exuberance of—

"A non as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit brooding."

In the first folio edition of the poet's "Tragedies and Comedies," published by "his fellows," Heminge and Condell, in 1623, Hamlet appears with so many variations from the enlarged quartos published during the poet's life, as to prove that it was then printed from some other copy,—probably, as is conjectured, from the manuscript used in the theatre. That edition contains many verbal differences from the quartos, some of which, as in other plays, indicate, not so much the correction of a prior erroneous text as the emendation by the author himself. On the other hand, the quartos sometimes afford the better and more probable reading; and there are besides very noble and characteristic passages preserved in them only, having been apparently omitted in the copy used by the folio editors, as not necessary for the plot, and too long for the business of the stage. Thus, the solemn grandeur of the allusion to the prodigies of Rome, "ere the mightiest Julius fell;" the generalized reflection on the moral effect of "the monster, custom," in the closet scene with the Queen; and the deep morality with which Hamlet muses upon the war between Norway and Poland, and his own indecision,—are not to be found in the folios.

The present editor, after careful collation of the texts, and examination of the editions, has selected the text of Mr. Collier's recent edition, to place in the printer's hands as the basis of the present impression. He has, however, departed from Mr. Collier's text in more than twenty places, chiefly by restoring the old folio readings, where Mr. Collier has preferred those of the quartos.

All the various readings affecting the sense will be found in the notes. Many of these are of equal, or nearly equal probability with those preferred in the text; and some of them are perhaps the poet's own variations in different copies of his play.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

"The history of Hamlet, or Hamleth, is found in the Danish historian, Saxo Grammaticus, who died about 1204. The works of Saxo Grammaticus are in Latin, and in Shakespeare's time had not been translated into any modern language. It was inferred, therefore, by Dr. Grey, and Mr. Whalley, that Shakespeare must have read the original. The story, however, is to be found in Belleforest's collection of novels, begun in 1654; and an English translation of this particular story was published as a quarto tract, entitled 'The Historie of Hamblet, Prince of Denmarke.' Capell, in his 'School of Shakespeare,' has given some extracts from an edition of this very rare book, dated 1608; but he conjectures that it first appeared about 1570. He has also printed the heads of chapters as they are given in this 'History.' Horvendile is here the name of Hamlet's father, Fengon that of his uncle, and Geruth that of his mother. Fengon traitorously slays Horvendile, and marries his brother's wife. In the second chapter we are informed, 'how Hamlet counterfeited the madman, to escape the tyranny of his uncle, and how he was tempted by a woman, (through his uncle's procurement) who thereby thought to undermine the Prince, and by that means to find out whether he counterfeited madness or not.' In the third chapter we learn, 'how Fengon, uncle to Hamlet, a second time to entrap him in his politic madness, caused one of his counsellors to be secretly hidden in the Queen's chamber, behind the arras, to hear what speech passed between Hamlet and the Queen; and how Hamlet killed him, and escaped that danger, and what followed.' It is in this part of the action that Shakespeare's use of this book may be distinctly traced. Capell says, 'Amidst this resemblance of persons and circumstances, it is rather strange that none of the relater's expressions have got into the play: and yet not one of them is to be found, except the following, in Chapter III., where Hamlet kills the counsellor (who is described as of a greater reach than the rest, and is the poet's Polonius) behind the arras: here, beating the hangings, and perceiving something to stir under them, he is made to cry out—'a rat, a rat,' and presently drawing his sword, thrust it into the hangings, which done, pulled the counsellor (half dead) out by the heels, made an end of killing him.' In the fourth chapter Hamlet is sent to England by Fengon, 'with secret letters to have him put to death;' and while his companions slept, Hamlet counterfeits the letters 'willing the King of England to put the two messengers to death.' Here ends the resemblance between the history and the play. The Hamlet of the history returns to Denmark, slays his uncle, burns his palace, makes an oration to the Danes, and is elected king. His subsequent adventures are rather extravagant. He goes back to England, kills the king of that country, returns to Denmark with two English wives, and finally, falls himself, through the treachery of one of these ladies.

"It is scarcely necessary to point out how little these rude materials have assisted Shakespeare in the composition of the great tragedy of Hamlet. He found, in the records of a barbarous period, a tale of adultery and murder and revenge. Here, too was a rude indication of the character of Hamlet. But what he has given us is so essentially a creation from first to last, that it would be only tedious to point out the lesser resemblances between the drama and the history. That Shakespeare adopted the same period of action as related by Saxo Grammaticus, there can be no doubt. The following passage is decisive:—

'And England, if my love thou hold'st as aught,
(As my great power thereof may give the sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sov'reign process.'

"We have here a distinct indication of the period before the Norman Conquest, when England was either under the sovereignty of the Northmen, as in the time of Canute, or paid tribute to the Danish power."—*C. Knight.*

The tract above described was so rare, that the indefatigable editor just quoted seems to have been obliged to rely upon a second-hand, though accurate, account of it. It has since been reprinted in Collier's "Shakespeare's Library," just published in London, and received by the American editor after the above extract was in type. It is very interesting, as enabling us to trace out the slight hints which expanded in the poet's mind into the grandest conceptions of this drama. Thus, a passing phrase, of the Prince's "over-great melancholy," is the germ from which Hamlet's whole character has been created; while the majestic spirit of the Royal Dane, and his revelation of his brother's guilt, seem to have been suggested only by the mention of "Hamlet's acquaintance with the art whereby the wicked spirit advertiseth him of things past."

The nearest resemblance is in the closet interview between Hamlet and his mother, the comparison of the two brothers, etc.; where, while the coarse and common-place thoughts of the original have been transmuted into glorious gold by the poet's alchemy, the forms of the original materials may still be traced. It is worthy of remark, that the poet has brought down the date of his plot to a later period than the novelist, and has given his personages the faith and usages of the Christianity of the middle ages, instead of dating, like the old novel, "Long time before Danemark embraced the faith of the Christians."

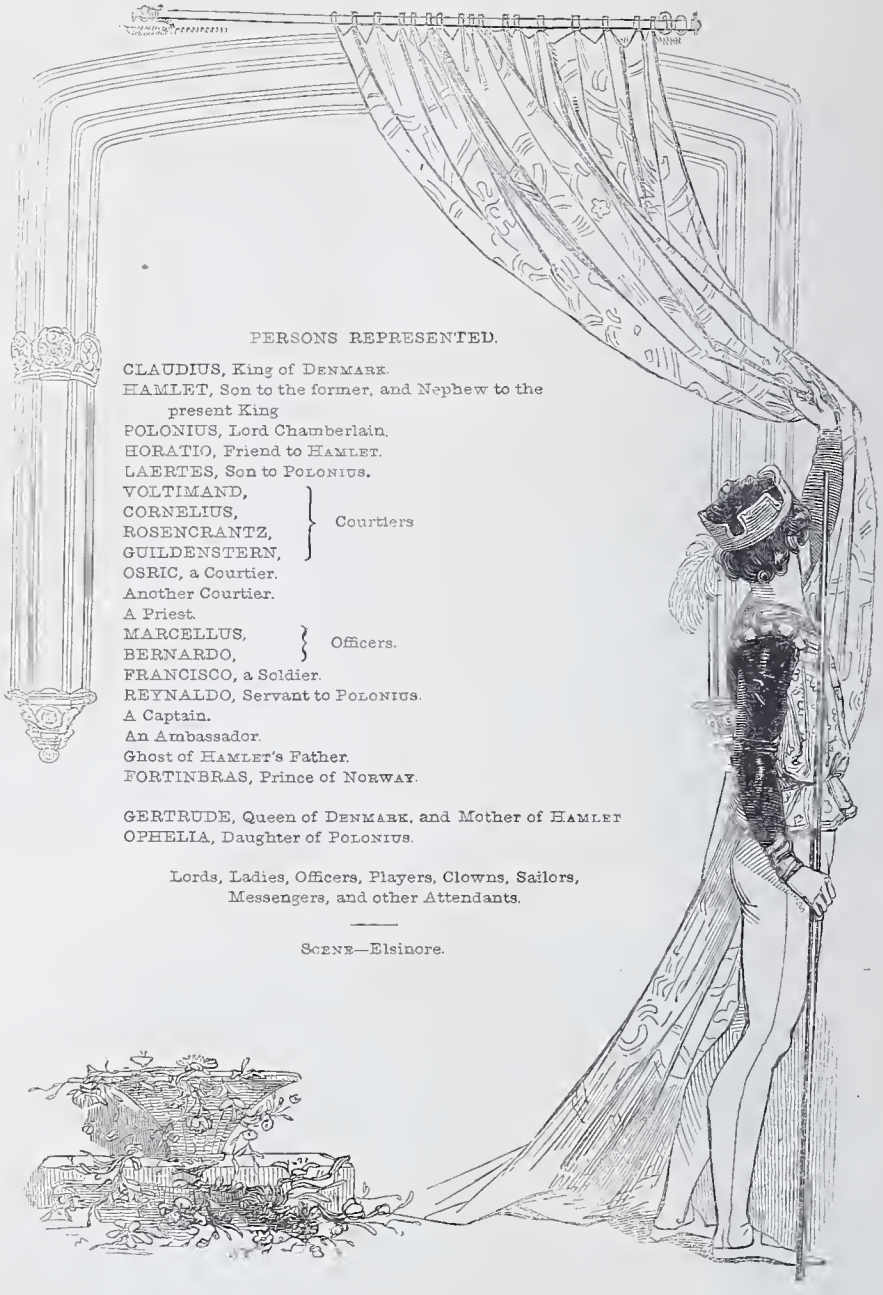
LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS AND COSTUME.

The local illustrations of this play are from original sketches by C. F. Sargent, for the Pictorial edition. The architecture and scenery are more nearly those of the poet's age than that of the period of the drama: but the designs cannot claim the merit of most of the similar embellishments of this edition—that of suggesting to the reader some idea of the poet's own conception of the scenes which he filled with the ever-living creations of his mind. They are transferred to the present edition, chiefly on account of the interest they possess from being connected (in Mr. Knight's language) "with the supposed scenes of Hamlet's history, and with the popular traditions which have most likely sprung from the European reputation of the drama."

As Shakespeare has placed the period of his drama during the term of the Danish power over England, the costume, in strictness, should be that of the age of Canute, which differed little in Denmark from that of the contemporary Anglo-Saxons. The outline of Canute and his Queen, from a nearly contemporary drawing, exhibits the royal dress; while the spirited sketch of the "angry parle" with "the sledded Polacks on the ice," by Harvey, delineates the arms and armour of the time with antiquarian accuracy.

Still there is little or nothing in the drama to connect it closely with the precise costume of any period: the poet thought not of it; and provided the artist or the actor throws it back from any immediate association with our own age, the spectator is not disturbed by any incongruity, more than the reader is by the anachronism of the firing of cannon at the royal banquet. The ordinary old English dress and armour of the 15th and 16th centuries, have been found, for every purpose of art, to answer all the demands of the most sluggish imagination, and the most fastidious criticism. They were indeed, probably, very nearly the costume in which his characters passed before the mind's eye of the poet himself.

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, King of DENMARK.
HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
HORATIO, Friend to HAMLET.
LAERTES, Son to POLONIUS.
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, } Courtiers
OSRIC, a Courtier.
Another Courtier.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } Officers.
FRANCISCO, a Soldier.
REYNALDO, Servant to POLONIUS.
A Captain.
An Ambassador.
Ghost of HAMLET's Father.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of NORWAY.

GERTRUDE, Queen of DENMARK, and Mother of HAMLET
OPHELIA, Daughter of POLONIUS.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Players, Clowns, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Elsinore.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* *Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

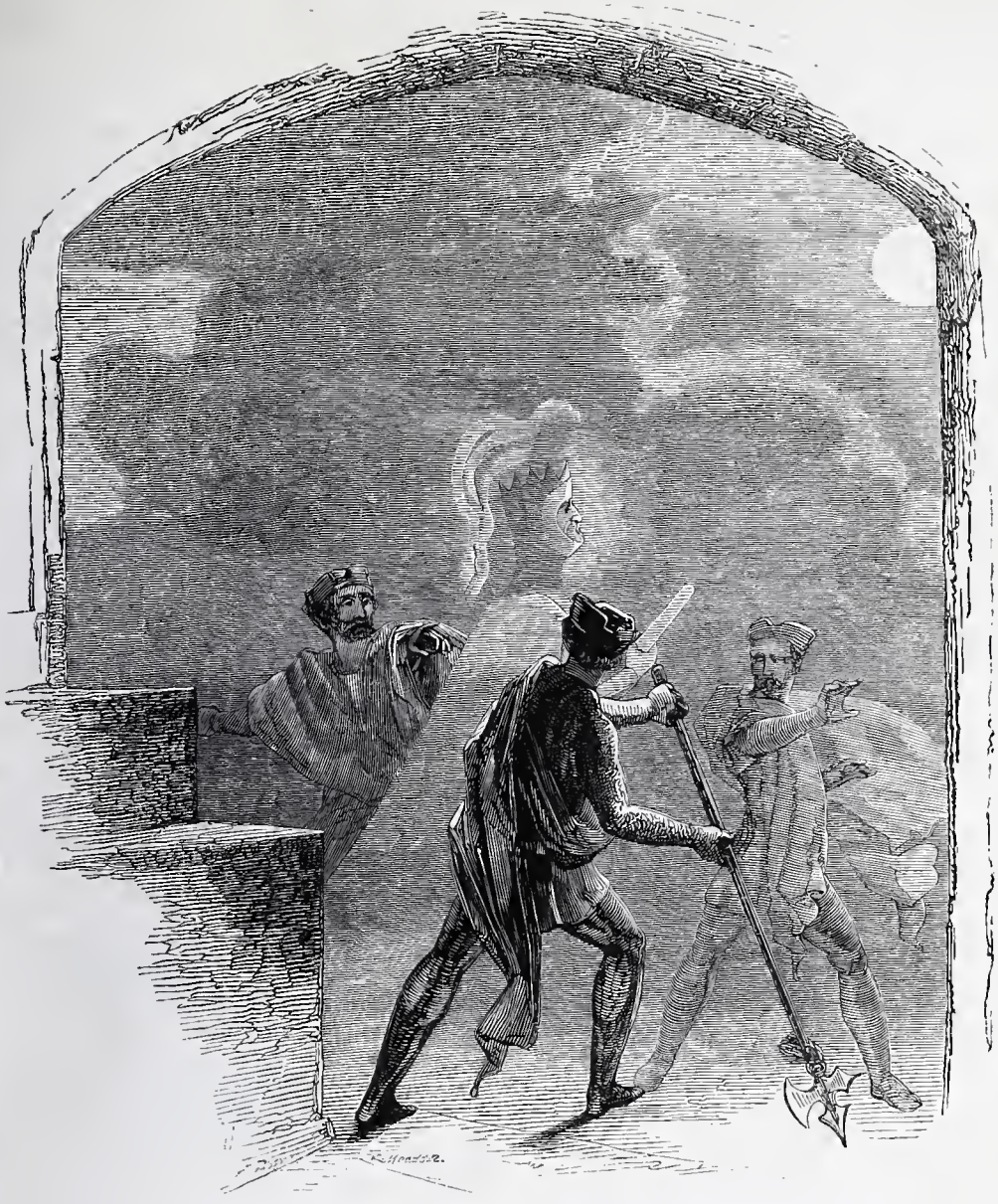
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O! farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say.
What! is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:
Therefore, I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace! break thee off: look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like;—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit* Ghost.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down; and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?
Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprov'd mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Ber. I think, it be no other, but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

* * * * * * * *

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—



Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit* Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His farther gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subjects: and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no farther personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what would'st thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?
Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By laborsome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. [*Aside.*
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i'the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be.
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,

Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* HAMLET.

Ham. O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't.—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,
(O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer)—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once: he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together, had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure, like your father,
Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pié,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did,
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord,

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then, saw you not his face?

Hor. O! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What! look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night:
Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.
[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* POLONIUS' *House.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The sanctity and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then, weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.
Laer. O! fear me not.
I stay too long;—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with you; [*Laying his hand on* LAERTES' *head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!
Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invites you: go; your servants tend.
Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. [*Exit* LAERTES.
Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence:
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping, and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot off, within.*

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord! it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*The Ghost beckons* HAMLET.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

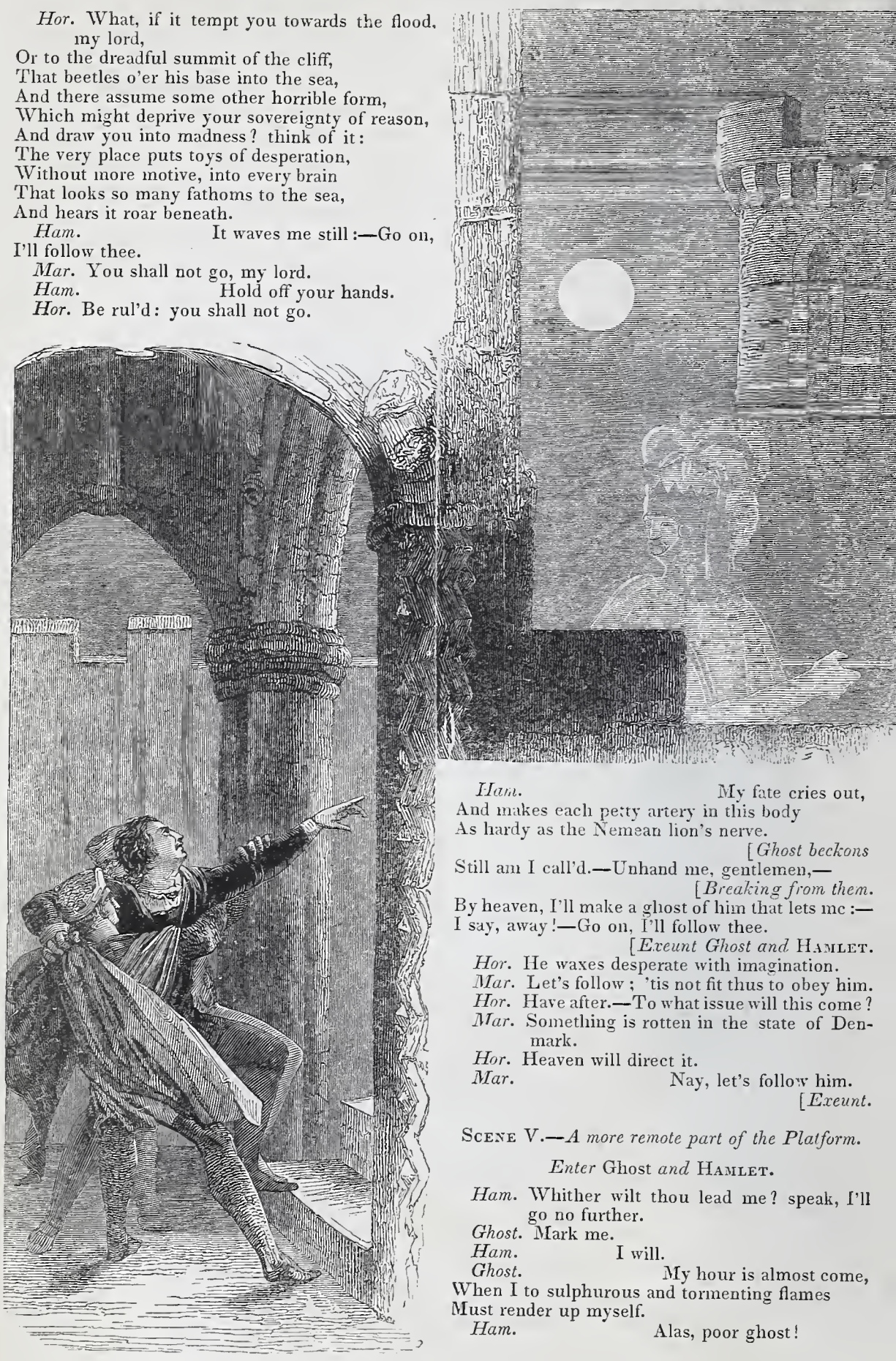
Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then, will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again:—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you towards the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still:—Go on,
I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd: you shall not go.



Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
[*Ghost beckons*
Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen,—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
I say, away!—Go on, I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost and* HAMLET.
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A more remote part of the Platform.*

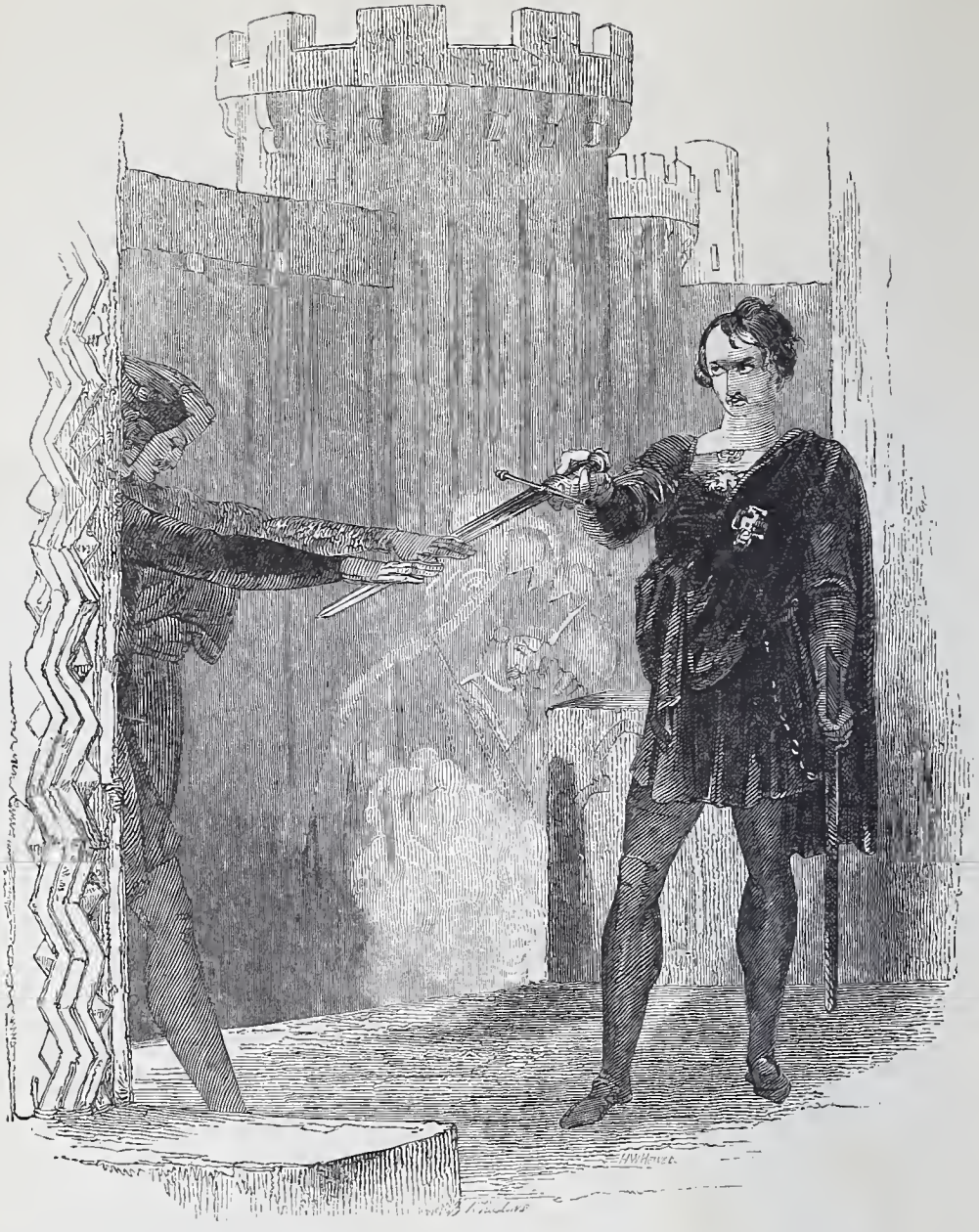
Enter Ghost *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O God!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be, than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this: now, Hamlet, hear.
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air:
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset,
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Ham. O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.
[*Exit.*
Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O, most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."
I have sworn't.
Hor. [*Within.*] My lord! my lord!
Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet!
Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!
Mar. [*Within.*] So be it!
Hor. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

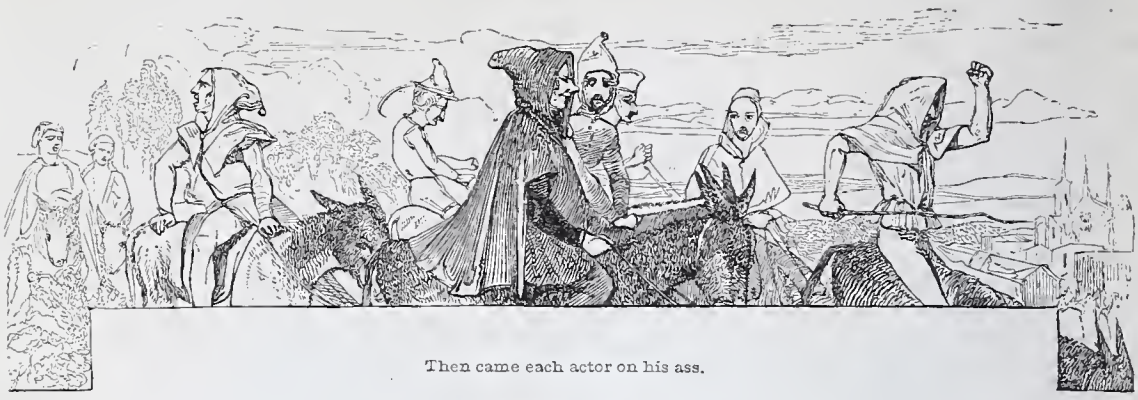
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good, my lord, tell it.
Ham. No;
You'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be secret.
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.



Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen.
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then, we'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard.
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we would;"—
Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if they might;"—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, t' express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right.
Nay, come; let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

[The Platform at Elsinore.]



Then came each actor on his ass.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* POLONIUS' *House.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—"I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him:"—do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. "And, in part, him; but," you may say, "not well:
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so;"—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him: take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—you may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency:
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.
Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence:
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman,"—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something:—where did I leave?
Rey. At closes in the consequence,
As "friend or so," and "gentleman."
Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—ay, marry;
He closes thus:—"I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a brothel," or so forth.—
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord.
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my lord! I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,

As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus, o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so:
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What! have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern:
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.
Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.
Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN *and some Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends,
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;

And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Giving a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.
King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home.
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.
Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam; to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.
Queen. More matter, with less art.
Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.
—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,"—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:
"In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.—
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—

"Doubt thou the stars are fire, [*Reads.*
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

"O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best! believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet."

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful, and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;

This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras, then:
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away! I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently:—O! give me leave.—
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun; conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to't.

Pol. [*Aside.*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*To* POLONIUS.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then, is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you. [*Aside.*] If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secresy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

like Final Chorus of Sophocles's Antigone

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humourous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an eyry of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they eall them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What! are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are not better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules, and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of Trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, (which, I tell you, must show fairly outward,) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

And then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all.—I am glad to see thee well;—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play.* What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might

indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line:—let me see, let me see;—
"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"
—'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.
"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
"Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
"When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
"Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
"With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
"Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
"Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
"That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
"To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
"And thus o'ersized with coagulate gore,
"With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
"Old grandsire Priam seeks;"—
So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* "Anon he finds him
"Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,
"Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
"Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
"Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
"But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
"The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Illium,
"Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
"Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
"Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
"Which was declining on the milky head
"Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
"So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
"And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
"Did nothing.
"But, as we often see, against some storm,
"A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
"The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
"As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
"Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
"Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work,
"And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
"On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
"With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
"Now falls on Priam.—
"Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
"In general synod, take away her power;
"Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
"And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
"As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on:—he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.—Say on: come to Hecuba.

1 *Play.* "But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen"—

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 *Play.* "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
"With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head,
"Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
"About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,
"A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;
"Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd
"'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
"But if the gods themselves did see her then,
"When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
"In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
"The instant burst of clamour that she made,
"(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
"Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
"And passion in the gods."

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodkin, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS, *with some of the Players.*

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends, [*To* ROS. *and* GUIL.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

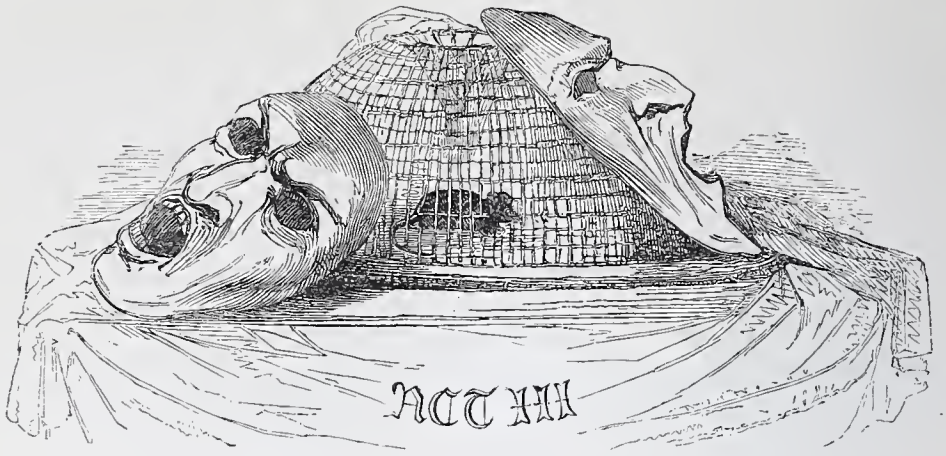
Ros. Good my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ay, so, good bye you.—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!
'Swounds! I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of the dear murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
[*Exit.*

[Elsinore.]



SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia: her father, and myself (lawful espials)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book;

[*To* OPHELIA.

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O! 'tis too true: [*Aside.*] how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and* POLONIUS.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

most famous speech in literature

know word for word

Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O! help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; go, farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* HAMLET.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe, I
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs: let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Same.*

Enter HAMLET, *and certain Players.*

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.— [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord.

Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death:
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of my soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord;
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle;
Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet: these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once in the university, you say? [*To* POLONIUS.

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
[*Lying down at* OPHELIA'S *Feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, "For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot."

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ear, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile; but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

Pro. "For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—
P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.
P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me. day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,—

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while:
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*
P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain!
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
Ham. O! but she'll keep her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest: no offence i' the world.
King. What do you call the play?
Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon: 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.
Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.
Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.
Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.
Oph. Still better, and worse.
Ham. So you must take your husbands.—Begin, murderer: leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.
Oph. The king rises.
Ham. What! frighted with false fire?
Queen. How fares my lord?
Pol. Give o'er the play.
King. Give me some light!—away!
All. Lights, lights, lights!
[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET *and* HORATIO.
Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.—
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?
Hor. Half a share.
Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear!
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock!
Hor. You might have rhymed.
Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—
Hor. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha!—Come; some music! come; the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Come; some music!
Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole history.
Guil. The king, sir,—
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guil. No, my lord, with choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to

put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me?

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friends.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succesSion in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "while the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O! the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then, will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., HOR., *&c.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—
O, heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Same.*

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you:
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. and Guil. We will haste us.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process: I'll warrant, she'll tax him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up:
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
There, is no shuffling, there, the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't:—and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent.
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act,
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The King rises, and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Same.*

Enter Queen and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you, lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.
Ham. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother!
Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS *hides himself.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother! what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go; you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me.
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!
Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*] Dead for a ducat, dead.
[HAMLET *makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind.*] O! I am slain. [*Falls and dies.*
Queen. O me! what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth* POLONIUS.
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.
[*To* POLONIUS.
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband: look you now, what follows.
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense
Is apoplexed: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thralled,
But it reserved some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense,
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty stye;—
Queen. O, speak to me no more!
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings!
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches.—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would you, gracious figure?
Queen. Alas! he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O! step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodily creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this;

That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent: but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, despite of sense, and secresy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

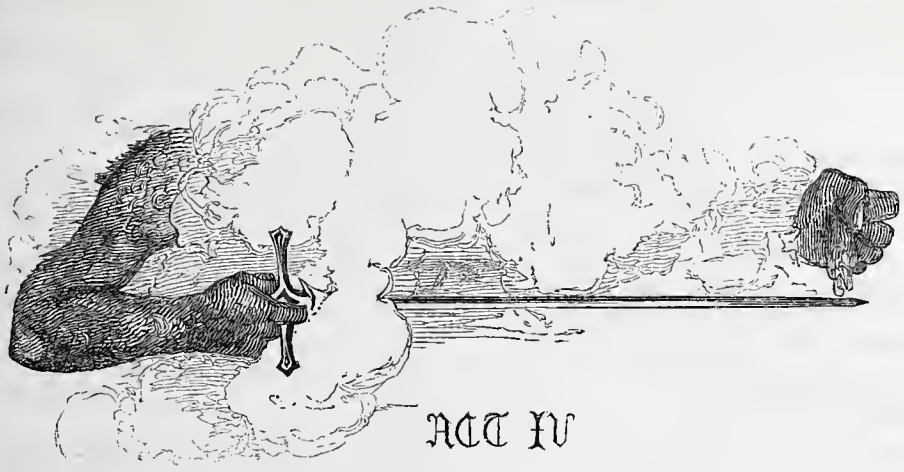
Ham. I must to England; you know that.

Queen. Alack!
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar, and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally;* HAMLET *dragging in* POLONIUS.

[Palace of Rosenberg.]



ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The Same.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs: these profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat! a rat!"
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude! come away.
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. —— Safely stowed.—[ROS. *&c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft!—what noise! who calls on Hamlet? O! here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him. and to find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now! what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

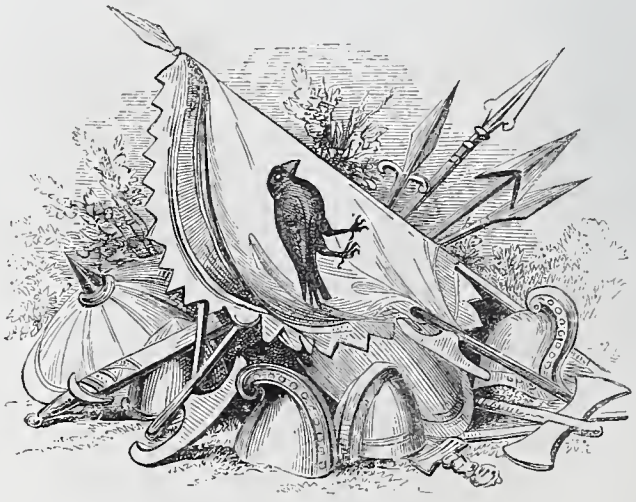
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

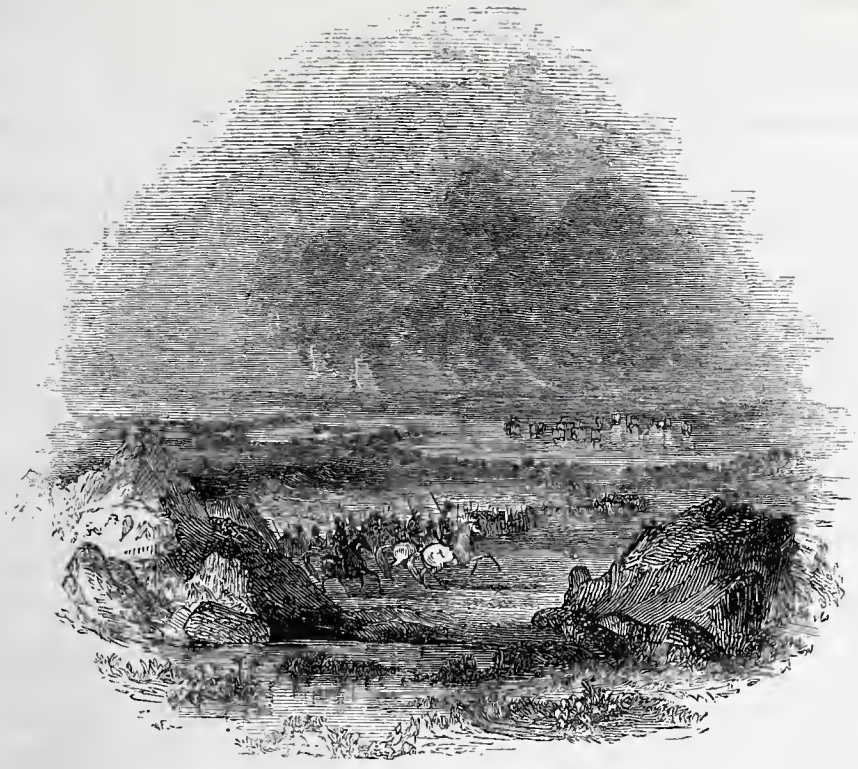
Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,
That else leans on th' affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [*Exit.*





SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *and Forces, marching.*

For. Go, captain; from me greet the Danish king:
Tell him, that by his license Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.
Cap. I will do't, my lord.
For. Go safely on.
[*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and Forces.*

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who Commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*
Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.
How all occasions do inform against me, soliloquy
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see,
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Elsinore. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Queen, and HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in. [*Exit* HORATIO.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *How should I your true love know* [*Singing.*
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [*Singing.*
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow, [*Singing.*

Enter King.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ild you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime;
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then, up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed:

He answers.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.
O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. And now, behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:

Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude! this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*
Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend!
Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?
Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"
Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs.
King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *armed; Danes following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.
Dan. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
Dan. We will, we will.
[*They retire without the door.*
Laer. I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.
Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.
Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude.—
Speak, man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them, then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye.
Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.
Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.
Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.
Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more than matter.
Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines;—there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy: I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.—They say, he made a good end,—
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—[*Sings.*
Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.
Oph. And will he not come again? [*Sings.*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you. [*Exit* OPHELIA.

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct, or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter HORATIO, *and a Servant.*

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— [*Exit Servant.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

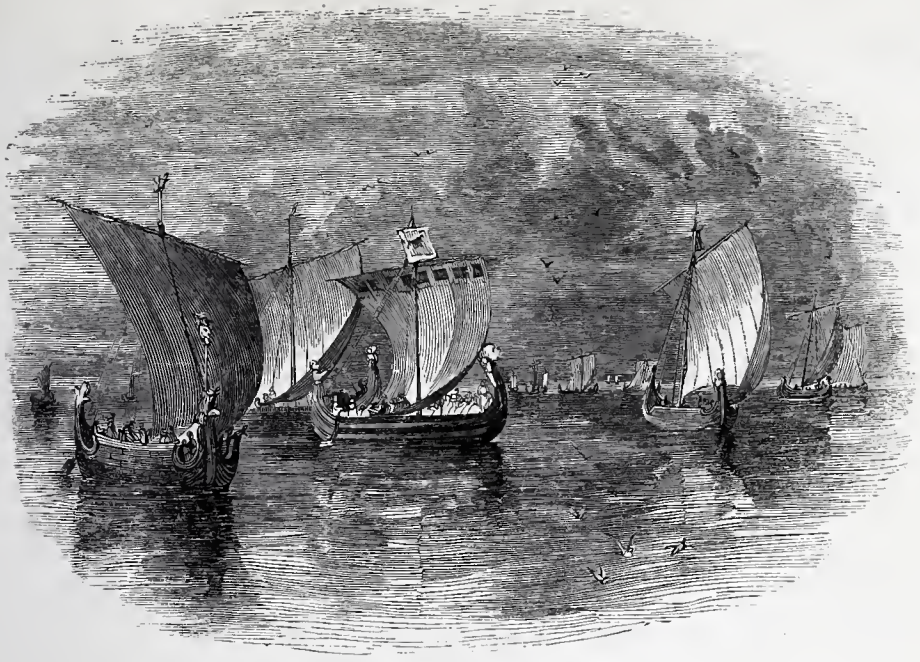
Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell;

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.
[*Exeunt.*



[Danish Ships.]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O! for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,——
How now! what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
This to your majesty: this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads.*] "High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked,"—
And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone:"
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,
(As how should it be so? how otherwise?)
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

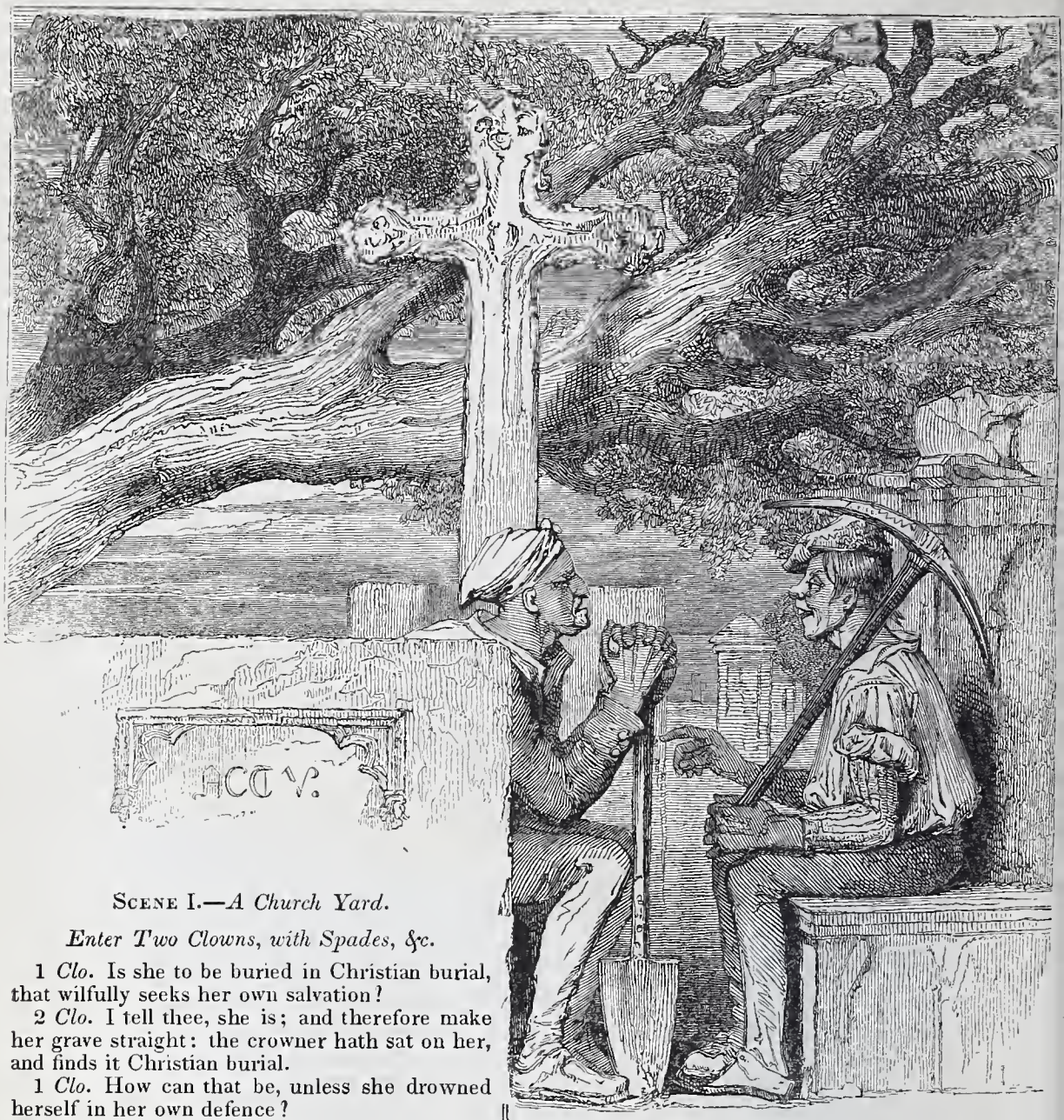
Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.
Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A Norman, was't?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you; the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—
Laer. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would" changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift's sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer.
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed,
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.
King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will do't;
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

Enter Queen.

How, sweet queen!
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There, with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time, she chanted snatches of old lauds;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas! then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*
King. Let's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow.
[*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—*A Church Yard.*

Enter Two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well: but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal,

the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at a distance.*

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoop of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

[Church at Elsinore.]

1 Clown *digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O! *the time, for,* ah! *my behove,*
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* *But age, with his stealing steps,*
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill the land,
As if I had never been such.
[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clo.* *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,* [*Sings.*
For—and a shrouding-sheet:
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.
[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers

vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [*Sings.*
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

1 *Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 *Clo.* For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clo.* One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there, the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? [*Takes the skull.*

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c., in Procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES *and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

[*Retiring with* HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done.
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia?

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell.

[*Scattering flowers.*

I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not to have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O! treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[*Leaping into the grave.*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wondering stars, and makes them stand,
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaping into the grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O! he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds! show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esill? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.— [*Exit* HORATIO.

[*To* LAERTES.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*

[Kronberg Castle,]

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

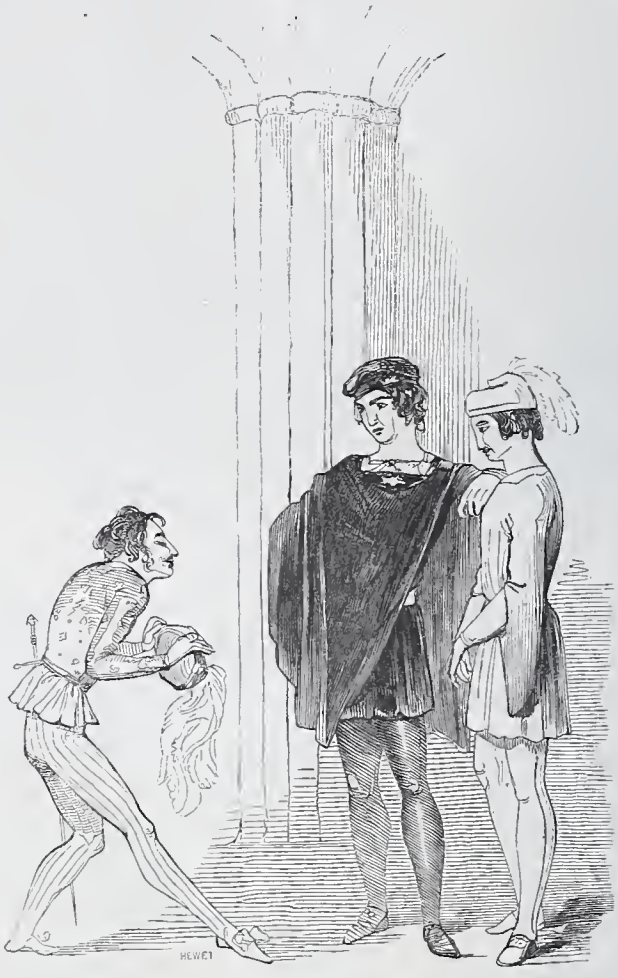
Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other.—
You do remember all the circumstance.
Hor. Remember it, my lord!
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery! an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair.
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Hor. Ay, good my lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such like ases of great charge,—
That on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.
Hor. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't th' impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment:
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
Hor. Why, what a king is this!
Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon—

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself,
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?



Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET *moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul

of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imponed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can: if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gaingiving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it; I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, *Lords,* OSRIC, *and Attendants with Foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of* LAERTES *into that of* HAMLET.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come; one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both;
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath:
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet!"—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well:—again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*

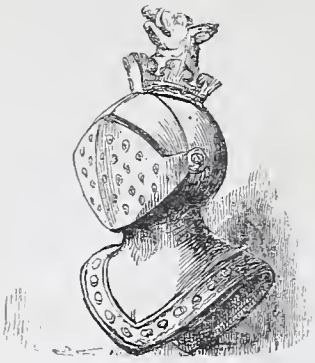
Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come.—Another hit; what say you? [*They play.*

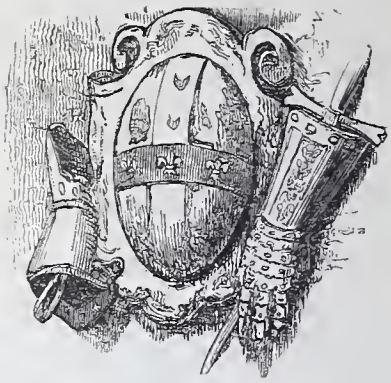
Laer. A touch; a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam,—
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord: I pray you, pardon me.
King. It is the poison'd cup! it is too late.
[*Aside.*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think it.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally:
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.
King. Part them! they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink: I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Ham. O villainy!—How? let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES *falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good:
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand;
Unbated, and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me: lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.
Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.
[*Stabs the King.*
All. Treason! treason!
King. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O! I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st: report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven I'll have it.—
O good Horatio! what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—
[*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O! I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited —The rest is silence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?
[*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the English Ambassadors, and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock.—O proud Death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.





Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the body.—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*
[*Exeunt, marching; after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

[Hamlet's Grave.]

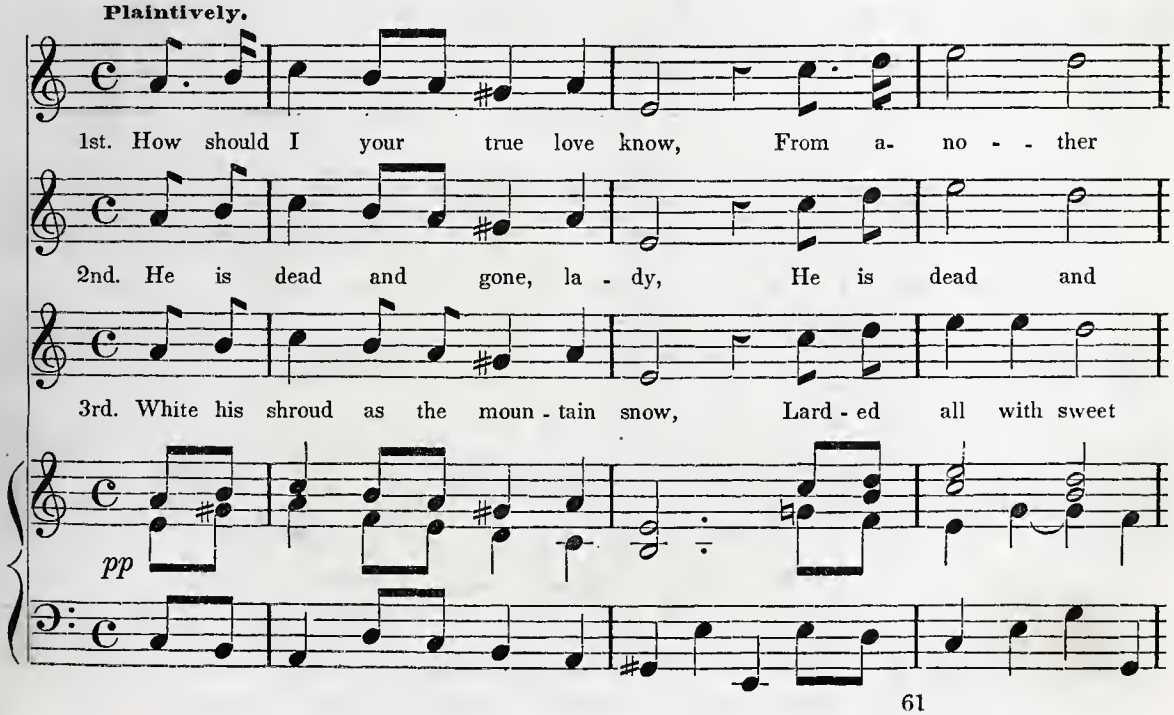
[Cockle Hat and Staff.]

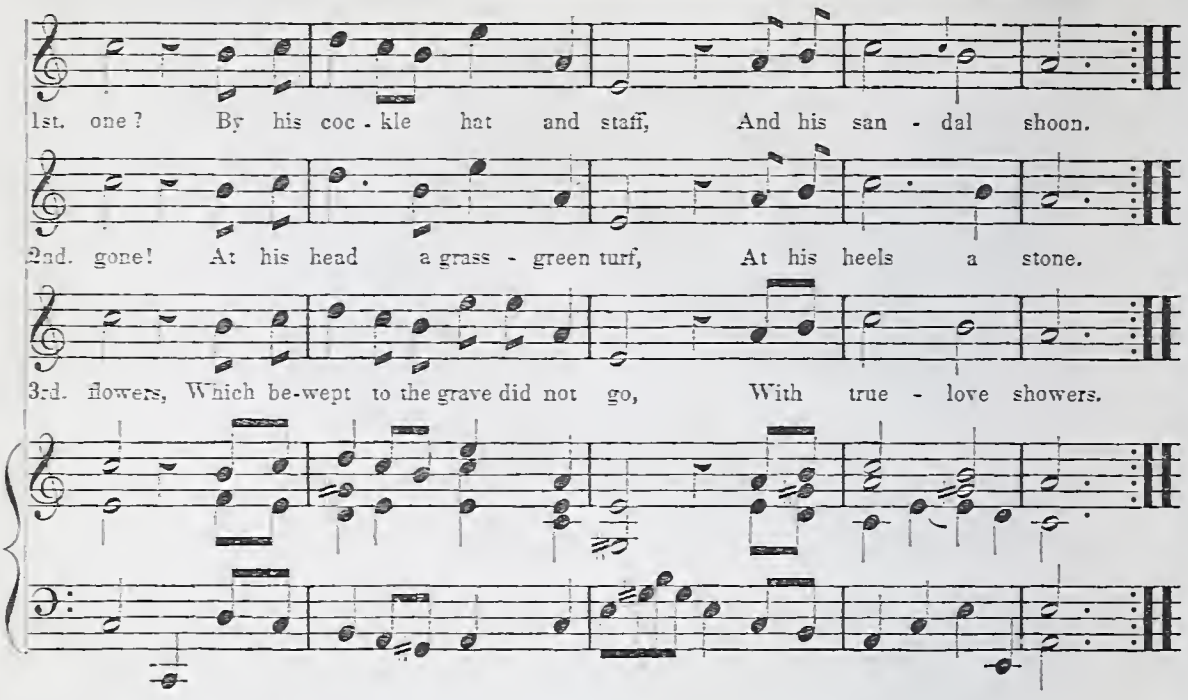
ANCIENT MUSIC.

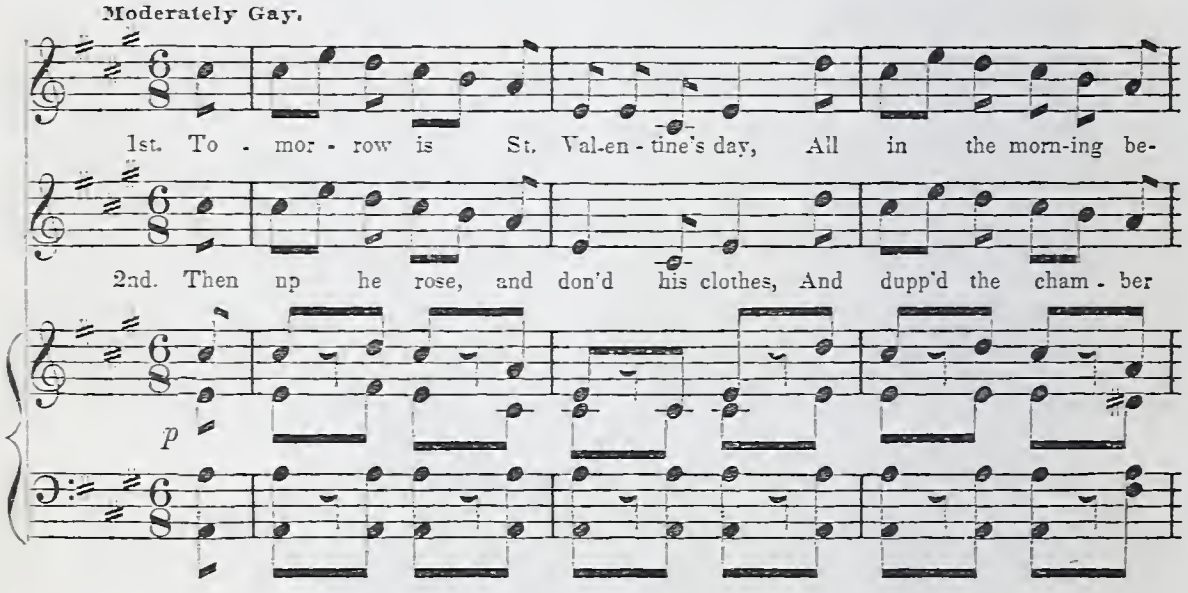
THE antiquarian researches of various commentators have successfully traced the fragments of songs, in which Ophelia pours forth her wandering, incoherent feelings and fancies, to the popular works of Shakespeare's age, and the ballads then familiar to the public ear. The music still sung on the stage in this character is thought, on good authority, to be the same, or nearly so, that was used in the original representation, and transmitted by stage tradition to our own days. This is connected with so many interesting associations, that we are grateful to Mr. Ayrton for enabling us to present it to the American public. "When Drury Lane Theatre," he informs us, in the pictorial edition, "was destroyed by fire, in 1812, the copy of these songs suffered the fate of the whole musical library; but Dr. Arnold noted down the airs from Mrs. Jordan's recollection of them; and the present three stanzas, as well as the two beginning—'And will he not come again?' are from his collection."

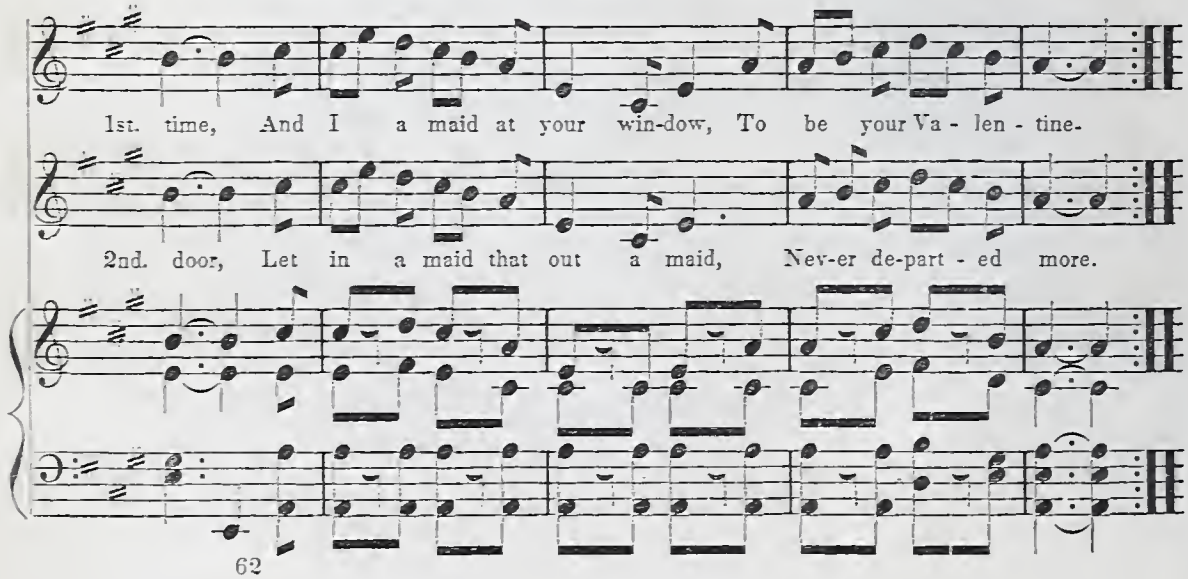
"The two stanzas commencing, 'To-morrow,' are from the notation of the late William Linley, as he 'remembered them to have been exquisitely sung by Mrs. Forster.' The stanzas beginning, 'By Gis and by St. Charity,' may go to the notes set to 'To-morrow.'

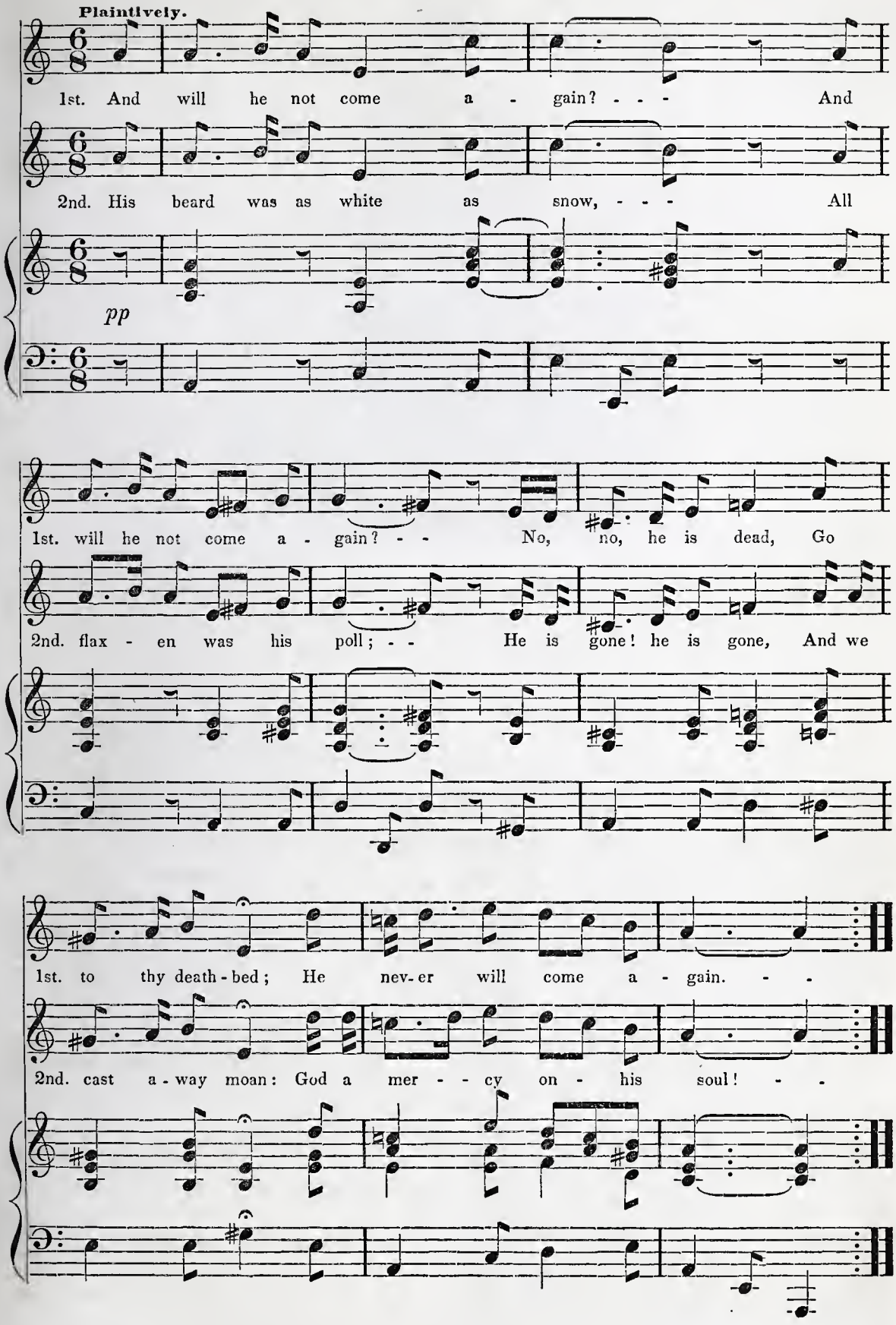
"We have given the melodies as noted by Dr. Arnold and Mr. W. Linley, but for their bases and accompaniments we hold ourselves alone responsible; having added such as, in our opinion, are best adapted to the characters of the airs, musically viewed, and to the feeling of the scene, dramatically considered."




1st. one? By his coc - kle hat and staff, And his san - dal shoon.
2nd. gone! At his head a grass - green turf, At his heels a stone.
3rd. flowers, Which be-wept to the grave did not go, With true - love showers.


Moderately Gay.
1st. To - mor - row is St. Val-en - tine's day, All in the morn-ing be-
2nd. Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes, And dupp'd the cham - ber
p


1st. time, And I a maid at your win-dow, To be your Va - len - tine.
2nd. door, Let in a maid that out a maid, Nev-er de-part - ed more.


Plaintively.
1st. And will he not come a - gain? - - - And
2nd. His beard was as white as snow, - - - All
pp
1st. will he not come a - gain? - - No, no, he is dead, Go
2nd. flax - en was his poll; - - He is gone! he is gone, And we
1st. to thy death-bed; He nev-er will come a - gain. - -
2nd. cast a-way moan: God a mer - - cy on - his soul! - -

[Hamlet.—Sir T. Lawrence.]

NOTES TO HAMLET.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"Ber. *Who's there?*
Fran. *Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.*"

The striking and eminently dramatic opening of this great tragedy has been often praised; but never with more taste and congenial spirit than by Mrs. Radcliffe.

"In nothing," says this great artist of the terrific, "has Shakespeare been more successful, than in selecting circumstances of manners and appearance for his supernatural beings, which, though wild and remote, in the highest degree, from common apprehension, never shock the understanding by incompatibility with themselves; never compel us, for an instant, to recollect that he has a license for extravagance. Above every ideal being, is the Ghost of Hamlet, with all its attendant incidents of time and place. The dark watch upon the remote platform; the dreary aspect of the night; the very expression of the officer on guard, 'The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold;'* the recollection of a star, an unknown world, are all circumstances which excite forlorn, melancholy, and solemn feelings, and dispose us to welcome, with trembling curiosity, the awful being that draws near; and to indulge in that strange mixture of horror, pity, and indignation, produced by the tale it reveals. Every minute circumstance of the scene between those watching on the platform, and of that between them and Horatio, preceding the entrance of the apparition, contributes to excite some feeling of dreariness, or melancholy, or solemnity, or expectation, in unison with, and leading on towards that high curiosity and thrilling awe with which we witness the conclusion of the scene. So, the first question of Bernardo and the words in reply, 'Stand, and unfold yourself.' But there is not a single circumstance in either dialogue, not even in this short one with which the play opens, that does not take its secret effect upon the imagination. It ends with Bernardo desiring his brother officer, after having asked whether he has had 'quiet watch,' to hasten the guard if he should chance to meet them; and we immediately feel ourselves alone on this dreary ground.

"When Horatio enters, the challenge—the dignified answers, 'Friends to this ground,' 'And liegemen to the Dane'—the question of Horatio to Bernardo touching the apparition—the unfolding of the reason why 'Horatio has consented to watch with them the minutes of this night'—the sitting down together, while Bernardo relates the particulars of what they had seen for two nights—and, above all, the few lines with which he begins his story, 'Last night of all'—and the distinguishing, by the situation of 'yon same star,' the very point of time when the spirit had appeared—the abruptness with which he breaks off, 'the bell then beating one'—the instant appearance of the Ghost, as though ratifying the story for the very truth itself: all these are circumstances which the deepest sensibility only could have suggested; and which, if you read them a thousand times, still continue to affect you almost as much as at first. I thrill with delightful awe, even while I recollect and mention them as instances of the exquisite art of the poet."

"*Rivals of my watch.*"—*Rivals*, for associates, partners; as, in Antony and Cleopatra—"Cæsar denied him *rivality*."

"*Approve our eyes.*"—That he may confirm the testimony of *our* eyes by *his own*; as, in Lear—"This approves her letter that she should soon be here."

"*Just at this dead hour.*"—The quartos read "jump." It is the more ancient word for the same sense, and is so used elsewhere in this play. The folios substitute the more modern word.

* There is a lapse of memory in the writer. The words here quoted are used by Hamlet at the commencement of Scene 4. The occasion, however, is similar.

"— all these lands
Which he stood seized of."

"Stood seized of," i. e. Of which he was rightfully possessed. The folio reads "seized *on*," an erroneous correction of the quarto reading, made in ignorance that "stood seized *of*" was the peculiar phrase of the law of England, and used with Shakespeare's accustomed precision in the use of technical common-law language.

"*By the same cov'nant.*"—The quartos, and most modern editions, read "By the same *co-mart*," a word not found in any other author, but supposed, from its derivation, to mean, a mutual bargain or compact. It is, probably, an error of the press. The previous employment of a common-law phrase would suggest the word "covenant," as the folios read.

"*Of unimproved valour.*"—Of unimpeached or unquestioned courage; as, in Florio's Dictionary—"*Improbare*, to improve, to impugn."

"*Lawless resolutes.*"—The folio reads *landless*, which may be the true reading.

"*That hath a stomach in it.*"—Any enterprise demanding courage, resolution.

"I think, it be no other, but e'en so."

This and the seventeen following lines are not in the folio, nor is any trace of them to be found in the earliest quarto. It has been probably conjectured that the poet suppressed this passage in representation, after he had written Julius Cæsar, where he had used similar imagery.

"*Palmy.*"—Victorious, triumphant; the palm being the emblem of victory.

"As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood."

There is evidently some corruption here, which it is, perhaps, impossible now to set right. It is thought that a line had been accidentally omitted. Collier suspects that "disasters" may be a misprint, the compositor having been misled by the words "as stars" in the preceding line.

"And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad."

The reading of the quartos, adopted by most modern editors, is—

"No spirit dare stir abroad."

I have, with Mr. Knight, preferred the folio reading; he, upon his system of general deference to that authority; the present editor, because the word "walk" is more expressive and probable, as the ancient phrase pertinent to ghostly visitations.

"The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn."

"Extravagant" is here used in its original and Latin sense, *extra-vagans*, straying beyond its bounds; so, too, erring, as *errans*, wandering.

"There can be no doubt that this fine description is founded upon some similar description in the Latin language. The peculiar sense of the words *extravagant*, *erring*, *confine*, points to such a source. The first hymn of Prudentius has some similarity; but Douce has also found in the Salisbury Collection of Hymns, printed by Pynson, a passage from a hymn attributed to Saint Ambrose, in which the images may be more distinctly traced:—

'Preco diei jam sonat,
Noctis profundæ pervigil;
Nocturna lux viantibus,
A nocte noctem segregans.
Hoc excitatus Lucifer,
Solvit polum caligine;
Hoc omnis errorum chorus
Viam nocendi deserit.
Gallo canente spes redit,' &c.

The above note, from Douce and Knight, is curious, and I think correct. Some future Dr. Farmer may, perhaps, show how Shakespeare became acquainted with this passage, without being able to read the original; for the resemblance is too close to be accidental. But this, with many other passages, and especially his original Latinisms of phrase, give evidence enough of a certain degree of acquaintance with Latin; doubtless, not familiar nor scholar-like, but sufficient to give a colouring to his style, and to open to him many treasures of poetical thought and diction not accessible to the merely English reader. Such a degree of acquirement might well appear low to an accomplished Latinist, like Ben Jonson, and authorize him to say of his friend—

"Though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,"—

Yet the very mention of his "small Latin" indicates that Ben knew that he had some.

"No fairy *takes*."—No fairy blasts, infects, injures.

Scene II.

"— more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow."

i. e. The scope of these articles when dilated and explained in full. Stevens pronounces the obvious grammatical impropriety, "and all other such defects in our author," to be merely the error of illiterate transcribers or printers. It may be often so. But such errors are to be found in the best contemporary writers, and were a common license of that age. Similar inaccuracies have been remarked in the works of Fuller, one of the most learned as well as original writers of the following age. Mr. Knight observes that—"The use of the plural verb, with the nominative singular, a plural genitive intervening, can scarcely be detected as an error, even by those who consider the peculiar phraseology of the time of Elizabeth as a barbarism. It is only within the last half century that the construction of our language has acquired that precision which is now required. We find, in all the old dramatists, many such lines; as, this in Marlow:—

'The outside of her garments were of lawn.'

And too many such lines have been corrected by the editors of Shakespeare, who have thus obliterated the traces of our tongue's history."

"A little more than kin, and less than kind."

Commentators give different explanations of these words, chiefly founded on the different meanings of the word "kind" when used as a substantive or an adjective. The expression was proverbial, and the use of it in several contemporary writers satisfies me that Hamlet means that he (Hamlet) is more than kin by his double relationship to the king, but less than kind, as bearing no kind feeling to him. Thus, in "Mother Bombie"—"The nearer in blood, the further from love; the greater the kindred, the less the kindness." And, in Rowley, (1609)—"I would he were not so near to us in kindred, then sure he would be nearer in kindness."

"*Vailed lids.*"—Lowered, cast down.

"*Obsequious sorrow.*"—"Obsequious" is here derived from "obsequies" or funeral ceremonies. "To shed obsequious tears upon his trunk."—*Titus Andron.*

"*The king's rouse.*"—A *rouse* was a deep draught to one's health, by which it was customary to empty the goblet or cup. It has the same primitive meaning as "carouse."

"He might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly."

Beteem, for allow, or permit: this is the reading of all the old editions, except as varied by evident literal errors in the folios. The uncommonness of the word induced editors to change the phrase to "that he permitted not;" or to "might not let." These conjectures kept possession of the text until Stevens restored the old reading, and showed its meaning from the use in Golding's Ovid, (1587,) compared with the Latin. John

Kemble soon after familiarized the general ear to its use. He deserves well of his mother-tongue, who thus

"Commands old words, that long have slept, to wake:
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake."

"— *a beast, that wants discourse of reason,*
Would have mourned longer."

The modern reader generally interprets this as meaning the want of the power of rational speech. Such was not the sense in which our poet and his contemporaries used this expression. "Discourse of reason" was a phrase of the intellectual philosophy of that age, which had passed from the schools into the language of poetry and eloquence. According to old Glanville—"The act of the mind, which connects propositions and deduceth conclusions, the schools call discourse." It is the reasoning faculty, the power of pursuing a chain of argument, of deducing inferences. In this sense Milton makes the angel instruct Adam that the essence of the soul is—

"Reason,—
Discursive or intuitive. Discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours;
Differing but in degree, of kind the same."

"*Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you.*"

John Kemble's manner of giving this line is the best explanation of its sense, which has been mistaken:—

"My good *friend*, I'll change *that* name with you"—

as if he had said, "No, not my poor servant. We are *friends;* that is the style I will interchange with you." The following "*Good even, Sir,*" Kemble addressed to Bernardo more distantly, after the cordial welcome to Horatio and Marcellus. The quartos print that salutation in a parenthesis, which agrees with this understanding as to the person addressed.

"*Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven.*"

Caldicott proves, (in opposition to Johnson and Horne Tooke,) that throughout Shakespeare, and all the writers of his age, the epithet *dearest* is applied to the person or thing, which, whether for us or against us, excites the liveliest interest. It answers to "veriest," "extremest." According to the context, therefore, it may mean the most beloved or most hated object.

"*In the dead waste and middle of the night.*"

The folios, and some of the quartos, read *wast;* the first and one other quarto, *vast;* either reading may stand as expressive of the same meaning: "the vacancy or void of night," the deserted emptiness and stillness of midnight; *vast* being taken in its primitive Latin sense for desolate, void; and *waste*, in the sense used by the translators of the Bible,—"They that made the waste,"—"the waste wilderness." To suppose that the poet meant *waist*, for middle, as several editors have maintained, and many printed the text, seems ludicrously absurd.

Scene III.

"This scene must be regarded as one of Shakespeare's lyric movements in the play, and the skill with which it is interwoven with the dramatic parts is peculiarly an excellence of our poet. You experience the sensation of a pause without the sense of a stop. You will observe in Ophelia's short and general answer to the long speech of Laertes, the natural carelessness of innocence, which cannot think such a code of cautions and prudences necessary to its own preservation."—Coleridge.

"*The sanctity and health of this whole state.*"

The word *sanctity* is from the folios. The quartos read—

"The *safety* and health of this whole state."

If this is followed, *safety* must be pronounced as a word of three syllables, as was often done by the poets of that age. I prefer the folio, as giving a better sense without tautology, and referring to the feeling of reverence towards the sovereign authority of the state.

"*Recks not his own read.*"—"Cares not for his own admonitions to others." *Read* was used as a substantive in old English.

"*Look thou character*"—"See that you imprint, as in character."

"*Are of a most select and generous chief in that.*"

Thus the folio, and, with slight discrepancies, the old quartos. *Chief*, or *cheff*, is said to be taken for superiority, distinction. The phrase is harsh and unusual; and it is probable enough that the line was written—

"Are most select and generous, chief in that."

"*Wronging it thus.*"—The folios read, "*Roaming* it thus," and the quartos, "*Wrong* it thus." Collier thinks the true reading may have been, "*Running* it thus." Warburton printed "*Wringing;*" and Coleridge suspected that "wronging" was used much in the same sense as *wringing* or *wrenching*.

"*Like sanctified and pious bonds.*"—Commentators have found this so obscure, as to think the passage required conjectural correction. Yet the language and meaning are familiar to the poet. "These vows breathe like love's bonds new made;" they resemble the "contract and eternal bond of love," as he has elsewhere expressed it, while they are yet, (in his phrase,) "false bonds of love."

Scene IV.

"*Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels.*"

Wassel ordinarily meant holiday festivity, but was applied to any sort of bacchanalian revel. The "swaggering up-spring" means, according to Johnson, "the bloated upstart;" but as *up-spring* is the name of a German dance, in Chapman, the line may mean, that the king keeps his drunken revels, and staggers through some boisterous heavy dance.

"— *the dram of base*
Doth all the noble substance often dout."

Some corruption is evident in the old copies, which read, *dram of eale*, or *ease*, and *of a doubt;* Collier substitutes "dram of *ill*," which gives a consistent meaning: "ill" might be misprinted *eale*, and "often dout" *of a doubt*, the compositor having taken the passage by his ear only. To "dout" is to *do out*, to *destroy* or *extinguish*, and the word is still not out of use in the north of England. (See Holloway's "Provincial Dictionary.") But *ease* is a more natural error for *base*, and that reading has been preferred here; especially as it agrees with the poet's habit of opposing *base* to *noble*, as, in Coriolanus, "the *base* tongue," to "the *noble* heart."—"Baseness nobly undergone," *Timon*. The slightest baseness, he says, mars and disgraces the general noble character.

"*And for my soul, what can it do to that,*
Being a thing immortal as itself?"

The difference of emphasis with which this passage was pronounced by Garrick and by Kemble, affords us a fine example of the suggestive or associative effect of emphasis, though no direct change may be made in the sense. Garrick said, rapidly—

"And for my soul—what can it do to *that,*
Being a thing immortal as itself?"

This is the natural rapid reasoning of a brave man under the dread of supernatural visitation; and in any other character than Hamlet, would be the only proper enunciation. Kemble raised the passage to the dignity of philosophical argument, suited to the meditative Prince, by a double emphasis, necessarily compelling a more deliberate utterance—

"And for my soul—what CAN it do to *that,*
Being a thing immortal, as itself?"

"*I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.*"

Of him that hinders or obstructs me; a common sense of the word in the reign of Elizabeth, though now obsolete.

Scene V.

"— the fat weed
That rots itself in ease, on Lethe wharf."

Thus the folio. All the quartos read "roots itself in ease," which reading is preferred by Collier and other editors. There is good argument for either reading. I prefer the folio, "rots itself;" first, because, to my mind, "roots itself" conveys a notion of some exertion of power; second, because "rots" is in more natural association with death, and the whole train of gloomy thoughts just expressed; and, thirdly, because a similar phrase is elsewhere applied by our poet to a water-weed—

> "Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
> Go to, and back; lackeying the varying tide
> To rot itself with motion."—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

"Eager droppings."—Eager, sharp, acid, sour; in its primary sense, from *aigre.*

"Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd."

"Unhousel'd," without having received the communion, (Saxon, *husel*, the eucharist;) "disappointed," un-appointed, not prepared; "unanel'd," without extreme unction, which was called "anoiling."

"O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!"

This line appears in the old copies as part of the Ghost's speech. Johnson says, "It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation, and who, according to the practice of the stage, may be supposed to interrupt so long a speech." Garrick so delivered it, and this, according to Knight, "as belonging to the Prince, according to the tradition of the stage." In the earliest edition of the tragedy, the Ghost's speech is here broken by Hamlet's interjection of "Oh, God!" On this authority, added to the strong internal evidence, I have ventured to deviate from the old copies. This has been done with less reluctance here, because errors of this nature, the assigning words or lines to the wrong person, are not uncommon in the old editions; and, in several instances, no editor has hesitated to correct them.

"My tables,—meet it is I set it down."

Hamlet, after the intense and solemn horror of the supernatural visitation, gives way to a wild excitement; first, of bitter passion, and then of frantic gayety, which last is sustained afterwards by his strange appellation of the Ghost, as "old true-penny," "fellow in the cellarage," &c. This is certainly not common or obvious nature, yet it impresses me with its truth. It resembles the reckless merriment sometimes produced by the excitement of the battle-field—the startling gayety often seen upon the scaffold.

ACT II.—Scene I.

"Fetch of warrant."—A justifiable or warrantable trick. The quartos read "Fetch of wit," which may be right.

"Quoted him."—Noted or observed him.

Scene II.

"My liege and Madam, to expostulate,
What majesty should be, what duty is," etc.

To "expostulate," is used in its primitive sense, to inquire. Johnson has discussed the conflicting qualities in the character of Polonius, in one of his best notes. "Polonius," he remarks, "is a man bred in courts; exercised in business; stored with observation; confident in his knowledge; proud of his eloquence; and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in particular application; he is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw upon his depositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind, in its enfeebled state, cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to the dereliction of his faculties; he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls into his former train. The idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius."

"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star."

Not within thy destiny; in allusion to the then common notion of starry influence on the destiny of life. Thus, all the old editions, until the second folio, 1632, where "star" was altered to "sphere," which has kept its place in most modern editions.

"You are a fishmonger."

"You are sent to fish out this secret. That is Hamlet's own meaning."—Coleridge.

"Being a good kissing carrion."

Thus the passage stands in all the old editions. I understand Hamlet as saying, in "wild and whirling words,"—If even a dead dog can be kissed by the sun, ("common-kissing Titan," as the poet elsewhere styles him,) how much more is youthful beauty in danger of corruption, unless it seek the shade. But the editors have not been satisfied with any sense the passage can afford, as it was originally printed, and have generally followed Warburton's famous conjectural emendation, though few are satisfied with his explanation. He maintains that the author wrote "Being a *god*, kissing carrion," and his commentary is one of the most celebrated curiosities of Shakespearian literature. He finds in Hamlet's remark a great and sublime argument "as noble as could be drawn from the schools of divinity," vindicating the ways of "Providence in permitting evil to abound in the world;" which he thus sums up: "If the effect follows the thing operated upon, *carrion*, and not the thing operating, a *God*, why need we wonder that the supreme Cause of all things, diffusing blessings on man, who is a dead carrion, he, instead of a proper return, should breed corruption and vices?"

"Ros. *Truly; and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.*

"Ham. *Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows.*"

Meaning, according to Johnson, "If ambition is such an unsubstantial thing, then are our beggars (who at least can dream of greatness) the only things of substance; and monarchs and heroes, though appearing to fill such mighty space with their ambition, but the shadows of the beggars' dreams."

"This brave o'erhanging firmament."—The folio omits the word "firmament" which had appeared in the prior editions. If this be an intentional correction of the author, as has been suggested, then "o'erhanging" is to be taken substantively: "This brave o'erhanging, this magnificent roof," &c. The eloquence of the passage loses nothing by the condensation, and the transmutation of the participle into a substantive is very Shakespearian. "The thankings of a king;" "Strewings for graves," &c.

"We coted them on the way."—To cote, is to pass by alongside.

"Tickled in the sere."—The "sere" is a dry affection of the throat by which the lungs are tickled; but the clown provokes laughter even in those who habitually cough."—Knight.

"*By the means of the late innovation.*"—This passage probably refers to the limiting of public theatrical performances to the two theatres, the Globe on Bankside, and the Fortune in Golden Lane, in 1600 and 1601. The players, by a "late innovation," were "inhibited," or forbidden, to act in or near "the city," and therefore "travelled," or *strolled*, into the country. COLLIER.

"*An eyry of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question.*"—Shakespeare here alludes to the encouragement at that time given to some "eyry" or *nest* of children, or "eyases" (young hawks) who spoke in a high tone of voice. There were several companies of young performers about this date engaged in acting, but chiefly the children of Paul's, and the children of the Revels, who, it seems, were highly applauded, to the injury of the companies of adult performers. From an early date, the choir-boys of St. Paul's, Westminster, Windsor, and the Chapel-Royal, had been occasionally so employed, and performed at court.—COLLIER.

"*Hercules and his globe too.*"—The allusion seems to be to the Globe playhouse; the sign of which was, says Stevens, Hercules carrying the Globe.

"*I know a hawk from a handsaw.*"—The original form of the proverb was, "To know a hawk from a *hernshaw;*" i. e. to know a hawk from the heron it pursues. The corruption was prevalent in the time of Shakespeare.

"*For the law of writ, and the liberty.*"—The players were good, whether at written productions or at extemporal plays, where liberty was allowed to the performers to invent the dialogue, in imitation of the Italian *comedia al improviso.*—COLLIER.

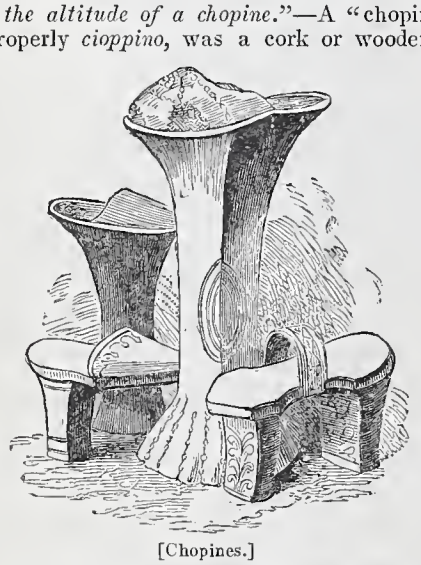
"*O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!*"—

In Percy's "RELIQUES," there is an imperfect copy of the old ballad to which Hamlet here refers. It has been since entirely recovered, and is printed entire in Evans's "COLLECTIONS OF OLD BALLADS," (1810.) The first stanza comprises the various quotations in the text:—

"I have heard that many years agoe,
When Jephtha, judge of Israel,
Had one fair daughter, and no more:
Whom he loved passing well.
As by lot, God wot,
It came to passe most like as it was,
Great wairs there should be,
And who should be the chiefe, but he, but he."

"*Thy face is valanced.*"—Fringed with a beard; a better sense than the folio reading of "valiant."

"*By the altitude of a chopine.*"—A "chopine," or more properly *cioppino*, was a cork or wooden soled



[Chopines.]

shoe, worn by the Italian ladies to add to their height. It is often mentioned in the writers of Shakespeare's age. Ben Jonson, T. Heywood, Dekker, and other dramatists, speak of it in the same way; and in Marston's "Dutch Courtesan," 1605, one of the characters asks, "Dost thou not wear high corked shoes—*chopines?*"—COLLIER.

"*'Twas* CAVIARE *to the general.*"—This word is generally written *caviare;* but it is *caviarie* in the folio, following the Italian *caviaro.* Florio, in his "New World of Words," has, "*Caviaro*, a kind of salt black meat made of roes of fishes, much used in Italy." In Sir John Harrington's 33d epigram, we find the word forming four syllables, and accented, as written by Shakespeare—

"And caveare, but it little boots."

This preparation of the roes of sturgeons was formerly much used in England among the refined classes. It was imported from Russia.—KNIGHT.

"To the *general,*"—to the many. In modern phrase, a dish too *recherché* to please the popular taste.

"*No sallets in the lines.*"—Sallets is given in contemporary books as answering to the Latin *sales*, jests, pleasantries.

"*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms.*"

Schlegel is acute and right in his remark, that "this speech must not be judged by itself, but in connection with the place where it is introduced. To distinguish it as dramatic poetry in the play itself, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of that in the same proportion that the theatrical elevation does above simple nature. Hence Shakespeare has composed the play in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes, full of antithesis. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail; and the poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made use, overcharging the pathos."

This criticism is confirmed by the comparison of the original Hamlet with the revised play, showing the deliberate rejection of flowing and elegant lines, and the substitution of others of a more buskined elevation, so as to mark the distinction between the interlude and the drama itself. Thus, the Duke (or Player King) began—

"Full forty years are past, their date is gone,
Since happy time joined both our hearts as one;
And now the blood that fill'd my youthful veins,
Runs weakly in their pipes; and all the strains
Of music which whilome pleased mine ear,
Is now a burthen that age cannot bear."

This the poet rejected, and substituted the lines beginning—

"Full thirty times has Phœbus' cart gone round,"—

inferior in themselves, but contrasting better with the other dialogue.

"*Total gules.*"—Entirely red, an heraldic term.

"*Mobled queen.*"—Hastily and carelessly muffled up; her "*bisson rheum*" means, blinding tears.

"*All his visage wann'd*"—or became *wan*, a very Shakesperian expression in the quartos, and much superior to *warm'd*, which is the tame reading of the folio. It is, besides, a genuine old English poetical phrase. Stonyheart, in his hexameter version of the Æneid, renders Virgil's "Pallida, morte futurâ," by "Her visage waning with murther approaching."

"*Appal the free,*"—those free from guilt.

"*John a-dreams*"—"A nickname for a sleepy, apathetic fellow. The only mention yet met with of John a-dreams, is in Armin's 'Nest of Ninnies,' 1608, where the following passage occurs: 'His name is John, indeed, says the cinnick; but neither John a-nods, nor John a-dreams, yet either, as you take it.' John a-droynes, mentioned by Whetstone and Nash, was, in all probability, a different person."—COLLIER.

"That I, the son of the dear murthered."

This is the reading of the folio. Some of the quartos, followed by most modern editors, read—

"That I, the son of a dear father murthered."

But the word *father* is omitted in others of the quartos; so that the weight of evidence is much in favour of the reading here preferred, while I think that there can be no comparison in the beauty and expressiveness of the two. "The dear murthered"—the loved and mourned, whose revenge fills all Hamlet's thoughts. How is this weakened and diluted, by the general words, "a dear father!"

"I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench."

Tent, to probe, a phrase of ancient surgery. *Blench*, to start, or shrink; as, in Fletcher, "Blench at no danger."

ACT III.—Scene I.

"Affront Ophelia."—Not in our modern sense of the phrase, but, as confront, meet her.

"To take up arms against a sea of troubles."

The fastidious criticism of the last century was shocked by this confusion of metaphor. Warburton proposed to remedy it by reading "an *assail*;" and another editor (I am sorry that it was Pope!) conjectured "a *siege* of troubles." The poet and the divine appear but small critics here, contrasted with David Garrick, who, in his Oration at the Shakespeare Jubilee, 1769, rises from the explanation and defence of the passage to a bold strain of lofty criticism and philosophical eloquence.

"His language, like his conceptions, is strongly marked with the characteristic of nature; it is bold, figurative, and significant; his terms, rather than his sentences are metaphorical; he calls an endless multitude A SEA, by a happy allusion to the perpetual succession of wave to wave; and he immediately expresses opposition by *taking up arms*, which, being fit in itself, he was not solicitous to accommodate to his first image. This is the language in which a figurative and rapid conception will always be expressed: this is the language both of the prophet and the poet, of native eloquence and divine inspiration."

In cast of thought and attic elegance of style, this oration strongly resembles the contemporary discourses of Reynolds on the arts of design; and if, as has been conjectured, Garrick, though a wit and a scholar, feeling his inadequacy to his task, had recourse to some friendly hand for aid, that aid was probably contributed by Reynolds. Yet I would rather believe that veneration for "the god of his idolatry," whose works had been the study of his life, raised the great actor above his ordinary powers as an author.

"The proud man's contumely."

The folio reading is, "the poor man's contumely," i. e. the contumely endured by poverty. The reading in the text is that of the quartos. They, however, give "the pangs of *despised* love," instead of *disprized*, in the folio;—a phrase more Shakespearian, and conveying a more poetical sense.

"When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?"

The word "quietus" signifies, discharge or acquittance. Every sheriff received his "quietus" on settling his accounts at the Exchequer. "Bodkin" was the term in use to signify a small dagger.

"To grunt and sweat under a weary life."

This is the true reading, according to all the old copies; "although," as Johnson observes, "it can scarcely be borne by modern ears." On this point, Malone remarks, "I apprehend that it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote; and not to substitute what may appear to the present age preferable. I have, therefore, though with some reluctance, adhered to the old copies, however unpleasing this word may be to the ear. On the stage, without doubt, an actor is at liberty to substitute a less offensive word. To the ears of our ancestors it probably conveyed no unpleasing sound, for we find it used by Chaucer and others."

The same remark applies to many other old English words used by the poets, divines, and scholars of Shakespeare's age. They had a general sense, which modern use has narrowed down to some ludicrous or coarse meaning. Thus, "guts" for "entrails," and many others.

"Who would these fardels bear?"—This reading of the folios is here preferred to that of the other editions, as giving a more natural connection to the whole passage. It resumes the thought of the preceding sentence—"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time," &c., and asks, Who would bear *these* burdens, "the oppressor's wrong," "the proud man's contumely," &c., "were it not for the dread of an hereafter?" The common reading, founded on the quartos, (Who would fardels bear?) merely asks, Who would bear any of the loads of life, were it not for this reason? The continuity of thought, the evolution of the sentence from the preceding, effected by the insertion of "these," is very characteristic of Shakespeare.

"Ham. *Ha, ha! are you honest?*"

Every lover of Shakespeare is familiar with the doubts, speculations, and controversies excited by the startling harshness of Hamlet towards Ophelia. The solution of this difficulty involves another more radical and equally disputed question, whether Hamlet's madness is real or pretended. Among the most ingenious modes of reconciling Hamlet's sanity with his conduct in this scene, is that of Coleridge, "that the penetrating prince perceives, from the strange and forced manner of Ophelia, that the sweet girl was not acting a part of her own, but was a decoy, and his after speeches are not so much directed to her as to the listeners and spies." The other theory, maintained by some English writers, and recently adopted and enforced by M. Villemain, in France, is, that Hamlet is really insane; while, with the craft of lunacy, he also counterfeits a different madness; and that his treatment of Ophelia is one of the suspicious and causeless sudden antipathies not uncommon in some forms of mental derangement.

The necessary limits of commentary imposed by the plan of this edition, preclude the editor from entering into any full or controversial examination of these opinions. I must content myself with stating my own view of the author's intent, in which I can make no claim to originality, since I believe that it corresponds with the common understanding of the matter by the great majority of readers as well as some of the ablest critics.

Hamlet, after the interview with his father's spirit, has announced to his friends his probable intent to "bear himself strange and odd," and put on an "antic disposition." But the poet speaks his own meaning through Hamlet's mouth, when he makes the Prince assure his mother "It is not madness." The madness is but simulated. Still, it is not "cool reason" that directs his conduct and governs his impulses. His weakness and his melancholy, the weariness of life, the intruding thoughts of suicide, the abrupt transitions, the towering passion, the wild or scornful levity, the infirmity of purpose,—*these* are *not* feigned. They indicate crushed affections and blighted hopes. They show the sovereign reason,—not overthrown by disease, not captive to any illusion, not paralyzed in its power of attention and coherent thought,—but perplexed, darkened, distracted by contending and natural emotions from real causes. His mind is overwhelmed with the oppressive sense of supernatural horrors, of more horrible earthly wrongs, and terrible duties. Such causes would throw any mind from its propriety; but it is the sensitive,

meditative, yet excitable and kind-hearted prince, quick in feeling, warm in affection, rich in thought, "full of large discourse, looking before and after," yet, (perhaps on account of these very endowments,) feeble in will and irresolute in act,—he it is, who

> Hath a father killed, and mother stain'd,
> *Excitements* of his *reason* and his *blood*.

Marked and peculiar as is his character, he is yet, in this, the personification of a general truth of human nature, exemplified a thousand times in the biography of eminent men. He shows the ordinary incompatibility of high perfection of the meditative mind, whether poetical or philosophical, (and Hamlet's is both,) with the strong will, the prompt and steady determination that give energy and success in the active contests of life.

It is thus that, under extraordinary and terrible circumstances impelling him to action, Hamlet's energies are bent up to one great and engrossing object, and still he shrinks back from the execution of his resolves, and would willingly find refuge in the grave,

It may be said that, after all, this view of Hamlet's mental infirmity differs from the theory of his insanity only in words; that the unsettled mind, the morbid melancholy, the inconstancy of purpose, are but in other language the description of a species of madness. In one sense this may be true. Thin partitions divide the excitement of passion, the absorbing pursuit of trifles, the delusions of vanity, the malignity of revenge,—in short, any of the follies or vices that "flesh is heir to,"—from that stage of physical or mental disease, which, in the law of every civilized people, causes the sufferer to be regarded as "of unsound mind and memory," incompetent to discharge the duties of society, and no longer to be trusted with its privileges. It was from the conviction of this truth, that a distinguished and acute physician, of great eminence and experience in the treatment of insanity, (Dr. Haslam,) was led, in the course of a legal inquiry, in reply to the customary question, "Was Miss B—— of sound mind?" to astonish his professional audience by asserting that he had "never known *any* human being of sound mind."

But the poet's distinction is the plain and ordinary one. It is that between the irregular fevered action of an intellect excited, goaded, oppressed, and disturbed by natural thoughts and real causes, too powerful for its control,—and the same mind, after it has been affected by that change—modern science would say, by that physical change—which may deprive the sufferer of his power of coherent reasoning, or else inflict upon him some self-formed delusion, influencing all his perceptions, opinions, and conduct. If, instead of the conventional reality of the ghostly interview, Hamlet had been painted as acting under the impulses of the self-raised phantoms of an overheated brain, that would be insanity in the customary sense, in which, as a morbid physical affection, it is to be distinguished from the fitful struggles of a wounded spirit,—of a noble mind torn with terrible and warring thoughts.

This is the difference between Lear, in the agony of intolerable passion from real and adequate causes, and the Lear of the stormy heath, holding an imaginary court of justice upon Goneril and her sister.

Now as to this scene with Ophelia. How does it correspond with this understanding of the poet's intent?

Critics, of the highest authority in taste and feeling, have accounted for Hamlet's conduct solely upon the ground of the absorbing and overwhelming influence of the one paramount thought which renders hopeless and worthless all that formerly occupied his affections.

Such is Mrs. Jameson's theory, and that of Caldcott's note in his excellent unpublished edition of Hamlet; and Kean gave great dramatic effect to the same conception on the stage. The view is, in coneeption and feeling, worthy of the poet; but it is not directly supported by a single line in his text, while it overlooks the fact that he has taken pains to mark, as an incident of his plot, the unfortunate effect upon Hamlet's mind of Ophelia's too-confiding obedience to her father's suspicious caution. The author could not mean that this scene should be regarded as a sudden and causeless outbreak of passion, unconnected with any prior interview with Ophelia. He has shown us that, immediatcly after the revelation of the murder, the suspicious policy of Polonius compels his daughter to "repel Hamlet's letters," and deny him access. This leads to that interview, so touchingly described by Ophelia,—of silent but piteous expostulation, of sorrow, suspicion, and unuttered reproach:—

> "With his other hand thus, o'er his brow,
> He falls to such perusal of my face
> As he would draw it."

This silence, more eloquent than words, implies a conflict of mixed emotions, which the poet himself was content to suggest, without caring to analyze it in words. Whatever these emotions were, they had no mixture of levity, anger, or indifference.

When the Prince again meets Ophelia it is with calm and solemn courtesy. She renews the recollection of her former refusal of his letters, by returning "the remembrances of his that she had longed to re-deliver." The reader knows that, in the gentle Ophelia, this is an act, not of her will, but of her yielding and helpless obedience. To her lover it must appear as a confirmation of her abrupt and seemingly causeless breaking off of all former ties at a moment when he most needed sympathy and kindness. This surely cannot be received with calmness. Does *she*, too, repel his confidence, and turn away from his altered fortunes and his broken spirit? The deep feelings, that had before choked his utterance, cannot but return. He wraps himself in his cloak of assumed madness. He gives vent to intense emotion in agitated and contradictory expressions, ("I did love you once,"—"I loved you not,") and in wild invective, not at Ophelia personally, but at her sex's frailties. In short, as elsewhere, where he fears to repose confidence, he masks, under his assumed "antic disposition," the deep and real "excitement of his reason and his blood."

This understanding of this famous scene seems to me required by the poet's marked intention to separate Ophelia from Hamlet's confidence, by Polonius compelling her—

> "—— To lock herself from his resort;
> Admit no messenger, receive no tokens."

All which would otherwise be a useless excrescence on the plot. It besides appears so natural in itself, that the only hesitation I have as to its correctness arises from respect to the differing opinions of some of those who have most reverenced and best understood Shakespeare's genius.

The reader who wishes to follow out the literature of this interesting question, will be gratified by turning to the supplementary notice to Hamlet, in Mr. Knight's edition. Some of its conclusions will be found to resemble those above expressed, though the latter happen to be drawn from different sources of reading and observation.

"*I have heard of your paintings*," etc.

The folios read "I have heard of your prattlings, too; God hath given you one *face*, and you make yourself another." Both readings may be genuine, and the alteration made for some reason of that day now beyond conjecture.

Scene II.

"— *in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion.*"

"No apology ought to be received for offences committed against the vehicle (whether it be the organ of seeing, or of hearing) by which our pleasures are conveyed to the mind. We must take care that the eye be not perplexed and distracted by a confusion of equal

parts, or equal lights, or offended by an unharmonious mixture of colours, as we should guard against offending the ear by unharmonious sounds. We may venture to be more confident of the truth of this observation, since we find that Shakespeare, on a parallel occasion, has made Hamlet recommend to the players a precept of the same kind,—never to offend the ear by harsh sounds: *In the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of your passion*, says he, *you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness.* And, yet, at the same time, he very justly observes, *The end of playing, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.* No one can deny, that violent passions will naturally emit harsh and disagreeable tones; yet, this great poet and critic thought that this imitation of nature would cost too much, if purchased at the expense of disagreeable sensations, or, as he expresses it, of *splitting the ear.*"—REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES.

"*To split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise.*"

The pit, in the early theatres, had neither floor nor benches, and was frequented by the poorer classes. Ben Jonson speaks with equal contempt of the "understanding gentlemen of the ground." Of the "dumb shows," we have a specimen in the play-scene of this tragedy. "The meaner people," says Dr. Johnson, "then seem to have sat [stood] below, as they now sit in the upper gallery; who, not well understanding poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue."—*Illust. Shak.*

"*I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod.*"

Termagant, according to Percy, was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the Old Moralitics. Herod, also, was a constant character in these entertainments, and his outrageous boasting is sometimes highly amusing. Subjoined are two short specimens. The first is from the "Chester Whitsun Plays:"—

"For I am kinge of all mankinde,
I byd, I beate, I loose, I bynde;
I master the moone;—take this in myndo
That I am most of mighte.

I am the greatest above degree,
That is, that was, or ever shall be;
The sonne it dare not shine on me,
And I bid him go downe."

It appears that this amiable personage had no less conceit of his "bewte" than of his "boldness." In one of his "Coventry Plays," he exclaims:—

"Of bewte and of boldness I ber evermor the belle,
Of mayn and of myght I master every man;
I dynge with my dowtiness the devil down to helle,
For both of hevyn and of earth I am kynge certayn."
Illust. Shak.

"*— thou hast been*
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing," etc.

While every other character of this play, Ophelia, Polonius, and even Osric, has been analyzed and discussed, it is remarkable that no critic has stept forward to notice the great beauty of Horatio's character, and its exquisite adaptation to the effect of the piece. His is a character of great excellence and accomplishment; but while this is distinctly shown, it is but sketched, not elaborately painted. His qualities are brought out by single and seemingly accidental touches—as here, and in the ghost-scene, "You are a scholar, Horatio," &c. The whole is toned down to a quiet and unobtrusive beauty that does not tempt the mind to wander from the main interest, which rests alone upon Hamlet; while it is yet distinct enough to increase that interest by showing him worthy to be Hamlet's trusted friend in life, and the chosen defender of his honour after death. Such a character, in the hands of another author, would have been made the centre of some secondary plot. But here, while he commands our respect and esteem, he never for a moment divides a passing interest with the Prince. He does not break in upon the main current of our feelings. He contributes only to the general effect, so that it requires an effort of the mind to separate him for critical admiration.

"HAM. *Lady, shall I lie in your lap?*
"OPH. *No, my lord.*"

On the publication of the original edition of this play, which had been previously unknown to the public, some remarks upon it appeared in an English journal, from which we select the following, as well worthy of attention, in reference to some parts of Shakespeare's text, which the reader, without being affectedly delicate, may be pardoned for wishing away:—

"Many striking peculiarities in this edition of Hamlet tend strongly to confirm our opinion, that no small portion of the ribaldry to be found in the plays of our great poet is to be assigned to the actors of his time, who flattered the vulgar taste with the constant repetition of many indecent, and not a few stupid jokes, till they came to be considered, and then printed, as part of the genuine text. Of these, the two or three brief but offensive speeches of Hamlet to Ophelia, in the play-scene, (act iii.,) are not to be found in the copy of 1603; and so far are we borne out in our opinion; for it is not to be supposed that Shakespeare would insert them upon cool reflection, three years after the success of his piece had been determined. Still less likely is it that a piratical printer would reject any thing actually belonging to the play, which would prove pleasing to the vulgar bulk of those who were to be the purchasers of his publication."

"We have no desire to be numbered among those who are in the habit of visiting the sins of Shakespeare, real or imaginary, on the heads of the actors; but there is certainly something in the fact here stated that deserves consideration. In justice both to poet and players, we subjoin Mr. Campbell's judicious comment on the remarks just cited:—

"'I am inclined, upon the whole, to agree with these remarks, although the subject leaves us beset with uncertainties. This copy of the play was apparently pirated; but the pirate's omission of the improper passages alluded to, is not a perfect proof that they were absent in the first representation of the piece; yet it leads to such a presumption; for, looking at the morality of Shakespeare's theatre in the main, he is none of your poetical artists who resort to an impure influence over the fancy. Little sallies of indecorum he may have now and then committed; but they are few, and are eccentricities from his general character, partially pardonable on account of the bad taste of his age. What a frightful contrast to his purity is displayed among his nearest dramatic successors—love in relations of life where Nature forbids passion! Shakespeare scorns to interest us in any love that is not purely natural.'"—*Illust. Shak.*

"OPH. *'Tis brief, my lord.*
"HAM. *As woman's love.*"

I cannot but think that Hamlet's reply conveys a gentle but reproachful allusion to Ophelia's own conduct, as it appeared to him.

"*An anchor's cheer.*"—The cheer or fare of an anchorite; a customary abbreviation in old English writers.

"*The mouse-trap. Marry how?* TROPICALLY."—Tropically, i. e. in a trope, or figuratively, referring to his own ideas of the play, as the thing, in which he'll "catch the conscience of the king."

"*You are as good as a chorus,*" etc.—This use of the chorus may be seen in Henry V. Every motion or puppet-show was accompanied by an interpreter or showman.—STEVENS.

"*Let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.*"

Meaning, probably, a suit that shall be expressive of the reverse feeling to sorrow or humiliation. "A suit of sables (says Malone) was, in Shakespeare's time, the richest dress worn by men in England. Wherever his scene might happen to be, the customs of his own country were still in his thoughts." By the statute of apparel (24 Hen. VIII.) it is ordained that none under the degree of an earl may use sables.

"*For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*"

The banishment of the hobby-horse from the May games is frequently lamented in the old dramas. The line quoted by Hamlet appears to have been part of a ballad on the subject of poor Hobby. He was driven from his station by the Puritans, as an impious and pagan superstition; but restored on the promulgation of "The Book of Sports." The hobby-horse was formed of a pasteboard horse's head, and probably a light frame made of wicker-work, to form the hinder parts; this was fastened round the body of a man, and covered with a footcloth which nearly reached the ground, and concealed the legs of the performer. Similar contrivances, in burlesque pieces, are not unusual at this day.

"*This is* MICHING *mallecho; it means mischief.*"—The quartos (with the exception of the first of 1603) read "*munching* mallico:" "miching," i. e. stealing, is no doubt the right word; and by Minshew's Dictionary, 1617, it appears that "mallecho" is Spanish for a *malefaction*—any ill deed.—COLLIER.

"*The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.*"

This is printed here, as in the old edition, appearing as an expression of Hamlet's own feelings. Most modern editors print it as verse, and consider it as a part of the mock play. So, it is said, Garrick pronounced it, addressing Lucianus. Henderson and Kemble gave it as Hamlet's own reflection; which seems more natural, more poetical, as well as more consonant to the old text. It resembles the poet's own strong figure elsewhere:—

"— the raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

"*Turn Turk.*"—This phrase seems to have been equivalent of old to a "total change," and is found in writers of the time.

"*Two* PROVINCIAL *roses on my razed shoes.*"—"Provincial" was erroneously changed to "Provençal," at the suggestion of Warton. Mr. Douce rectified the error by showing that the *Provincial* roses took their name in *Provins*, in Lower Brie, and not from *Provence*. "Razed" shoes are most probably *embroidered* shoes. The quarto reads, "rac'd." To *race* or *rase*, was, to stripe.—SINGER.

"HOR. *Half a share.*
"HAM. *A whole one, I.*"

Actors, in Shakespeare's time, had not salaries, as now. The receipts were divided into shares, of which the proprietors of the theatre, or "house-keepers," as they were called, had some; and each actor had one or more shares, or parts of a share, according to his rank or interest. The custom is retained on the continent of Europe.

A recent antiquarian discovery has shown that, in 1608, the Blackfriars Theatre was held by eleven members of the company, on twenty shares; of which Shakespeare owned four, while some others had but half a share each.

"*A very, very*—PEACOCK."—The word "peacock," is printed in the old quartos "paiock" and "paiocke;" and "paiocke" also in the folio, 1623, which the folio, 1632, alters to "pajock." Pope introduced "peacock;" but if that were the word intended, it is singular that, being of such common occurrence, it should have been misprinted at first, and afterwards reiterated in the later impressions of the play. Yet it seems to answer the sense better than any other word.

"*By these pickers and stealers.*"—Alluding to the phrase of the Anglican church-catechism, "to keep my hands from picking and stealing."

"*Recorders.*"—Hawkins, in his History of Music, shows the recorder to have answered to the modern flageolet. It was not a flute, since Bacon and Milton speak of both, as distinct:—

"— the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders."

"*Though you can fret me,*" etc.—The musical allusion is continued. The frets of all instruments of the lute or guitar kind are thick wires, fixed at certain distances across the finger-board, on which the strings are stopped, or pressed by the fingers. Nares thinks that the word is derived from *fretum;* but the French verb *frotter* seems the more likely source.—COLLIER.

"*Bitter business,*" etc.—Thus the folio. Nine out of ten of the modern editors, with Malone, follow the quartos, and read—

"— such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on."

The epithet *bitter* has no clear significance here as applied to *day;* and unless the folio reading is adopted, as I think it should be, I would prefer an ingenious emendation suggested by Mr. E. Forrest—the *better* day, i. e. better, as contrasted with night.

"— *she be* SHENT"—i. e. rebuked, reproved. "To give them seals," to put them in execution, as the completion of a deed.—COLLIER.

"*Should o'erhear the speech, of vantage.*"—Some one besides his mother. "Vantage" is used as it is defined by Bailey—"That which is given or allowed over weight, or over measure."

"SOLE *son.*"—So all the quartos. The folio has "*foul* son;" and it may be doubted whether this self-loathing phrase be not the more expressive, as well as truer reading.

"*More horrid* HENT."—To *hent*, is to seize; "know thou a more horrid hent," is, have a more horrid grasp.

SCENE IV.

"*And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.*"

The folio reads—

"But would you were not so: you are my mother"—

thus making Hamlet wish, not that she was not his mother, but that she was not his uncle's wife. Both readings have their beauty as well as authority. Most editors have preferred the first, which best agrees with the Queen's answer. Mr. Knight has chosen the other; and Henderson, of whose exquisite conception of the character tradition has preserved the fame, seems, from a note contributed by him to the *Variorum* edition, to have been of the same opinion.

"*Contraction*"—for marriage-contract.

"*This solidity.*"—The solid earth. "Heaven and earth blush for you."—KNIGHT.

"*And thunders in the* INDEX"—i. e. in the *commencement*, where the indexes of books were formerly placed. COLLIER.

"*Look here, upon this picture, and on this.*"

Dr. Armstrong thus remarks, on the common stage action which accompanies this passage: "There is a tame impropriety, or even absurdity, in that action of Hamlet producing the two miniatures of his father and uncle out of his pocket. It seems more natural to suppose, that Hamlet was struck with the comparison he makes between the two brothers, upon casting his eyes

on their pictures, as they hang up in the apartment where this conference passes with the Queen. There is not only more nature, more elegance, and dignity, in supposing it thus; but it gives occasion to more passionate and more graceful action, and is, of consequence, likelier to be as Shakespeare's imagination had conceived it."

"*A* STATION *like the herald Mercury.*"—*Station* is here used, as elsewhere, for attitude, act, or manner of standing. The image has been transplanted by Milton into his Paradise Lost—

"—— like Maia's son he *stood.*"

"*Enter Ghost.*"

"Here Hamlet exclaims—

'Look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!'

Malone, Stevens, and Mason, argue the question, whether in this scene the Ghost, as in former scenes, ought to wear armour, or to be dressed in 'his own familiar habit;' and they conclude, either that Shakespeare had 'forgotten himself,' or had meant 'to vary the dress of the Ghost at this his last appearance.' The quarto of 1603, shows how the poet's intention was carried into effect; for there we meet with the stage-direction, 'Enter the Ghost in his night-gown.'"—COLLIER.

"*Life in* EXCREMENTS."—Hair, nails, feathers, were called *excrements*. Izaak Walton, speaking of fowls, says, "their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night."—KNIGHT.

"ENSEAMED *bed.*"—A strong expression of disgust, from *seam*, grease—greasy, gross, filthy. Some of the quartos read "incestuous," which, for popular use, is preferable, though the other cannot but be the true reading.

"— VICE *of kings.*"—The *vice* was the fool, clown, or jester of the older drama, and was frequently dressed in party-coloured clothes; hence Hamlet just afterwards calls the usurper "a king of shreds and patches."—COLLIER.

"*I the matter will re-word, which madness*
Would gambol from."

Sir Henry Halford, the accomplished President of the Royal College of Physicians, (London,) has made this passage the text of one of his "Essays and Orations, read before the College," and relates a case which occurred in his own practice, to prove the correctness of Shakespeare's test of insanity.

A gentleman of fortune had instructed his solicitor, a personal friend, to prepare a will for him, containing several very proper provisions, and then bequeathing the residue of his estate to this legal friend. He soon after became deranged and highly excited, so as to require coercion. The excitement passed off, leaving him composed, but very weak, so that his life was doubtful. He was now anxious to execute his will, which had been prepared according to his previous instructions, and which Sir Henry, and the other attending physician, were requested to hear read to him and to witness. When read to him, he assented distinctly to the several items. The physicians were perplexed, and retired to consult what was to be done under such questionable circumstances.

"It occurred to me, then, to propose to my colleague to go up again into the sick-room, to see whether our patient could *re-word* the matter, as a test, on Shakespeare's authority, of his soundness of mind. He repeated the clauses which contained the addition to his mother's jointure, and which made provision for the natural children, with sufficient correctness; but he stated that he had left a namesake, though not a relation, ten thousand pounds, whereas he had left him five thousand pounds only; and there he paused. After which I thought it proper to ask him, to whom he had left his real property, when these legacies should have been discharged,—in whom did he intend that his estate should be vested after his death, if he died without children? 'In the heir-at-law, to be sure,' was the reply. Who is your heir-at-law? 'I do not know.'

"Thus he 'gambolled' from the matter, and laboured, according to this test, under his madness still.

"He died, intestate, four days afterwards."

Our American commentator on the "Jurisprudence of Insanity," Dr. Ray, in his chapter on "Simulated Insanity," has also incidentally noticed this test. "In simulated mania, the impostor, when requested to repeat his disordered idea, will generally do it correctly; while the genuine patient will be apt to wander from the track, or introduce ideas that had not presented themselves before." This he illustrates from a modern French legal report.

"*That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat*
Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this."

This is the old reading; and not "*habit's*," as in most editions. The punctuation is that adopted by Collier; and the meaning, though harshly expressed from the condensation of the language, is this—"That monster, custom, who devours all *sense*, (all sensibility or delicacy of feeling,) as to habits, devil as he is, is still an angel in this other regard."

"*From a* PADDOCK, *from a bat, a* GIB."—A *paddock* is a toad; a *gib*, a cat.

"*Hoist with his own* PETAR."—A *petard* was a small mortar, used to blow up gates. The engineer is *hoysed*, thrown up, with his own engine.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"*So haply slander.*"—This half line is a conjectural insertion of some words to this effect, evidently omitted in the quartos, where only the passage is found.

SCENE II.

"*The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body.*"—Polonius's body is with the king, in his house, but *the* king (the true king) is not with the body, i. e. he is a spirit.

"*Hide fox, and all after.*"—This is supposed to refer to the boyish game of "All hid;" and Sir T. Hanmer expressly tells us that it was sometimes called "Hide fox, and all after."—COLLIER.

SCENE IV.

"*Go safely on.*"—Go safely on, under the protection of the promised license—the "quiet pass of safety and allowance." It is the folio reading, and preferable to the *softly* of other copies.

"— *such large discourse,*
Looking before and after"—

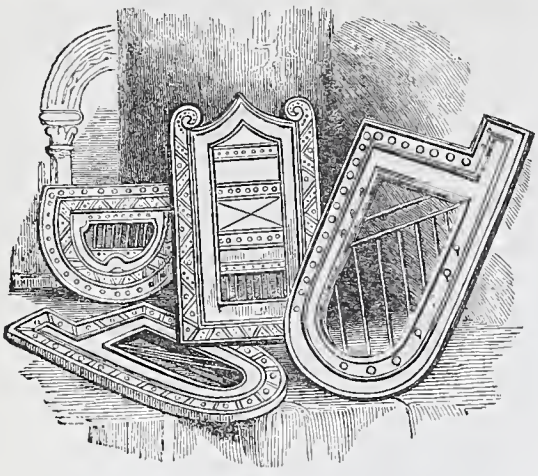
Such ample power of reasoning—"of reviewing the past and anticipating the future." To *fust*, in the subsequent line, is "to become mouldy," a verb long obsolete, though its adjective, *fusty*, retains its use colloquially.

SCENE V.

"*Re-enter* Horatio, *with* Ophelia."

— WITH Ophelia.—The stage-direction in the quarto, 1603, is curiously minute: "Enter Ophelia, playing on a lute, and her hair down, singing." She therefore accompanied herself in her fragments of ballads.—COL.

"Ophelia's madness is not the suspension, but the utter destruction of the reasoning powers: it is the total imbecility which, as medical people well know, too frequently follows some terrible shock to the spirits. Constance is frantic; Lear is mad; Ophelia is *insane*.



[Danish lutes.]

Her sweet mind lies in fragments before us—a pitiful spectacle! Her wild, rambling fancies; her aimless, broken speeches; her quick transitions from gayety to sadness—each equally purposeless and causeless; her snatches of old ballads, such as perhaps her nurse sang her to sleep with in her infancy—are all so true to the life, that we forget to wonder, and can only weep. It belonged to Shakespeare alone, so to temper such a picture that we can endure to dwell upon it—

> "Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
> She turns to favour and to prettiness."

That in her madness she should exchange her bashful silence for empty babbling, her sweet maidenly demeanour for the impatient restlessness that spurns at straws, and say and sing precisely what she never would or could have uttered had she been in possession of her reason, is so far from being an impropriety, that it is an additional stroke of nature. It is one of the symptoms of this species of insanity, as we are assured by physicians. I have myself known one instance, in the case of a young Quaker girl, whose character resembled that of Ophelia, and whose malady arose from a similar cause."—Mrs. Jameson.

"Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?"

Sir Joshua Reynolds observes that there is no part of this play, in its representation on the stage, more pathetic than this scene; which he supposes to arise from the utter insensibility of Ophelia to her own misfortunes. "A great sensibility or none at all, (says he,) seems to produce the same effect. In the latter case, the audience supply what is wanting; and with the former they sympathize."

Over her, "the sweet Ophelia," even Johnson descends from his stern censorship to mourn, as "the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious;" while Hazlitt, in a strain of passionate eloquence, exclaims: "Ophelia is a character almost too exquisitely touching to be dwelt upon. 'Oh, rose of May!' oh, flower too soon faded! Her love, her madness, her death, are described with the truest touches of tenderness and pathos. It is a character which nobody but Shakespeare could have drawn in the way he has done; and to the conception of which there is not the smallest approach, except in some of the old romantic ballads."

Mrs. Jameson, after having pourtrayed with great beauty and truth the effect of Ophelia's character, has with equal delicacy of discrimination, shown the principle by which that effect is produced:—"It is the helplessness of Ophelia, arising merely from her innocence, and pictured without any indication of weakness, which melts us with such profound pity. She is so young, that neither her mind nor her person have attained maturity; she is not aware of the nature of her own feelings; they are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them; and love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. She says very little, and what she does say seems rather intended to hide than to reveal the emotions of her heart; yet in those few words we are made as perfectly acquainted with her character, and with what is passing in her mind, as if she had thrown forth her soul with all the glowing eloquence of Juliet."

"God 'ild you"—for God yield you, reward you.

"They say, the owl was a baker's daughter."

This transformation is said to be a common tradition in Gloucestershire. It is thus related by Mr. Douce: "Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat: the mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough in the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size: the dough, however, immediately began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size; whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour to transform her into that bird, for her wickedness." The story is related to deter children from illiberal behaviour to the poor.

"Which bewept to the grave did NOT *go."*—The quarto, 1603, and the folio have "grave," the other quartos *ground;* but all authorities read "did *not* go," which Pope considered an error; but she alters the song in reference to her father's "obscure funeral," as mentioned by Laertes and the King.

"In HUGGER-MUGGER."—This word, now used only in a ludicrous sense, was formerly employed to express any hurried or clandestine manner.

"The ocean, overpeering of his list."

Breaking over his boundary. The phrase is used and explained in Henry IV.—

> "The very list, the very utmost bound
> Of all our fortunes."

"O! this is COUNTER"—To hunt "counter," is to hunt contrary to the proper course.

"O, how the WHEEL."—Stevens and Singer have shown that the *wheel* is the burthen of the song or ballad.

Scene VII.

"Of the unworthiest SIEGE."—*Siege* is here used as in Othello, (act i. scene 2, &c.,) for *seat;* and denotes place or rank, as in other poets of that age.

"— the SCRIMERS *of their nation"*—*Escrimeur* is French for a fencer; and hence "scrimer."

"A sword UNBATED"—i. e. not *blunted:* in Love's Labour Lost, (act i. scene 1,) we meet with the word "bate" for *blunt*—

> "That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge."

"A wager on your CUNNINGS"—On the skill of each of you; as in our English Bible—"Let my right hand forget her cunning."

"— your venom'd STUCK"—So all the copies, excepting the quarto, 1637, which has *tuck*, a word sometimes used for a sword; but "stuck" is warranted by its etymology, *stoccata*, a term in the art of fencing: "venom'd stuck" is equivalent to "venom'd *thrust.*"—Col.

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook."

In this exquisite passage, I have, with the correction of two literal errors, and one word from the quartos, followed the folio reading. The ordinary text is from the quartos, with a conjectural emendation of "Therewith fantastic garlands did she make," for "There, with fantastic garlands did she make," as it appears in

all the quartos. Independently of the external evidence, the sense is clearer; and the passage has, to my ear, especially in the repetition of "there," a more touching melody than in the other readings.

Instead, however, of "the snatches of old *tunes*," of the folio and modern editions, I have restored the reading of the quarto, "old *lauds*," i. e. hymns of praise, psalms, canticles, or chants of thanksgiving. This word could not have crept accidentally into all the earlier editions; while *tunes*, as more familiar, may well have been afterwards substituted in the playhouse copies. Besides, this is more congruous to the next line; *chanting* harmonizes best with *lauds;* and the "chanting snatches of lauds," would indicate one "incapable of her own distress;" while *tunes* might have been wild—expressive of sorrow and lament.

"*Liberal*" is here used, as in Othello and elsewhere, for "free in language."

ACT V.—Scene I.

"*Crowner's quest-law.*"—Sir John Hawkins originally pointed out that this ludicrous description of "crowner's quest-law" was, in all probability, "a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden. This was a case regarding the forfeiture of a lease, in consequence of the suicide of Sir James Hales. The precise thing, however, ridiculed, is in the speech of one of the counsel in the case:—

"Walsh said that the act consists of three parts. The first is the imagination, which is a reflection or meditation of the mind, whether or no it is convenient for him to destroy himself, and what way it can be done. The second is the resolution, which is a determination of the mind to destroy himself, and to do it in this or that particular way. The third is the perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do. And this perfection consists of two parts, the beginning and the end. The beginning is the doing of the act which causes the death, and the end is the death, which is only a sequel to the act."

Again, the reasoning of one of the judges is nearly equal to that of the clown:—

"Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning; and who drowned him? Sir James Hales: and when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales, being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done no other way but by divesting out of him, from the time of the act done in his life which was the cause of his death, the title and property of those things which he had in his lifetime."

It is clear that the ridicule here was especially meant for the case and argument above cited. Nor is there any thing very marvellous in a well-informed man, of general curiosity, having looked into and found matter of mirth in a book of reports published in his own time. It is indeed a natural illusion to suppose that such a book appeared to Shakespeare as it does now to the unprofessional reader, when seen clad in the solemn terrors of black letter and the antique mystery of law French. But the black letter was a customary mode of printing in the poet's youth, and the French of Westminster-Hall very much resembled the Norman-French then still in familiar use as a common accomplishment. The poet having acquired that, as his historical plays show him to have done, it was no more strange for him to look into a remarkable report, pointed out by any of the "better brothers" of the courts, than for one of our authors to look into the State Trials, or Wheaton's Reports. The difficulty to be explained in Shakespeare's legal allusions is not in his use of matter so rich in absurd ingenuity as Dame Hales's case, but in the careless variety and playful abundance of his technical allusions, indicating a familiarity rarely acquired except by professional studies. In these he is invariably accurate, and his knowledge is far beyond the general information acquired by men of property and business, in their ordinary affairs, even at this day. It is the more remarkable in an age when the legal mysteries were much more jealously guarded than now from lay intrusion. Junius has been shown by a learned lawyer (Charles Butler) not to have been a law-bred man, from an error in allusion to the law of real property, although he was competent to discuss constitutional questions. In any particular point, reading and inquiry may protect the mere literary man from error as to any legal subject selected for literary use; though Lord Coke denies even that as to the clergy. It is the transient and careless allusion that proves habitual familiarity, and would indicate the great poet to have been, in some way or other, at some early period of life, connected with the law.

"*Even Christian.*"—As, we now say, "Fellow-Christian."

"*To play at* loggats *with them.*"—"Loggats" is a game still much used in some parts of England, particularly Norwich, and its vicinity. A stake is fixed in the ground, at which the loggats (small logs or pieces of wood) are thrown. The sport may be considered a rude kind of quoits.—*Illust. Shak.*

"*Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer?*"—Here is a profusion of legal lore, much of which has become obsolete in the progress of legal reform, even in England. Ritson, who was a lawyer, may explain:—"A recovery with *double voucher* is the one usually suffered, and is so called from *two* persons being successively *voucher*, or called upon to warrant the tenant's title. Both *fines* and *recoveries* are fictions of law, used to convert an estate-tail into a fee-simple. Statutes are (not acts of parliament) but statutes *merchant*, and staple, particular modes of *recognizance* or acknowledgment for securing *debts*, which thereby become a charge upon the party's land. *Statutes* and *recognizances* are constantly mentioned together in the covenants of a purchase deed."

The play upon "parchment" in the next lines, refers to deeds, (always written upon parchment in England,) being, in legal language, "common assurances."

"*The* card."—The "seaman's card" of Macbeth; a sea chart.

"*Picked*"—Is explained by Minshew, in his dictionary, as "trimmed or dressed sprucely."

"*It was that very day that young Hamlet was born.*"

Judge Blackstone remarks on this as a slip of memory in the poet. It appears, from what the Gravedigger subsequently says, that Hamlet must have been at this period thirty years old; and yet, in the early part of the play, we are told of his intention to return to school at Wittenberg. In the first quarto, Yorick's skull is said to have laid in the ground *twelve* years, instead of *three-and-twenty*, as at present.

The editor of the Illustrated edition acutely remarks that "It is probable that, in the reconstruction of the play, Shakespeare perceived that the general depth of Hamlet's philosophy indicated a mind too mature for the possession of a very young man."

"Imperial *Cæsar.*"—So the folio; the quartos, *imperious:* the words were often used indifferently.—Col.

"*Virgin* rites."—So the folio. The reading of the quarto, which is usually followed, is "crants," which means garlands. But the "maiden strewments" are the flowers, the garlands, which piety scatters over the

bier of the young and innocent. The "rites" included these, and "the bringing home of bell and burial," i. e. *with* bell and burial.

Warburton conjectured "chants;" I think with Johnson that "crants" was the original word, which the author discovering to be provincial and not understood, changed to a term more intelligible. I judge it to be the author's own correction, both because it is an improvement for the reasons above stated, and from its analogy to the phrase "rites of war" applied to Hamlet's obsequies, at the end of the play.

"*Woul't drink up* ESILL *?*"—"Esill" was formerly a term in common use for vinegar; and thus some have thought that Hamlet here meant, Will you take a draught of something very disagreeable? There is, however, little doubt that he referred to the river Yssell, Issell, or Izel, the most northern branch of the Rhine, and that which is the nearest to Denmark. Stow and Drayton are familiar with the name.

Scene II.

"*Worse than the* MUTINES *in the* BILBOES."—Here again we have "mutines" for *mutineers*, as in "King John." The "bilboes" seem to have been so called from the place where they were originally made, Bilboa, and they consisted of an iron bar with rings for confining the hands or legs of offenders on board ship.

"*And stand a* COMMA."—Caldecott explains this—"Continue the passage or intercourse of amity between them, and prevent the interposition of a period to it."

"*I'll* COUNT *his favours.*—Rowe reads "court" for "count," with very considerable plausibility: however, "count" may be the word in the sense of *count upon;* or as Singer interprets, "make account of his goodwill."

"*Is it not possible to understand in another tongue?*" Walter Scott has made the reader familiar with the "euphemisms" or finical phraseology of Elizabeth's court, here ridiculed, as used by Osric, and retorted in a caricatured extravagance by Hamlet, until Horatio impatiently asks if it is not possible to understand in another tongue; i. e. that of common use.

"*Ere you had done.*"—Horatio refers to the explanatory comment upon the body of a work, sometimes inserted in the margin of the page.

"*It is such a kind of gain-giving as would trouble a woman.*"—"Gain-giving," or giving against, is in present use, misgiving.

Coleridge remarks, "Shakespeare seems to mean all Hamlet's character to be brought together before his final disappearance from the scene; his meditative excess in the grave-digging, his yielding to passion with Laertes, his love for Ophelia blazing out, his tendency to generalize on all occasions in the dialogue with Horatio, his fine gentlemanly manners with Osric, and his and Shakespeare's own fondness for presentiment:—

'But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.' "

"*Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.*"—We have preferred here the reading of the quarto, 1604: the folio has, "Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?" omitting "Let be." Johnson thus paraphrases, "Since no man can tell what other years will produce, why should he be afraid of leaving life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it be an exclusion of happiness or an interruption of calamity."

"*Fond and winnowed opinions.*"—This is the folio reading, and may well mean that such frothy facility imposes alike on fond (or weak) judgments, and those more critical. If this is not satisfactory, we must adopt one of the conjectural emendations; as Mason's, "sound and winnowed;"—or Singer's, "fanned and winnowed."

"*In the cup an* UNION *shall be thrown.*"—So the folio, rightly; a *union* being the most valuable kind of pearl. Some of the quartos read "onyx."

"*He's fat, and scant of breath.*"—There are few readers among the young of either sex—very few, it is to be feared, among the ladies—who are not somewhat shocked at this notice of Hamlet's person, slight and transient as it is. In our own day, especially, the shadowy Hamlet of the imagination has been filled up and made distinct to the mind's eye by the grand, graceful, and intellectual representation of the Prince in the Kemble-Hamlet of Sir T. Lawrence, and the excellent engravings from that majestic portrait.

The probable, though very unpoetical, explanation of the apparently needless introduction of these words, is drawn from one of those hard necessities of the stage which so often mar the delicate creations of the fancy, by embodying them in the coarser forms of material imitation. It arose from the necessity of apologizing for the personal appearance and action of Richard Burbage, the "English Roscius" of his time, who was the original Hamlet.

Mr. Collier has corrected the opinion of former editors that Taylor was the original actor of Hamlet. We know from the manuscript Elegy upon Burbage, sold among Heber's books, that he was the earliest representative of Hamlet; and there the circumstance of his being "fat and scant of breath," in the fencing-scene, is noticed the very words of Shakespeare:—

> "No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
> Shall cry 'Revenge!' for his dear father's death."

Thus it happened, oddly enough, that the original Hamlet resembled in all respects, the original Orestes of Racine, (and Orestes is the Hamlet of the classic drama,) in which Montfleuri's impassioned declamation produced a wonderful effect, "*malgré* (says the critical Geoffroy) *l'énormité de son embonpoint.*"

Yet it would require no great ingenuity to array a fair show of reasons (it may, perhaps, already have been done in Germany) why this casual speech may not be meant as a hint of the poet's own notion of our hero's constitution and temperament. His own observation had noted that the formidable conspirator, the dangerous enemy, the man of iron will and prompt execution, resembled the lean and hungry Cassius;" while a fuller habit denoted a more indolent will, though it might be accompanied with an active intellect. But, to consider it so, "were to consider too curiously." We may be content to acquiesce in Mr. Collier's solution.

With this matter-of-fact explanation, these words may be considered as no more than a stage-direction for a particular purpose, not a permanent part of the text; and the reader's imagination may be free to paint for itself, according to its own tastes and associations, the ideal presence of him who is elsewhere described as—

> "That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,"
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "The expectancy and rose of this fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

"*— the occurrents, more and less,*
Which have solicited."——

Hooker and Bacon use "occurrents" for events, occurrences; as here. "Solicited," for excited, prompted. Hamlet's conduct was importunately urged on, in the sense of the "supernatural soliciting," in Macbeth. In the same sense, Milton speaks of resisting Satan's "sollicitations," i. e. his temptations, strong inducements to evil.

"*Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters.*"

Several critics (Goëthe among them) have remarked, that the catastrophe of this drama resembles those fa-

miliar to the Greek tragedy, where royal families, stained like that of Denmark, with "carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts," are swept away by the torrent of irresistible destiny, confounding the innocent with the guilty in one common fate, while the sceptre passes to some unlineal hand. As Shakespeare has here entirely departed from the old legend, which made Hamlet, after punishing his father's murder, succeed to the throne; and as it is not his custom to vary from the popular history or fable on which his drama happens to be founded, without some cogent reason; it is clear, that this catastrophe seemed to him essential to the great end and effect of his poem. But its resemblance with the Grecian stage is one of coincidence, not of imitation. His theology or his philosophy holds, instead of ancient Destiny, an over-ruling Providence, directing man's weak designs to its own wise purposes :—

"— a divinity, that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

It is this, and not fixed fate, that at last nerves Hamlet's wavering will to be the instrument of signal judicial punishment. But the avenger is made to fall in the common ruin. To this the poet was led, neither by learned imitation nor by philosophical theory, but from his own sympathy with the character he had created. He could not but feel, as to this loved child of his fancy, what he has expressed as to Lear; and therefore would not—

"— upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

What could prolonged life,—what could power or royal pomp, do for Hamlet? Surely nothing, according to Shakespeare's habitual estimate of the worthlessness of life's empty shows. They could not restore to him the "freshness of the heart;" they could only leave him to toil on, and groan under the load of a weary existence.

To the general mind this might not so appear; and for that very reason it was the more necessary that the grand, melancholy effect of the Prince's character and story should not be weakened by any vulgar triumph at the close, confounding him with the common herd of romantic and dramatic heroes.

"— *Let four captains*
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally."

Coleridge remarks, that "The character of Hamlet may be traced to Shakespeare's deep and accurate science in mental philosophy; that the character must have some connection with the common fundamental laws of nature, may be assumed from the fact that Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered." Besides the vexed question of the nature and degree of his mental malady, the intellectual peculiarities, and the moral cast of his character and conduct, have also afforded matter for much discussion. They have been flippantly assailed by Stevens, and dogmatically pronounced by Schlegel to exhibit a strange mixture of constitutional deceit, and hypocrisy, and universal skepticism; while they have been analyzed in a higher mood of feeling and eloquence by Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Mrs. Jameson, Hallam, the Pictorial editor, and several anonymous critics of almost equal ability. The very fact and nature of these differing opinions, and the manner they are entertained by readers according to their own several habits of thought and life,—all equally attest the truth and reality of the character which is thus examined, not as a figment of the imagination, which may be ever so incongruous, but as a real personage, out of and far above the common class of minds, upon whose principles, motives, and actions, different men may come to different conclusions. It is not a character of ideal perfection, either moral or mental; but, while it commands our admiration by brilliant qualities and lofty intellect, it is brought down to the level of our sympathy, and even of our compassion, by no common share of human weakness, error, and suffering.

Goëthe has pointed out the leading characteristic of Hamlet, upon which the interest of the whole drama mainly depends.

He says—"It is clear to me that Shakespeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action, imposed as a duty, upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. In this sense, I find the character consistent throughout. Here is an oak planted in a china vase, proper to receive only the most delicate flowers: the roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitutes the hero, sinks under a load which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon altogether. *All* his obligations are sacred to him; but this alone is above his powers. An impossibility is required at his hands; not an impossibility in itself, but that which is so to him. Observe how he shifts, turns, hesitates, advances, and recedes; how he is continually reminded and reminding himself of his great commission, which he, nevertheless, in the end, seems almost entirely to lose sight of; and this without ever recovering his former tranquillity."

Coleridge's theory of Hamlet's character cannot be omitted. Without assenting to his intimation that Shakespeare drew it with any direct intent to inculcate a lesson of intellectual discipline, still we must allow the original and profound truth of the criticism; the truer, we believe, and the more striking, because the critic drew his theory from his own character and experience.

Shakespeare, painting from nature, (perhaps from himself,) has given to his hero the endowments and the defects common, in various degrees or proportions, to one of the nobler classes of human intellects; and to that very class Coleridge himself belonged. He says—

"In Hamlet, he (Shakespeare) seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds,—an *equilibrium* between the real and imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed: his thoughts, and the images of his fancy, are far more vivid than his actual perceptions,—and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and colour not naturally their own. Hence, we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment :—Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve."

The first edition of Hamlet bears the marks of a pirated and very inaccurate copy; still, it is as manifestly not a mutilated abridgment of the piece as we now have it, but an imperfect transcript of the poet's original sketch. This appears from the fact, that the difference consists not only in improved dialogue, added poetry of language and imagery, and more excursive thought, but also in some variation of the plot, as well as minor changes as to names, etc. Polonius is called Corambis. The Queen is made to attest her own innocence of her husband's murder. In the closet-scene, as the Ghost disappears, instead of—

"This is the very coinage of your brain"—

the Queen says—

"Alas! it is the weakness of thy brain
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy heart's grief.
But, as I have a soul, I swear to heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder.
But, Hamlet, this is only fantasy," etc.

The following scene also, differs too materially from the revised play to be omitted :—

Enter HORATIO *and the* QUEEN.

Hor. Madam, your son is safe arrived in Denmarke,
This letter I even now received of him,
Whereas he writes how he escaped the danger
And subtle treason that the King had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the winds,
He found the packet sent to the King of England,
Wherein he saw himself betrayed to death,
As at his next conversion with your grace
He will relate the circumstance at full.
Queen. Then I perceive there's treason in his looks,
That seemed to sugar o'er his villanies:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous minds are always jealous;
But know not you, Horatio, where he is?
Hor. Yes, madam, and he hath appointed me
To meet him on the east side of the city
To-morrow morning.
Queen. O fail not, good Horatio, and withal commend mo
A mother's care to him, bid him awhile
Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Fail in that he goes about.
Hor. Madam, never make doubt of that;
I think by this the news be come to court
He is arrived: observe the King, and you shall
Quickly find, Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his mind.
Queen. But what became of Gilderstone and Rossencraft?
Hor. He being set ashore, they went for England,
And in the packet there writ down that doom
To be performed on them 'pointed for him:
And by great chance he had his father's seal,
So all was done without discovery.
Queen. Thanks be to heaven for blessing of the prince.
Horatio, once again I take my leave,
With thousand mother's blessings to my son.
Hor. Madam, adieu!

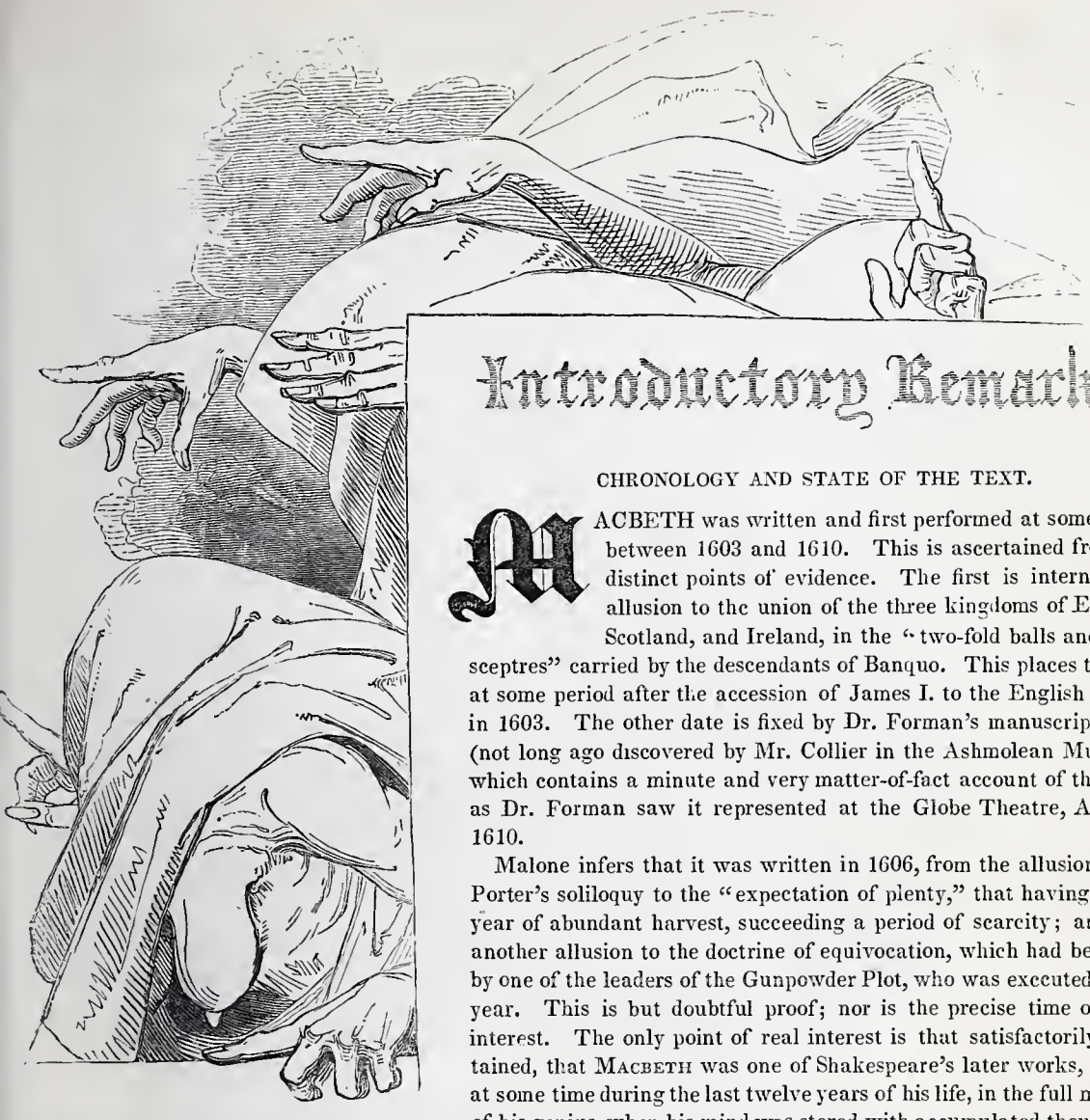
Coleridge, who had not seen this early sketch, has observed, that "the character of the Queen is left in an unpleasant perplexity. Was she, or was she not, conscious of the fratricide?" Most readers have felt this doubt; but the early edition shows that this very effect was intended by the poet. In his revision he suppressed the evidence of Gertrude's freedom from the more atrocious guilt; and this was evidently done to heighten the mysterious gloom of the interest, and to leave another cause of horrible suspicion to prey upon his hero's mind.

Why, look you there! how it steals away!

MACBETH.

LADY M. And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this. ACT I. SCENE VII.

Act II., Scene 1



Introductory Remarks

CHRONOLOGY AND STATE OF THE TEXT.

MACBETH was written and first performed at some period between 1603 and 1610. This is ascertained from two distinct points of evidence. The first is internal: the allusion to the union of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the "two-fold balls and treble sceptres" carried by the descendants of Banquo. This places the date at some period after the accession of James I. to the English throne, in 1603. The other date is fixed by Dr. Forman's manuscript diary, (not long ago discovered by Mr. Collier in the Ashmolean Museum,) which contains a minute and very matter-of-fact account of this play, as Dr. Forman saw it represented at the Globe Theatre, April 20, 1610.

Malone infers that it was written in 1606, from the allusion in the Porter's soliloquy to the "expectation of plenty," that having been a year of abundant harvest, succeeding a period of scarcity; and from another allusion to the doctrine of equivocation, which had been held by one of the leaders of the Gunpowder Plot, who was executed in that year. This is but doubtful proof; nor is the precise time of much interest. The only point of real interest is that satisfactorily ascertained, that MACBETH was one of Shakespeare's later works, written at some time during the last twelve years of his life, in the full maturity of his genius, when his mind was stored with accumulated thought and knowledge, and his imagination fertile and daring as ever, yet subjected to his judgment. It is (to use Hallam's happy phrase) "a grand epic drama," distinguished even among his own writings, and unsurpassed by any other author, for its overpowering unity of effect, amid the most magnificent abundance of thought and incident.

While, in some of his plays, as in HAMLET, the framework of plot and character may have been first prepared, to be subsequently enriched by poetry or humour; and while in others he seems not "master of his genius" but mastered by it, and to follow the inspirations of his fancy as they were suggested by the story, or evolved themselves from each other, as unexpectedly to himself as to his reader,—MACBETH appears to me to have been completely meditated out before any part was written; so that it was presented to the poet's mind in all its parts, as a single conception, and the actual composition then

"— flew an eagle's flight, bold and forth on."

This is evidenced in the crowded rapidity of the action, and the hurried intensity of varied passion, all bearing to one end; so that the reader, at the close of an act, looks back with surprise at the small number of pages which have described so vividly such a multitude of stirring incidents and emotions. It is also shown in its compressed and suggestive diction, leaving no doubt as to the general idea intended, yet rather hinting the sense than fully developing it; and therefore more intelligible to the hearer, when spoken, than it is distinct to the reader. This is, indeed, a common occurrence in Shakespeare's verse, but it is a more special characteristic of this drama. This solemn yet fervid rapidity of imperfectly uttered thought, is the main cause here, as it is sometimes in his other plays, of the doubts and variations as to the text, and consequent conjectural emendation.

The only editions of MACBETH of original authority are that of the folio of 1623, and (perhaps) the very slightly varying one in the second folio. There are, therefore, no contending authorities for the various readings. In the original, there are some obvious errors, either of the press or of the early transcribers of the manuscript copy, and some other obscurities which may, perhaps, arise from such errors. But, in general, I have not hesitated to reject conjectural emendations, and to restore the original text wherever it can be explained from the ancient

use of language, or from the Shakespearian peculiarity of allusive and (if the phrase may be allowed) sketchy freedom of expression.

But there is another cause of modern critical innovation upon the old text, which runs through all the later editions, with the single exception of those of Knight. Some of the finest passages of MACBETH have been subjected to it. It arises from what has acquired the technical name of the regulation of the metre. The English dramatic metre of Shakespeare's age is one of the happiest peculiarities of our language and literature—unrivalled, for its purpose, in any other. It is founded on the English heroic ten-syllable measure, or blank verse; but it adapts that general rhythm to the utmost freedom of colloquial dialogue, and varying expression of sentiment or passion; passing from a careless rhythm, just rising above numerous prose, to strictly regular versification, often broken into imperfect lines; then flowing over into the hypermeter or supernumerary syllable in the line; or else into long, resounding Alexandrines; even, occasionally, admitting the rhyming couplet. The errors of the old transcribers or editors of Shakespeare had doubtless sometimes confused his lines, and marred his versification; and the earlier editors of the last century, Rowe, and Theobald, have made some judicious restorations of the metre, along with others of a more doubtful character. Since their time it has been the apparent design of their successors, and especially of Stevens, to reduce the dramatic verse, wherever it is in any way possible, to the regular ten-syllable blank verse. This is effected chiefly by taking the lines to pieces, and joining them together in a new order, breaking up the hemistich, lopping off some words and syllables, and inserting others. The poetry, language, and imagery cannot be destroyed; but the dramatic muse, thus compelled to march to the measured cadence of epic verse, cannot but acquire something of the cold dignity of epic narrative. Not unfrequently, too, the effect is to destroy the original melody to the ear, and make a regular verse which is verse only to the eye. John Kemble has the merit of having been the first to protest against this arbitrary regulation. Thirty years ago, in his "Essay on Macbeth and Richard III.," he maintained that "the native wood-notes wild," that could delight the cultivated ear of Milton, must not be modulated anew to indulge those who read verses by their fingers." Indeed, Milton's works prove him to have been the most devoted student of the "easy numbers" of him whom he has addressed as the "Great heir of fame;" and his own verses are the best commentary on those of Shakespeare. When, therefore, this great master of that regular rhythm which he styles "the English heroic verse without rhyme," in his "Sampson Agonistes" (a drama expressly designed for the closet only) breathed forth his own wrongs and lamentations in the person of his blinded and captive hero, he passed at once from the regular epic measure into broken and varied lines, such as he used to read in his folio Shakespeare, but which Stevens and others have laboured to eject from the popular text.

Mr. Knight's editions have, among other great merits, that of rejecting these critical innovations which I regret to observe Collier has too frequently retained, especially in MACBETH. In this edition, the original metrical arrangement of the first and second folios has been preserved, except in a few passages where the corrections commend themselves to the ear and sense, and have the sanction of all prior editors from Rowe and Pope, and especially where they are made without arbitrary omission or transposition of words or insertion of expletives.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

THE traditionary story of Macbeth, on which this drama is founded, is related by Hollingshed in his "Chronicles," first published in London, 1577; and also by George Buchanan, in his Latin "History of Scotland," printed in Edinburgh, 1582. Both of these narratives contain not only the naked historical outline but the principal incidents of the drama, as the prophecy of Macbeth's destiny and that of Banquo's issue, the interview between Macduff and Malcolm, and the influence of Macbeth's wife, whom Hollingshed describes as "burning with unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." They differ from each other in various minor particulars: thus, the prophecy of the weird sisters, related by Hollingshed as it is in the play, Buchanan relates as made in a dream, wherein three women of more than human majesty successively hailed Macbeth as Thane of Angus, of Murray, and as King. It is thus clear that Shakespeare used Hollingshed's chronicle only, as he has not only embodied in his plot all the incidents there related, but has largely used the old chronicler's dialogue and language, without employing any of the variations or peculiarities of Buchanan's version of the story. He has also interwoven with the narrative of Duncan's murder the incidents of the assassination of King Duff by Donald, as Hollingshed relates them. These are also told by Buchanan.

The only doubt as to Shakespeare's degree of obligation to the great Scotch historian is, whether or no he is not indebted to him directly or indirectly for the suggestion of this subject as fitted for dramatic use, Buchanan having given as a reason for omitting some of the supernatural parts of the tradition, that they were more fit for the stage than for the historian—"*theatris aptiora quam historiæ.*" Such a hint, given by the learned preceptor of the then reigning British sovereign might well have reached the poet at the time when London was filled with educated and accomplished Scotchmen, at the accession of their countryman to the English throne; even supposing the poet to have no knowledge of the history itself. But if he got his suggestion from this quarter, it is quite certain that he relied entirely on his customary historical authority, Hollingshed, for his materials.

More recent antiquarians have carried historical skepticism even further than Buchanan, and not content with paring off or explaining away the supernatural appendages of the narrative, have maintained upon the authority of Irish annals and Norse sagas, that "the contest between Duncan and Macbeth was a contest of factions, and that Macbeth was raised to the throne by his Norwegian allies, after a battle in which Duncan was killed, and

that after a long rule, he was himself vanquished and killed by the son of Duncan, supported by his English allies."* This may possibly be the truth, yet on such a question, considered merely historically, I would rather depend upon the Scotch Livy, who has weighed the history and traditions in a most impartial spirit, stripped off the apparently fabulous decorations, and even rendered the bloody usurper the strict justice of an unbiased historian, by relating, together with his crimes, his great wisdom and merit as a ruler. But the controversy is of little moment to the modern reader. The naked facts of petty and semi-barbarous civil war are but shadows of the past, too faint to leave any trace on the memory or the heart; while the romantic tradition, stamped by the mighty poet with the living truths of human nature, has become a part of the real and present history of man.

(Macbeth's Castle.)

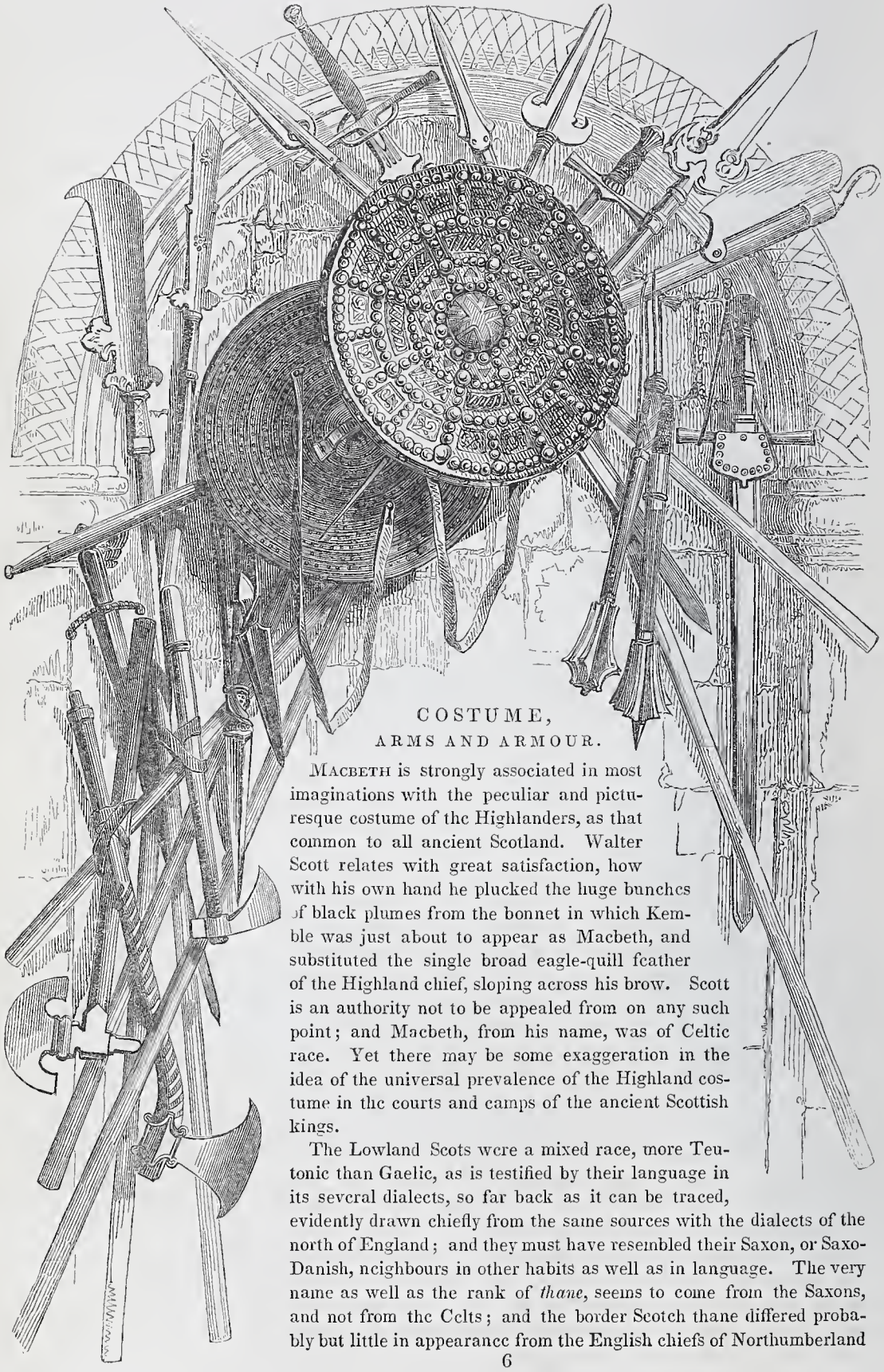
LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

The scenes of the several incidents of Macbeth's story have been preserved both in history and in Scottish tradition, though with contending claims as to the precise locality of some of them. The general accuracy with which the localities are spoken of in the play, has led to the inquiry, whether the poet had himself visited those places, or drew his impressions from secondary sources. It has been within a few years ascertained by Mr. Collier, that an English theatrical company, called the "Queen's Comedians," performed at Edinburgh, in 1589, as it had before been known that they had been north of the Tweed in 1599, and were at Aberdeen in 1601. It is, therefore, not improbable that Shakespeare accompanied them in some of their excursions. Even if he had not made a part of these theatrical expeditions, there is nothing improbable in his having visited Scotland at some other time. The expected accession of the Scottish king to the English throne had greatly increased the intercourse between the two countries; and although it was not an easy journey in those days, yet Shakespeare may have performed it on horseback in company with noble and wealthy friends, as poor Ben Jonson did some time after on foot.

If, however, the poet had not personally visited those scenes, it is evident that he had taken pains to inform himself accurately in the topography of his story, as well as in the general history and geography of Scotland.

It has, therefore, been thought proper to transfer to this edition all the views and sketches of the historical or traditionary scenes of action contained in the late English editions, and to add to the notes the interesting local illustrations contributed by Miss Martineau to the Pictorial Shakespeare.

* Skene's "Highlanders in Scotland."



COSTUME,

ARMS AND ARMOUR.

MACBETH is strongly associated in most imaginations with the peculiar and picturesque costume of the Highlanders, as that common to all ancient Scotland. Walter Scott relates with great satisfaction, how with his own hand he plucked the huge bunches of black plumes from the bonnet in which Kemble was just about to appear as Macbeth, and substituted the single broad eagle-quill feather of the Highland chief, sloping across his brow. Scott is an authority not to be appealed from on any such point; and Macbeth, from his name, was of Celtic race. Yet there may be some exaggeration in the idea of the universal prevalence of the Highland costume in the courts and camps of the ancient Scottish kings.

The Lowland Scots were a mixed race, more Teutonic than Gaelic, as is testified by their language in its several dialects, so far back as it can be traced, evidently drawn chiefly from the same sources with the dialects of the north of England; and they must have resembled their Saxon, or Saxo-Danish, neighbours in other habits as well as in language. The very name as well as the rank of *thane*, seems to come from the Saxons, and not from the Celts; and the border Scotch thane differed probably but little in appearance from the English chiefs of Northumberland

and Cumberland. Still, in the reigns of Duncan and Macbeth, (A. D., 1034 to 1060,) there may have been a predominance of the ancient Gaelic costume. Besides, whatever antiquarian industry may determine as to the barren fact, the Highland costume is unquestionably the poetic and romantic attire of old Scotia's children. This is thus described by Knight, following and abridging the recent work of Mr. Skene on the Highlanders:—

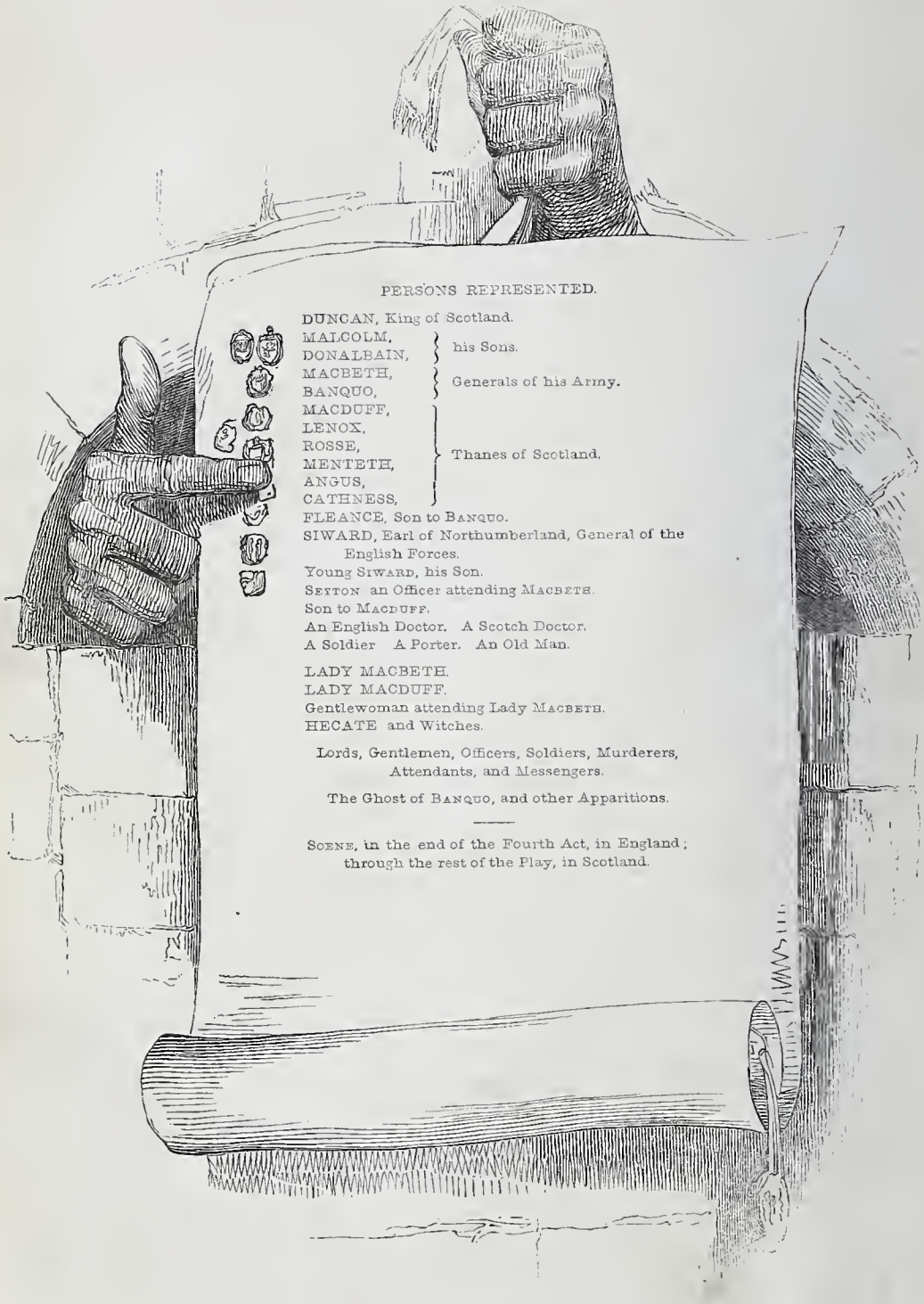
"It would be too much to affirm that the dress, as at present worn, in all its minute details, is ancient; but it is very certain that it is compounded of three varieties in the form of dress which were separately worn by the Highlanders in the seventeenth century, and that each of these may be traced back to the remotest antiquity. These are:—1st, The belted plaid; 2d, The short coat or jacket; 3d, The truis. With each of these, or, at any rate, with the two first, was worn, from the earliest periods to the seventeenth century, the long-sleeved, saffron-stained shirt, of Irish origin, called the Leni-croich. Piscotie, in 1573, says, 'they (the Scotch Highlanders) be cloathed with ane mantle, with ane schirt, saffroned after the Irish manner, going barelegged to the knee.' Niclay d'Arfeville, cosmographer to the King of France, 1583, says, 'they wear, like the Irish, a large full shirt, coloured with saffron, and over this a garment hanging to the knee, of thick wool, after the manner of a cassock (soutane.) They go with bare heads, and allow their hair to grow very long, and they wear neither stockings nor shoes, except some who have buskins (botines) made in a very old fashion, which come as high as the knees.' Lesley, in 1578, says, 'all, both nobles and common people, wore mantles of one sort (except that the nobles preferred those of different colours;) these were long and flowing, but capable of being gathered up at pleasure into folds. . . . . They had also shaggy rugs, such as the Irish use at the present day. . . . . The rest of their garments consisted of *a short woollen jacket*, with the sleeves open below, for the convenience of throwing their darts, and a covering for the thighs of the simplest kind, more for decency than for show or defence against cold. They made also of linen very large shirts, with numerous folds and very large sleeves, which flowed abroad loosely on their knees. These the rich coloured with saffron, and others smeared with some grease to preserve them longer clean among the toils and exercises of a camp,' &c. Here we have the second variety—that of the short woollen jacket with the open sleeves; and this confirms the identity of the ancient Scottish with the ancient Irish dress, as the Irish chieftains who appeared at court in the reign of Elizabeth were clad in these long shirts, short open-sleeved jackets, and long shaggy mantles. The third variety is the truis, or trowse, 'the breeches and stockings of one piece,' of the Irish of the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, and the bracchæ of the Belgic Gauls and southern Britons in that of Cæsar. The truis has hitherto been traced in Scotland only as far back as the year 1538; and many deny its having formed a portion of the more ancient Scottish dress: but independently that the document of the date above mentioned recognises it as *an established 'Highland' garment* at that time, thereby giving one a right to infer its having long previously existed, the incontrovertible fact of a similar article of apparel having been worn by all the chiefs of the other tribes of the great Celtic or Gaelic family is sufficient, to give probability to the belief that it was also worn by those of the ancient Scotch Highlanders. With regard to another hotly disputed point of Scottish costume, the colours of the chequered cloth, commonly called *tartan* and *plaid*, (neither of which names, however, originally signified its variegated appearance, the former being merely the name of the woollen stuff of which it was made, and the latter that of the garment into which it was shaped,) the most general belief is, that the distinction of the clans by a peculiar pattern is of comparatively a recent date: but those who deny 'a coat of many colours' to the ancient Scottish Highlanders altogether must as unceremoniously strip the Celtic Briton or Belgic Gaul of his tunic, 'flowered with various colours in divisions,' in which he has been specifically arrayed by Diodorus Siculus. The chequered cloth was termed in Celtic *breacan*, and the Highlanders give it also the poetical appellation of '*cath-dath*,' signifying 'the strife' or 'war of colours.' In Major's time (1512) the plaids or cloaks of the higher classes alone were variegated. The common people appear to have worn them generally of a brown colour, 'most near,' says Moniepennie, 'to the colour of the hadder' (heather.) Martin, in 1716, speaking of the female attire in the Western Isles, says the ancient dress, which is yet worn by some of the vulgar, called *arisad*, is a white plaid, having a few small stripes of black, blue, and red. The plain black and white stuff, now generally known by the name of 'shepherd's plaid' is evidently, from its simplicity, of great antiquity, and could have been most easily manufactured, as it required no process of dyeing, being composed of the two natural colours of the fleece. Defoe, in his 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' describes the plaid worn in 1639 as 'striped across, red and yellow;' and the portrait of Lacy, the actor, painted in Charles the Second's time, represents him dressed for Sawney the Scot in a red, yellow, and black truis, and belted plaid, or, at any rate, in stuff of the natural yellowish tint of the wool, striped across with black and red.

"For the armour and weapons of the Scotch of the 11th century, we have rather more distinct authority. The sovereign and his Lowland chiefs appear early to have assumed the shirt of ringmail of the Saxon; or, perhaps, the quilted *panzar* of their Norwegian and Danish invaders: but that some of the Highland chieftains disdained such defence must be admitted, from the well-known boast of the Earl of Strathearne, as late as 1138, at the Battle of the Standard:—'I wear no armour,' exclaimed the heroic Gael, 'yet those who do will not advance beyond me this day.' It was indeed the old Celtic fashion for soldiers to divest themselves of almost every portion of covering on the eve of combat, and to rush into battle nearly if not entirely naked.

"The ancient Scottish weapons were the bow, the spear, the claymore (cledheamh-more,) the battle-axe, and the dirk, or bidag, with round targets, covered with bull's-hide, and studded with nails and bosses of brass or iron. For the dress and arms of the Anglo-Saxon auxiliaries of Malcolm, the Bayeux tapestry furnishes the nearest authority.

"The Scottish female habit seems to have consisted, like that of the Saxon, Norman, and Danish women—nay, we may even add, the ancient British—of a long robe, girdled round the waist, and a full and flowing mantle, fastened on the breast by a large buckle or brooch of brass, silver, or gold, and set with common crystals, or precious gems, according to the rank of the wearer. Dio describes Boadicea as wearing a variegated robe; and the ancient mantle worn by Scotch women is described by Martin as chequered, and denominated the *arisad*."

This summary of the learning of the subject seems sufficient for every ordinary purpose of taste or art, whether pictorial or sartorial. It only remains to add, for the benefit of the artist in either line, who may have to deal with the personal costume of Macbeth, that Sir John Sinclair maintains the *truis* to be the more ancient Scottish dress, but that the kilt is a comparatively modern invention; and Walter Scott has pronounced *ex cathedra*, that "whatever Macbeth's garb might have been, a philabeg could have formed no part of it."



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM, } his Sons.
DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } Generals of his Army.
BANQUO, }

MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } Thanes of Scotland.
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, Son to BANQUO.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.

Young SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON an Officer attending MACBETH.

Son to MACDUFF.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier A Porter. An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending Lady MACBETH.

HECATE and Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of BANQUO, and other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the Fourth Act, in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland.

SCENE I.—*An open Place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[*Witches vanish.*

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Fores.*

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So, they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons. [*Exit Soldier, attended.*

Enter Rosse *and* Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed at Saint Colmes' Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

(St. Colmes' Inch.)

(Distant View of the Heath.)

Scene III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:
"Give me," quoth I:—
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1 *Witch.* Th' art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.
2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 *Witch.* A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can.—What are you?
1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.
1 *Witch.* Hail!
2 *Witch.* Hail!
3 *Witch.* Hail!
1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!
1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about,
Or have we eaten on the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent,
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me from him call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine.
Ban. What! can the devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did line the rebel with hidden help
And vantage, or that with both he labour'd
In his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?
Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart to knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is,
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour:—
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—
Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor: or not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,

More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
[*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

(View from the Site of Macbeth's Castle, Inverness.)

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in* MACBETH'S *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending:
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*] The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O! never
Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. *Before the Castle.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle;

(Inverness.)

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love: herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.
Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. *A Room in the Castle.*

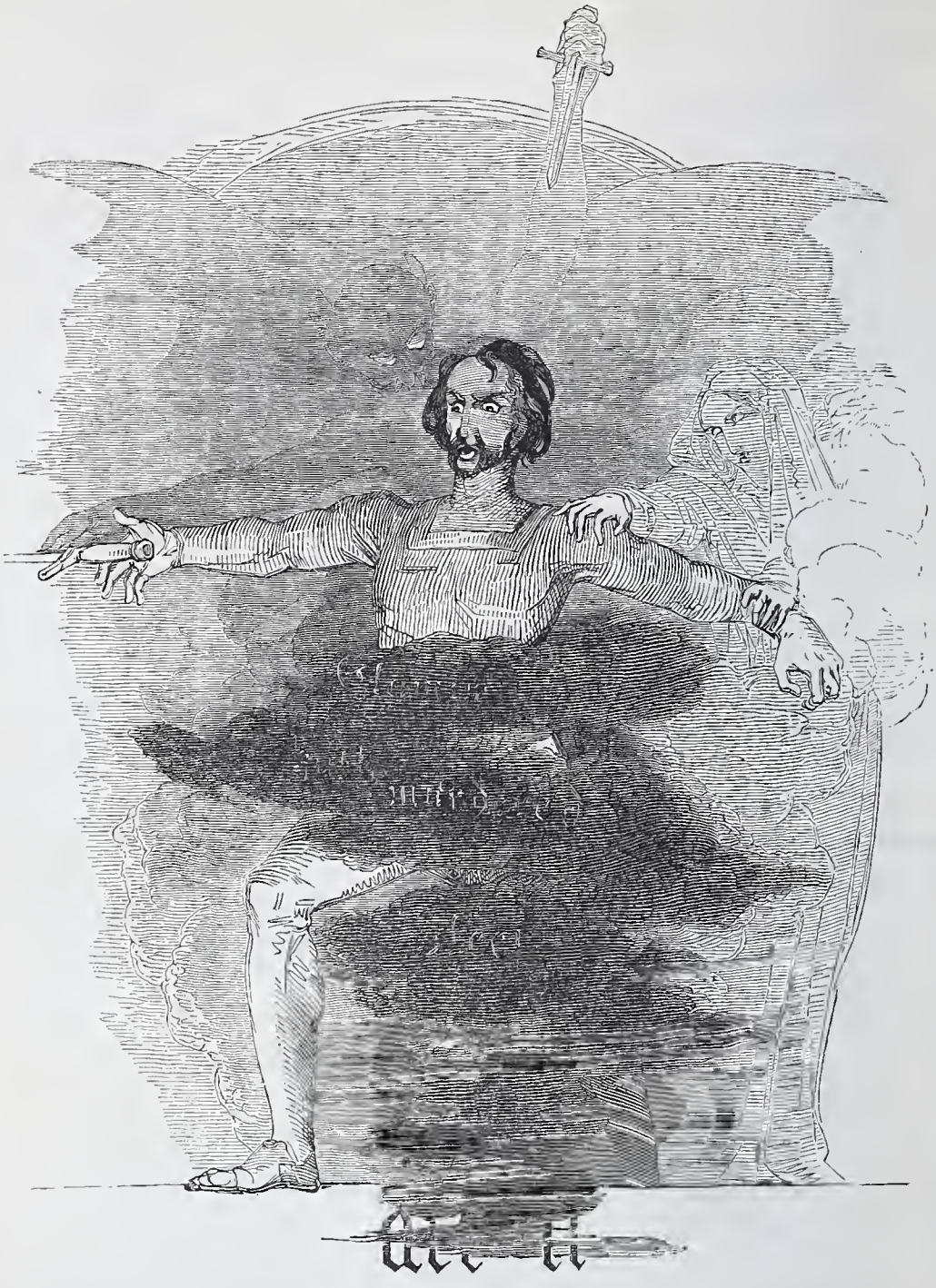
Hautboys and Torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then, enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other——

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady M. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail—?
Lady M. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?
Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled; and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—The Same. *Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE, *with a torch before him.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.—

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir! not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.
[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.
Macb. Go; bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell,
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—
Hark!—Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd,
The fatal bellman, which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it. The doors are open;
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge
With snores. I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
[*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say amen,
When they did say God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit.—Knocking within.*

Lady Macbeth. Hark! I laid their daggers ready; he could not miss them.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?—
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand! No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.—[*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knock.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Same.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?—Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.* Knock, knock. Who's there, in the other devil's name?—'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O! come in,

equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there?—'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon: I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat of me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit* MACDUFF.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down; And, (as they say,) lamentings heard i' the air; Strange screams of death;— And prophesying with accents terrible Of dire combustion, and confus'd events, New hatch'd to the woeful time, The obscure bird clamour'd the livelong night. Some say, the earth was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart, Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece. Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak: See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!

[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder, and treason! Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake! Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, And look on death itself!—up, up, and see The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business, That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O, gentle lady! 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak: The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Enter BANQUO.

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo! Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas! What! in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere. Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself, And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had lived a blessed time, for from this instant There's nothing serious in mortality: All is but toys: renown and grace, is dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

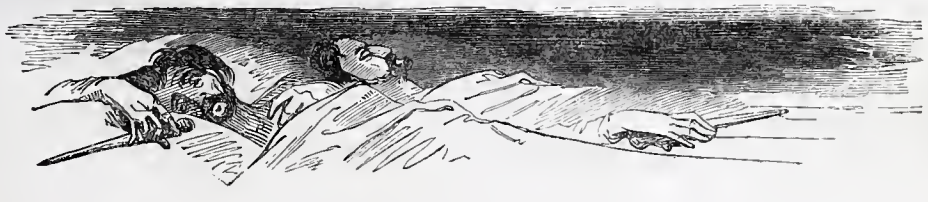
Macb. You are, and do not know't: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O! by whom!

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't. Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood; So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted. No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O! yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.



Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make 's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What should be spoken
Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady.—
[LADY MACBETH *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

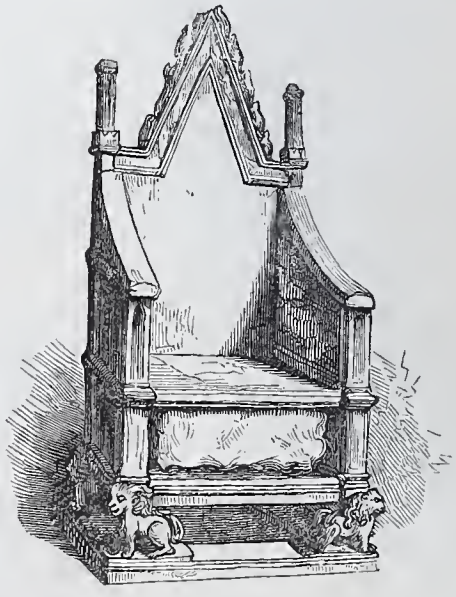
SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSSE *and an Old Man.*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ah! good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travailing lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.
Rosse. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd.
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then, 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill;
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin; I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:—adieu—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*



(Coronation Chair.)

SCENE I.—Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity:
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King; Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt* LADY MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*] To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared: 'tis much he dares;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear, and under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind,
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how crossed; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, "Thus did Banquo."
1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?
1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and grayhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
2 *Mur.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace: always thought,
That I require a clearness: and with him,
To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.
2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord. [*Exeunt M.*
Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *Another Room.*

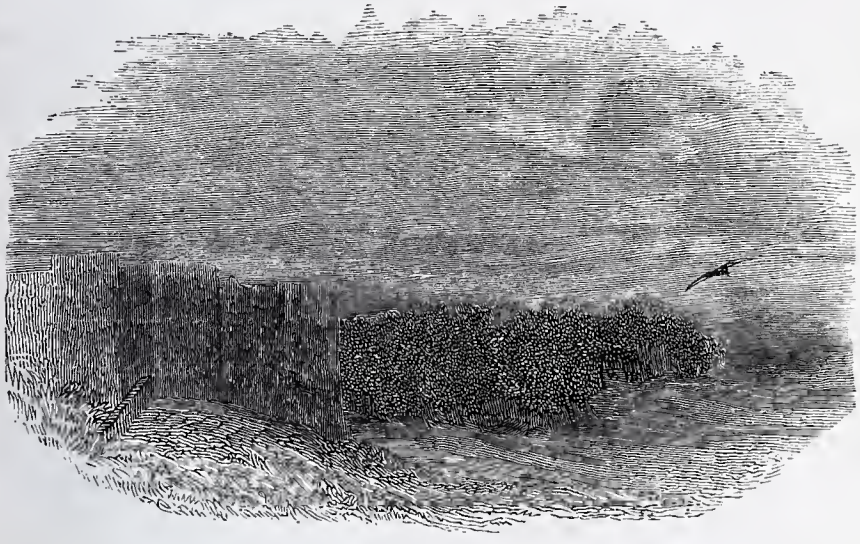
Enter LADY MACBETH *and a Servant.*

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it:
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!
Lady M. Come on:
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these flattering streams, and make our faces
Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife,
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live!
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable:
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*



Light thickens; and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood.

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Park, with a road leading to the Palace.*

Enter Three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then, 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *with a torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
[*Assaults* BANQUO.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!
[*Dies.* FLEANCE *escapes.*
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats;
Yet he is good, that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad, and general as the casing air;
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trench'd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that.—
There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.--Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making;
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness, sit?
[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *enters, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie! for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then, I'll sit down.—Give me some wine: fill full.—

Re-enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not: he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty.
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*
Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And, you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
Song. [*Within.*] *Come away, Come away, &c.*
Hark! I am call'd: my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX *and another Lord.*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead;
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the holy king upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

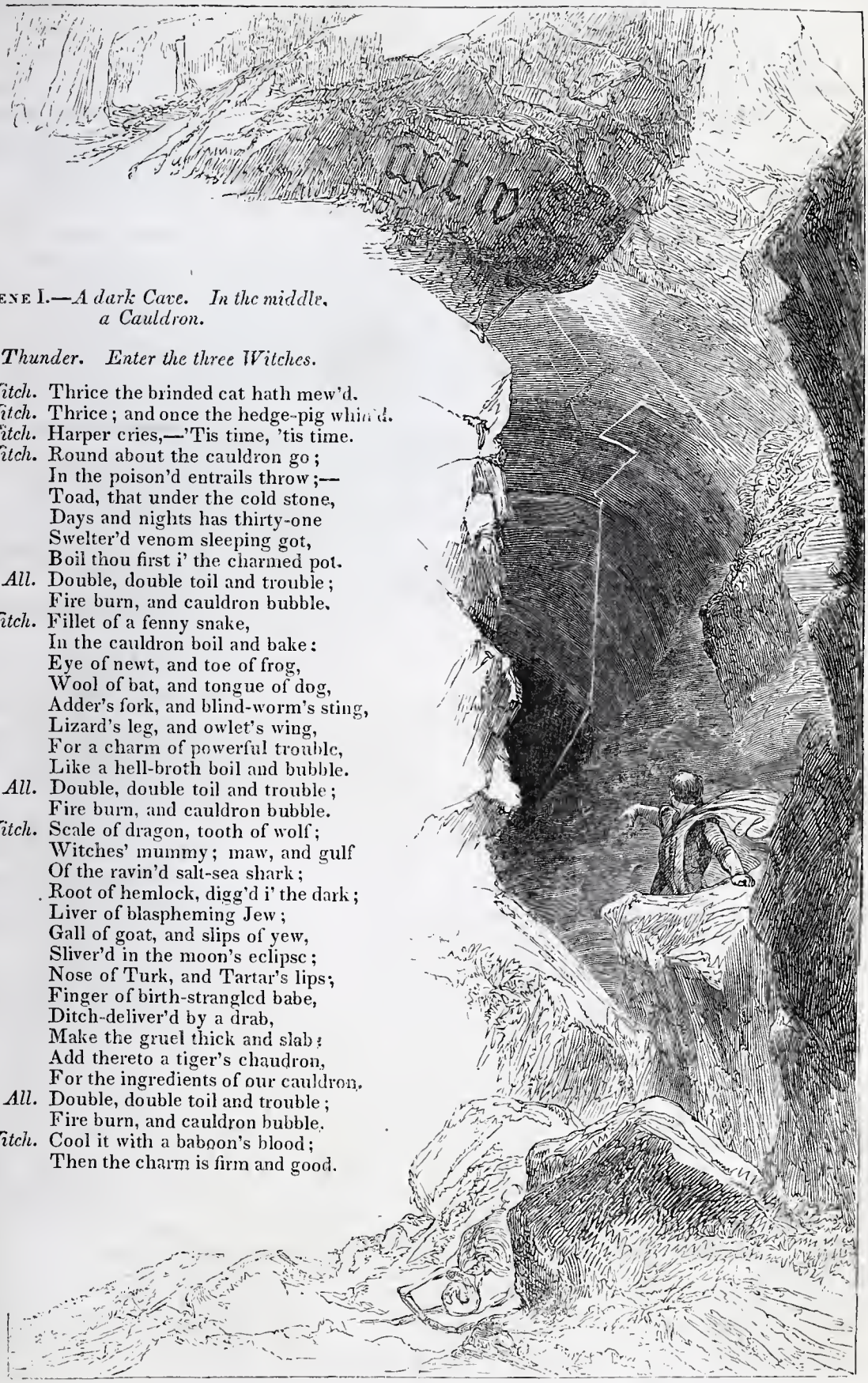
Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute "Sir, not I;"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!
[*Exeunt.*

(FORES.—Eminence at the Western Extremity.)



SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 *Witch.* Harper cries,—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw;—
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood;
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and three other Witches.*

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song.* "*Black spirits,*" *&c.*
2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.— [*Knocking.*
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1 *Witch.* Speak.
2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll answer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macb. Call them: let me see them.
1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. 1*st Apparition, an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
2 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
1 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.
[*Descends.*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks:
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.—But one word more:—
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. 2*d Apparition, a bloody child.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. 3*d Apparition, a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to't.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*
1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

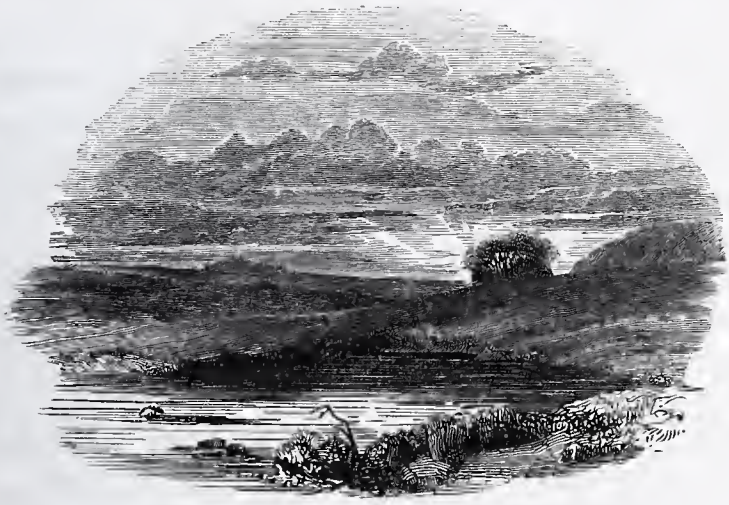
A show of eight Kings, and BANQUO *last.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurs'd in the calendar!—
Come in! without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights.—Where are these gentlemen?
Come; bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*



[The Harmuir, or Heath.]

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in* MACDUFF'S *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love:
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* ROSSE.
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macb. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage,
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm; but I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg, [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit* LADY MACDUFF, *crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will:
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god——

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands; but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may

Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable
With other graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father,
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me, for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?
Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor.
[*Exit Doctor.*
Macd. What's the disease he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Heaven best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he eures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman: but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men:
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause, or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me: quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle Heaven,
Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not repeat after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit* Lady Macbeth.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

(Dunkeld.)

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say, he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?
Cath. Well; march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:—
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

(The Dunsinane Range.)

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, *and his Son,* MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which, advance the war.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[*A cry within, of Women.*
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors:
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story, quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and slave!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell!—Blow, wind!—come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. *A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their Army with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.—
Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak: give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. *Another Part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name,
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young* SIWARD *is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman:—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord.—The castle's gently render'd;
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:

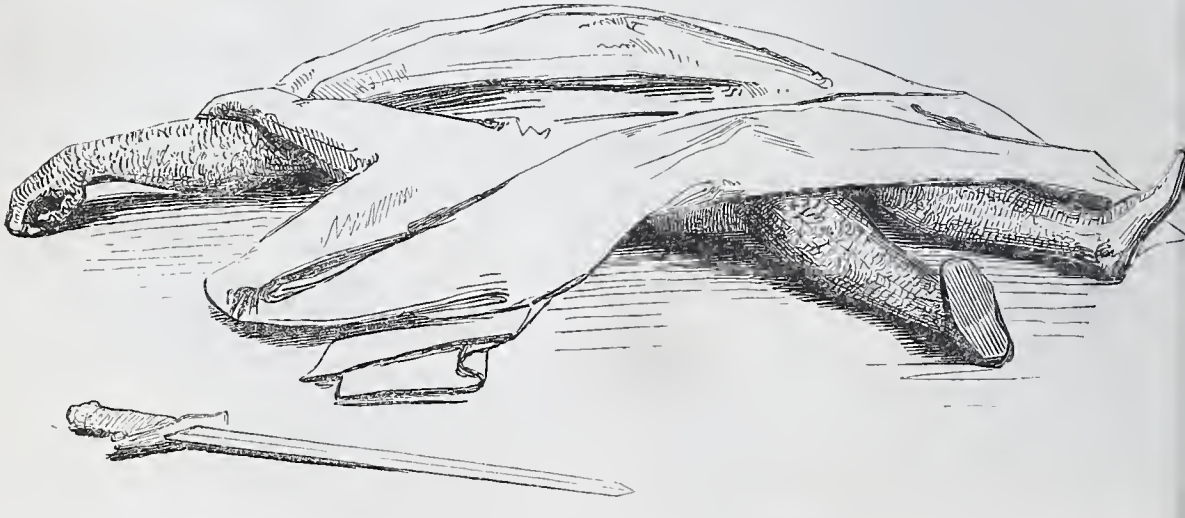
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour.
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then, yield thee, coward,
And live to be the gaze and show o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough."
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, *Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unskrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more:
They say, he parted well, and paid his score,
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *Head.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!
All. Hail, king of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls; the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*



NOTES ON MACBETH.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"*Enter three Witches.*"

Few lovers of Shakespeare need now to be informed, that the Weird Sisters are not the witches of vulgar superstition. He indeed used the materials of superstitious belief in his day, as to witches, their charms, their malignity, and their league with the "common enemy of man;" but he elevated them from objects of material dread and disgust, mixed with contempt, into mysterious and powerful agents of spiritual wickedness. He has retained enough of the well-known adjuncts of the Scotch or Lancashire witches to give individuality and reality to his personages, and even selected so much of the wildly ludicrous as would add to the strange mystery of their being; yet they are not miserable and decrepid hags, the dread of the village, but "the Weird Sisters"—that is, says Hollingshed, "as ye would say, the goddesses of destiny, or else nymphs or fairies indued with prophecy by necromantical science." They are powerful as well as malignant beings, whose amusement may be the persecution of the "tempest-tossed" mariner, but whose delight is to poison the minds of the brave, and to act upon the destinies of the great. Coleridge rightly remarks:—

"The Weird Sisters are as true a creation of Shakespeare's, as his Ariel and Caliban,—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature—elemental avengers without sex or kin."

In the same spirit of true criticism, Charles Lamb says: "They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to air-music. This is all we know of them. Except Hecate, they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness."

The account given by Dr. Forman, in his lately discovered diary, of the manner in which Macbeth was originally acted as he saw it in 1610, strongly indicates that these witches were, even on that humble stage, represented as much nobler beings than they have since been permitted to appear.

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two nohlemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women *Fairies*, or *Nymphs*, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, King of Codor, for thou shalt be a King, but shalt beget no Kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What! all to Macbeth, and nothing to me? Yes, said the Nymphs, Hail to thee, Banquo; thou shalt beget Kings, yet be no King."

"*That will be ere the set of sun.*"

Coleridge was struck with the "direful music, the wild wayward rhythm, and abrupt lyrics of the opening of Macbeth." The English editors of the last age have done what they could to weaken this effect. I concur with Mr. Knight in restoring the old text, and in his reasons throughout.

"Stevens strikes out *the* as harsh and unnecessary. Any one who has an ear for the lyrical movement of the whole scene will see what an exquisite variety of pause there is in the ten lines of which it consists. Take the line

'There to meet with Macbeth;'

and contrast its solemn movement with what has preceded it. But the editors must have *seven* syllables; and so some read

'There *I* go to meet Macbeth:'

others,

'There to meet with *brave* Macbeth:'

and others,

'There to meet with—*Whom?*—Macbeth.'

Malone has, however, here succeeded in retaining the original line, by persuading himself and others that *there* is a dissyllable."—Knight.

Scene II.

"—*damn'd* quarry"—i. e. his army doomed, or damned, to become the "quarry," or *prey*, of his enemies. This is the reading of all the old copies, which was deserted by most editors, although giving an obvious meaning, more forcible than *quarrel*, which, at Johnson's instance, they suhstituted for "quarry."

"— *and direful thunders* BREAK."—In the folio, 1623, the line ends at "thunders," and being obviously defective, the folio, 1632, inserted *breaking*; but the present tense, and not the participle, seems wanting, and Pope, therefore, changed the word to "break."

"*Bellona's bridegroom*"—meaning Macbeth, a warrior fit for the husband of the warlike goddess. "*Lapped* in proof," covered with armour of proof.

"'Bellona's bridegroom' is here undoubtedly Macbeth; but Henley and Stevens, fancying that the God of War was meant, chuckle over Shakespeare's ignorance in not knowing that Mars was not the husband of Bellona."—KNIGHT.

SCENE III.

"'AROINT *thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.*"—The meaning of "aroint" is *begone*, or *stand off*, and it is still used in the Craven district, and generally in the north of England, as well as in Cheshire. In some places it has assumed the form of *rynt*, but it is the same word.

"*Ronyon*"—i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fren. *rogneux, royne*, scurf.—COLLIER.

"*I'll drain him as dry as hay.*"

"Stevens says, 'As I cannot help supposing this scene to have been uniformly metrical when our author wrote it, in its present state I suspect it to be clogged with interpolations, or mutilated by omissions.' There appears no foundation for the supposition that the scene was *uniformly* metrical. It is a mixture of blank verse with the seven-syllable rhyme, producing, from its variety, a wild and solemn effect, which no regularity could have achieved.

'Where hast thou been, sister?
Killing swine;'

is a line of blank verse:

'Sister, where thou?'

a dramatic hemistich. We have then four lines of blank verse, before the lyrical movement, 'But in a sieve,' &c.

'I'll give thee a wind.
Th' art kind.
And I another,'

is a ten-syllable line, rhyming with the following octosyllabic line. So, in the same manner—

'I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him as dry as hay,'

is a ten-syllable line, rhyming with the following one of seven syllables. The editors have destroyed this metrical arrangement, by changing '*Th' art* kind,' into '*Thou art* kind:' and '*I'll* drain him as dry as hay,' into '*I will* drain him as dry as hay.'"—KNIGHT.

"*The* WEIRD *sisters, hand in hand.*"—All authorities agree that "weird" (spelled *weyward* in the folio) is of Saxon origin, viz. from *wyrd*, which has the same meaning as the Latin *fatum*: "weird" is therefore *fatal*. The ballad of "The Birth of St. George," in Percy's "Reliques," has the expression of "The *weird* lady of the woods;" and the same word occurs twice in the old Scottish drama of "Philotus," 1603 and 1612. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of the Æneid, calls the *Parcæ* "the weird sisters."—COLLIER.

"*Are ye* FANTASTICAL"—i. e. creatures of *fantasy* or *imagination*. Hollingshed says, that Macbeth and Banquo at first reputed the appearance of the witches "some vain, *fantastical* illusion."

"*By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Cawdor.*"

Sinel, according to Hollingshed, was the name of Macbeth's father.

"*Or have we eaten of the insane root,*
That takes the reason prisoner?"

This alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. In Greene's "Never too Late," 1616, we have "You gazed against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have eaten of the roots of hemlock, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects."

"CAME *post with post.*"—The old copies read, "*Can* post with post," which seems a misprint. The meaning is evident, when we take *tale* in the sense, not of a narrative, but of an enumeration, from the Saxon *telan*, to count. Johnson explains the passage correctly in these words:—"Posts arrived as fast as they could be counted." Rowe reads, "as thick as *hail*," which may be considered as a needless alteration.

"— *function*
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not."

"All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future."—JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

"*Safe toward your love and honour.*"

Blackstone would read, "safe towards *you*," and interprets the word *safe* as *saved*, conceiving that the whole speech is an allusion to feudal homage: 'The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king, was absolute, and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. '*Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seignor le roy.*' But it is intelligible as it stands, taking *safe* in one of its senses still in use, for conferring security, as we say, "a safe port," "a safe guide."

"*We will establish our estate upon*
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland."

Cumberland was, at the time, held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief. Prince of Cumberland was the title borne by the declared successor to the throne of Scotland. Hollingshed explains Macbeth's uneasiness on this occasion:—"Duncan having two sons, he made the elder of them (called Malcolm) Prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdom, immediately after his decease. Macbeth, sorely troubled therewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old laws of the realm the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed was not able of age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to do (as he took the matter,) for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claim which he might, in time to come, pretend to the crown."

SCENE V.

"*Enter* LADY MACBETH."

"Macbeth is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have every thing he wanted, he would rather have it innocently;—ignorant, as alas! how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself, does in truth will the means; and hence the danger of indulging fancies. Lady Macbeth, like all in Shakespeare, is a class individualized:—of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony. Her speech—

'Come, all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,' etc.

is that of one who had habitually familiarized her ima-

gination to dreadful conceptions, and was trying to do so still more. Her invocations and requisitions are all the false efforts of a mind accustomed only hitherto to the shadows of the imagination, vivid enough to throw the every-day substances of life into shadow, but never as yet brought into direct contact with their own correspondent realities. She evinces no womanly life, no wifely joy, at the return of her husband, no pleased terror at the thought of his past dangers; whilst Macbeth bursts forth naturally—

'My dearest love—'

and shrinks from the boldness with which she presents his own thoughts to him."—COLERIDGE.

"— *keep peace between*
The effect, and it!"

"Lady Macbeth's purpose was to be effected by action. 'To keep peace between the effect and purpose,' means, 'to delay the execution of her purpose, to prevent its proceeding to effect.' Sir William Davenant's strange alteration of this play sometimes affords a reasonably good commentary upon it. Thus, in the present instance—

'———— make thick
My blood, stop all passage to remorse,
That no relapses into mercy may
Shake my design, nor make it fall before
'Tis ripen'd to effect.' SINGER.

"*Come, you spirits.*"—The modern editors, who insert after Davenant, "all ye spirits," or, with Stevens, read, "Come, come," so as to make a regular heroic verse, lessen the solemnity of the rhythm, and by taking away the long pause after the close of the preceding sentence, quite destroy the effect of the transition of thought and feeling required by the terrible imprecation which is next uttered. The break in the metre marks this in common reading, and adds to the effect in more elaborate delivery.

"*Alter favour*"—to change countenance.

SCENE VI.

"*This castle hath a pleasant seat,*" etc.

"This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, as they approach Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks that, where these birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, 'What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion?' Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life."—SIR J. REYNOLDS.

"*How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,*
And thank us for your trouble."

Duncan says, that even love sometimes occasions him trouble, but that he thanks it as love notwithstanding; and that thus he teaches Lady Macbeth, while she takes trouble on his account, to "bid God yield," or reward, him for giving that trouble.—COLLIER.

SCENE VII.

"*With his* SURCEASE *success.*"—To "surcease" is to finish, or conclude; and the meaning (*his* being used for *its*) is, "and catch success with its conclusion."

"*We rest your* HERMITS"—beadsmen, bound to pray for a benefactor.

"*Upon this bank and* SHOAL *of time*"—in the original, *schoole*. Theobald corrected the word to *shoal*, "by which," says Stevens, "our author means the shallow ford of life." The received reading is unquestionably the clearest. Tieck's defence of *school* is however sufficiently ingenious:—"*Bank,*" he says, "is here the school-bench; *time* is used, as it frequently is, for the present time. The editors have altered *school* into *shoal*. But this would-be improvement does not fit with the context; and smothers the idea of the author. Macbeth says—if we could believe that after perpetrated wickedness we could enjoy peace in the present—(here occurs to him the image of a *school*, where a scholar anticipates a complaint or an injury)—if the present only were secure, I would care nothing for the future—what might happen to me—if this *school* were removed. ..... But we receive the judgment in this *school*, where we 'but *teach* bloody instruction,'" &c.

"*Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,*
And falls on the other"—

"It has been proposed to read, instead of *itself, its sell,* its saddle. However clever may be the notion, we can scarcely admit the necessity for the change of the original. A person (and vaulting ambition is personified) might be said to *overleap* himself, as well as overbalance himself, or overcharge himself, or overlabour himself, or overmeasure himself, or overreach himself. There is a parallel use of the word *over* in Beaumont and Fletcher:—'Prove it again, sir; it may be your sense was set too high, and so *overwrought itself.*' The word *over*, in all these cases, is used in the sense of *too much.*"—KNIGHT.

Many editors follow Hanmer's conjectural insertion, and read, "falls on the other side." That, I presume, is meant; but the poet's language was sufficiently clear to suggest that sense in his own rapid manner, and the sentence is broken off by the entrance of Lady Macbeth, to whom Macbeth turns in agitated inquiry. This hurried agitation is better expressed by omitting *side*, as in the old copies, and printing the passage as an interrupted and incomplete sentence.

"*We fail.*"—This punctuation is adopted, as giving the sense most congruous with the next line, and by far the most characteristic of the speaker's dauntless self-possession. "If we should fail? what then?" asks the hesitating chief. "Then we fail, and must take the consequences; but be bold and you will *not* fail." But both speeches are printed in the folios with a note of interrogation "— we fail?" "We fail?" This too permits a natural sense. She repeats the question interrogatively, but with a contemptuous tone. The note of admiration in many editions is wholly conjectural, and the sense not in unison with the context. Since the above was written, I find my opinion confirmed by the authority of Mrs. Siddons, and that of Mrs. Jameson, who says—

"In her impersonation of the part of Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons adopted three different intonations in giving the words "We fail." At first, a quick contemptuous interrogation—We fail? Afterwards with the note of admiration—We fail! and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we*—*We* fail! Lastly, she fixed on what I am convinced is the true reading—We fail. With the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once; as though she had said, "If we fail, why then we fail, and all is over." This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the lines following; and the effect was sublime, almost awful."

"*Will I with wine and wassel so* CONVINCE"—i. e. so *overcome*. The word is again used in the same sense,

(act iv. sc. 3,) and it is so applied in "Love's Labour Lost."

"*A* LIMBECK *only*"—alembic. Shakespeare understood the construction of a still, in this happy comparison of the brain to that part of a vessel through which a distilled liquor passes.

"*Of our great* QUELL."—To "quell" and to *kill* are in fact the same word in their origin, from the Saxon *cvellan*. Here "quell" is used substantively.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"*Court within the Castle. Enter* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE," etc.

"A large court, surrounded all or in part by an open gallery; the gallery ascended into by stairs, open likewise; with addition of a college-like gateway, in which opens a porter's lodge—appears to have been the poet's idea of the place of this great action. The circumstances that mark it are scattered through three scenes: in the latter, the *hall* (which moderns make the scene of this action) is appointed a place of second assembly, in terms that show it plainly distinct from that assembled in then. Buildings of this description rose in ages of chivalry, when knights rode into their courts, and paid their devoirs to ladies, viewing of their tiltings and them from this open gallery. Fragments of some of them, over the mansions of noblemen, are still subsisting in London, changed to hotels or inns. Shakespeare might see them much more entire, and take his notion from them."—CAPELL.

"*There's* HUSBANDRY *in heaven*"—i. e. thrift, or frugality in heaven.

"*Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature*
Gives way to in repose."

"It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to do something in consequence of the prophecy of the Witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakespeare has finely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again; while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder."—STEVENS.

"*Sent forth great largess to your* OFFICES."—It is not only needless, but improper, with Malone, to change "offices" of the old copies into *officers*. There were various "offices" in the residences of the nobility, and servants belonging to each: to send largess to the "offices" in Macbeth's castle, was to give it to the persons employed in them.

"*When my drink is ready.*"—It was a common luxury of the middle ages, and the Poet's own time, to take some warm mixture of wine, ale, or other "brewage," before sleep; the various compositions of which, those who are curious in ancient luxury, may find detailed in some of the commentators. Shakespeare has here alluded to it in a manner that would have made Racine or Voltaire shudder, but evidently for the purpose of dramatic effect,—to bring out, by this allusion to an incident of domestic comfort, familiar to his hearers, the horror of Macbeth's real intention, the terror of his guilty meditations, and the visionary dagger, in deeper colours from the strong contrast.

"*And on thy blade, and* DUDGEON, GOUTS *of blood.*"—The "dudgeon" is the handle or haft of a dagger: "gouts" of blood are drops of blood, from the Fr. *goutte*. The word was unusual in this sense.

"*The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates.*"—So all the old copies: editors since the time of Davenant (Mr. Knight is an exception) have inserted *now* before "witchcraft," but it is much more impressive in the original, and we have no right to attempt to improve Shakespeare's versification: if he thought fit to leave the line here with nine syllables, as in other instances, some may consider him wrong, but nobody ought to venture to correct him.—COLLIER.

"*With Tarquin's ravishing* STRIDES."—The folios have *sides*, out of which it is not easy to extract sense: the objections made to "strides" (which was Pope's word) have been two-fold; first, that it is not the reading of the old copies; and next, that "strides" does not indicate a "stealthy pace," or moving "like a ghost." We cannot see the force of this last objection, inasmuch as a person with such a purpose would take "strides," in order that as few foot-falls as possible might be heard; neither are "strides" inconsistent with secresy and silence.

SCENE II.

"*That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.*"

These lines are printed here in the slightly irregular metrical arrangement of the folios. This lyrical freedom of verse, and the consequent hurried abruptness of pause, seem to me meant to express, as they do express, the deep excitement of the speaker, and thus "suit the present horror" of the scene. On the other hand, the attempt of the later editors to bring these lines into a regular ten-syllable metre, which is after all but imperfectly attained, gives the passage a tone of studied declamation,—grand and solemn, indeed, but more like Racine than Shakespeare. The dramatic effect is deadened, unless indeed the lines are spoken or read with just such breaks and pauses as will give to the ear the very same rhythm which they have to the eye in the original editions. The lines are arranged by Stevens, Malone, and others, as follows: the reader will judge for himself how far they are improved.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores! I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

"*I have drugged their possets.*"—It was a general custom to eat possets just before bed-time. Randle Holmes, in his "Academy of Armory," says, "Posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated biscuit, and eggs, with other ingredients, boiled in it, which goes all to a curd."

"*— had he not resembled*
My father as he slept, I had done't."

Mrs. Jameson says—"In the murdering-scene, the obdurate inflexibility of purpose with which she drives on Macbeth to the execution of their project, and her masculine indifference to blood and death, would inspire unmitigated disgust and horror, but for the involuntary consciousness that it is produced rather by the exertion of a strong power over herself, than by absolute depravity of disposition and ferocity of temper. This impression of her character is brought home at once to our very hearts with the most profound knowledge of the springs of nature within us, the most subtle mastery over their various operations, and a feeling of dramatic effect not less wonderful. The very passages in which Lady Macbeth displays the most savage and relentless determination, are so worded as to fill the mind with the idea of sex, and place the *woman* before us in all her dearest attributes, at once softening and refining the horror, and rendering it more intense. Thus, when she reproaches her husband for his weakness—

'—From this time,
Such I account thy love!'

"Again—

—Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, &c.

I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis
To love the babe that milks me, &c.

"And lastly, in the moment of extremest horror comes that unexpected touch of feeling, so startling, yet so wonderfully true to nature—

'Had he not resembled my father as he slept,
I had done it!'"

"This 'one touch of nature,' (Warburton observes,) is very artful: for, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just: for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards present objects, yet the likeness of one past, which she had always been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions for a moment give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity."

"—*the ravell'd* SLEAVE *of care.*"—"Sleave" silk is coarse unwrought silk. This, and what follows, are Macbeth's reflections upon sleep, and ought not, therefore, to form part of what he is supposed to have overheard.

"*Making the green—one red.*"

Editors differ upon the mode of reading this line. In the original it stands

'Making the green one, red.'

The ordinary reading,

'Making the green—one red,'

was first suggested by Murphy. We have a similar expression in Milton's "Comus"—

'And makes *one* blot of all the air.'

Besides, the "multitudinous seas" being plural, agree in grammar and sense with *green*, but cannot well be termed "the green, *one*."

"*To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.*"

While I have the thought or recollection of this deed, I were better lost to myself; had better not have the consciousness of who I am.

Scene III.

"*He should have* OLD *turning the key.*"—The word "old" was a very common augmentative in Shakespeare's time.

"*The night has been unruly.*"—In all the later editions, this passage is made to begin with a rhyming couplet, very much out of place—

'The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and as they say,'—

as it then passes into nearly regular blank verse. This regularity, such as it is, is obtained by putting together lines and parts of lines, in an order very different from that of the old copies. The latter is here followed exactly, without the awkward rhyme, and with its imperfect, broken verses, so common in the old dramatists,—and here so well corresponding in feeling to the sense they express. The only change of the old text is the substitution of a comma for a period after "woful times," so as to connect the owl, "the obscure bird," with the prophecy of dire events. This is an idea familiar to the poet and his times. Thus, he says elsewhere, "The ominous and fearful owl of death;" and again, "Out, ye owls; nothing but songs of death."

"—*here lay Duncan,*
His silver skin laced o'er with his golden blood."

"It is not improbable that Shakespeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor."—JOHNSON.

"*Against the undivulg'd* PRETENCE *I fight.*"—Pretence" is *intention, design;* a sense in which it is often used by Shakespeare. Thus, Rosse asks, "What good could they *pretend?*"

Scene IV.

"—*the* TRAVAILING *lamp.*"—The original reading is *travelling;* but *travel*, in old orthography, either meant to *journey* or to *labour*. Hooker, and other authors of that age, use *travel* in this sense. I therefore adopt Mr. Collier's opinion that *travelling*, the ordinary reading, gives a peurile idea: whereas the poet, by "travailing," seems to have reference to the struggle between the sun and night, which induces Rosse to ask,

'Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,' etc.

"ROSSE. *Where is Duncan's body?*
MACD. *Carried to Colme-kill;*
The sacred store-house of his predecessors."

This place (now called Icolm-kill) is the famous Iona, one of the Western Isles, so eloquently described by Dr. Johnson. Kill, in Erse, signifies a cell or chapel.

ACT III.—Scene I.

"*For Banquo's issue have I* FIL'D *my mind*"—i. e. *Defiled* my mind. To "file" was often used for to *defile*, by elision of the preposition.

"—*the* SEEDS *of Banquo kings!*"—So the old copies, which there is no sufficient reason for abandoning, especially as Macbeth is speaking of Banquo's issue throughout in the plural. *Seeds* is thus used for descendants in our English Bible.

"—*the valued* FILE"—i. e. the "file" or list in which they are valued and described.

Scene II.

"—*Nought's had, all's spent,*
Where our desire is had without content."

"Under the impression of her present wretchedness, I, from this moment, (says Mrs. Siddons,) have always assumed the dejection of countenance and manners which I thought accordant to such a state of mind; and, though the author of this sublime composition has not, it must be acknowledged, given any direction whatever to authorize this assumption, yet I venture to hope that he would not have disapproved of it. It is evident, indeed, by her conduct in the scene which succeeds the mournful soliloquy, that she is no longer the presumptuous, the determined creature that she was before the assassination of the king: for instance, on the approach of her husband, we behold for the first time striking indications of sensibility, nay, tenderness and sympathy; and I think this conduct is nobly followed up by her during the whole of their subsequent eventful intercourse. It is evident, I think, that the sad and new experience of affliction has subdued the insolence of her pride and the violence of her will; for she comes now to seek him out, that she may at least participate his misery. She knows, by her own woful experience, the torment which he undergoes, and endeavours to alleviate his sufferings by inefficient reasonings.

"Far from her former habits of reproach and contemptuous taunting, you perceive that she now listens to his complaints with sympathizing feelings; and, so far from adding to the weight of his affliction the burden of her own, she endeavours to conceal it from him with the most delicate and unremitting attention. But it is in vain; as we may observe in this beautiful and mournful dialogue with the physician on the subject of

his cureless malady: 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?' &c. You now hear no more of her chidings and reproaches. No; all her thoughts are now directed to divert his from those sorriest fancies, by turning them to the approaching banquet, in exhorting him to conciliate the good-will and good thoughts of his guests, by receiving them with a disengaged air, and cordial, bright, and jovial demeanour. Smothering her sufferings in the deepest recesses of her own wretched bosom, we cannot but perceive that she devotes herself entirely to the effort of supporting him."

"*We have* SCOTCH'D *the snake*"—i. e. *wounded* it. This word is best illustrated by a passage in CORIOLANUS,—

'He *scotch'd* him and notch'd him like a carbonado.'

"*Whom we to gain our* PEACE."—For this last word of the original, the editor of the second folio substituted *place;* and it has been adopted by succeeding editors. The repetition of the word *peace* seems much in Shakespeare's manner; and as every one who commits a crime such as that of Macbeth, proposes to himself, in the result, happiness, which is another word for peace, (as the very promptings to the crime disturb his peace,) there is something much higher in the sentiment conveyed by the original word than in that of *place*. In the very contemplation of the murder of Banquo, Macbeth is vainly seeking for peace. Banquo is the object that makes him eat his meal in fear, and sleep in terrible dreams. His death, therefore, is determined; and then comes the fearful lesson—

'Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace.'

There is no peace with the wicked.—KNIGHT.

"*Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks.*"

"An obvious and pervading source of interest arises from that bond of entire affection and confidence which, through the whole of this dreadful tissue of crime and its consequences, unites Macbeth and his wife; claiming from us an involuntary respect and sympathy, and shedding a softening influence over the whole tragedy. Macbeth leans upon her strength, trusts in her fidelity, and throws himself on her tenderness. She sustains him, calms him, soothes him—

'Come on:
Gentle, my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.'

"The endearing epithets, the terms of fondness in which he addresses her, and the tone of respect she invariably maintains towards him, even when most exasperated by his vacillation of mind and his brain-sick terrors, have, by the very force of contrast, a powerful effect on the fancy."—MRS. JAMESON.

"*Oh! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.*"

This expression of tenderness and remorseful confidence is wonderfully touching, amid the darkness of Macbeth's recent murder and his meditation of new crime. It is one of the traits that mark the distinction between his reluctant and remorseful guilt and the buoyant atrocity of Richard. Coleridge has admirably remarked, that Macbeth has "no reasonings of equivocal morality, no sophistry of self-delusion. His language is the grave utterance of the very heart, conscience-sick to the last faintings of moral death."

"*Nature's copy's not eterne.*"—"Copy" may be here taken in its usual sense; the copy of human nature in the individual is not eternal. Yet I think Ritson and Johnson are right in understanding it to allude to the tenantry by copyhold, which was then so common in England, as to make the image quite as familiar as the similar one still is, where Macbeth speaks of living out "the lease of nature." Here his wife says that their enemy's tenure, or copy, of life, is not perpetual.

"*The* SHARD-*borne beetle.*"—"Shard" is synonymous with *scale;* and the allusion is to the scaly wings of the beetle, which bear him through the air. Such is the construction of Stevens, who supports it from Gower's "*Confessio Amantis:*"—

'She sigh, her thought, a dragon thro,
Whose *scherdes* shynen as the sonne.'

On the other hand, Tollet argues that "shard-borne" ought to be printed "shard-*born*," and that the epithet had reference to the *dung* or *shard* in which the beetle was born.

"*Come,* SEELING *night.*"—*Seeling*, blinding. The expression is taken from the practice of closing the eyelids of hawks.

SCENE III.

"FLEANCE *and* Servant *escape.*"—"Fleance, after the assassination, fled to Wales, where, by the daughter of the prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who became Lord-Steward of Scotland, and thence assumed the name of Walter Steward (or Stuart.) From him, in a direct line, descended James the First of England: in compliment to whom, Shakespeare has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime."—MALONE.

Such was formerly the received history; but Lord Hales, in his acute investigation of early Scotch history, has made Banquo, Fleance, and the gold-bound brows of their progeny, depart indeed "like shadows;" for he has fairly erased them from the ancestry of the Stuarts, and left them but a shadowy existence in the annals of Scotland.

SCENE IV.

"*'Tis better thee without, than he within.*"

The proper reading may be "*him* within." That is, I am better pleased that Banquo's blood should be on thy face than in his body. Or we may follow the present reading, by supposing the latter part of the sentence to signify "than he in this room."

"*— the feast is sold*
That is not often vouch'd."

The meaning is,—that which is not given freely and cheerfully, cannot properly be called a gift. It is like something which we are expected to pay for.

"*Impostors to true fear.*"—This phrase has embarrassed commentators. Lady Macbeth's meaning here is,—"True fear, the fear arising from real danger, is a rational thing; but your fears, originating solely in your own fancies, are mere impostors," and

'— would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam.'

"*Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal.*"—When a gentle and peaceful state of society needed not the aid of human law.

"*Re-enter* Ghost."

It was the opinion of the late Mr. B. Strutt that the Ghost which entered at this point was that of Duncan, and not of Banquo. The folio, 1623, certainly, does not mention whose Ghost made its appearance, but the context, referring again to the absence of Banquo, seems to warrant the ordinary interpretation. Had it been the Ghost of Duncan, the old copies would hardly have failed to give us the information. They state, "Enter Ghost," having before stated, "Enter the Ghost of Banquo." Mr. H. C. Robinson supports Mr. B. Strutt's notion by several later portions of the scene, particularly by the passages, "Thy bones are marrowless," "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes," and "Take any shape but *that*;" which are supposed to be applicable to Duncan, who had been long dead, and not to Banquo, who had been very recently murdered. This opinion seems rather one of those conjectures in which

original minds indulge, than founded upon a correct interpretation of the text. Macbeth would not address "And dare me to the desert with thy sword" to the shade of the venerable Duncan; and "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes," &c., is the appearance that eyes would assume just after death. Some have maintained, against the positive evidence of all the old copies, that the first Ghost was that of Duncan, and that Banquo afterwards appeared.—Collier.

"*If trembling I* inhabit *then.*"—This is the original reading of the folios. Pope, not understanding this, from want of familiarity with old English literature, changed *inhabit* to *inhibit;* and Stevens altered *then* into *thee;* which Malone approving, became the standard text. Horne Tooke, in his celebrated "Diversions of Purley," after denouncing the general "presumptuous license" of the commentators as "risking the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text," thus comments on these emendations:—"But for these commentators one can hardly suppose that any reader could have found a difficulty; the original text is so plain, easy, and clear, and so much in the author's accustomed manner. '— dare me to the desert with thy sword; if I *inhabit* then'—i. e. If then I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay at home, or under any roof, or within any *habitation:* If, when you call me to the desert, I then *house* me, or through fear hide myself in any dwelling—

> If trembling I do *house* me then, protest me
> The baby of a girl."

Clear as this is, *inhibit* has kept its place even in the latest editions, except in those of Singer, Knight, and Collier, who have ejected it from their texts.

"*You make me strange*
Even to the disposition that I owe."

You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours.

"*Augurs, and understood relations.*"—By the word "relations," says Johnson, "is understood the connection of effects with causes. To understand relations, as an augur, is to know how those things relate to each other which have no visible combination of dependence." The word "augurs" in the text, may (according to the suggestion of Mr. Singer) be understood in the sense of "auguries."—*Illust. Shak.*

"*How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,*" etc.—i. e. What say you to the fact, that Macduff will not come at our command? This is M. Mason's interpretation, supported by the reply of Lady Macbeth, who had said nothing about the matter, and asks, in ignorance, whether Macduff had been sent to? Macbeth then proceeds to inform her what he had heard "by the way."

"*You lack the season of all natures, sleep.*"

Johnson explains this, "*You want sleep,* which *seasons* or gives the relish to *all natures.*" *Indiget somni vitæ condimenti.* So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in." It has, however, been suggested that the meaning is, "You stand in need of the time or *season* of sleep, which all natures require." I incline to the last interpretation.—Singer.

"During the supper-scene, in which Macbeth is haunted by the spectre of the murdered Banquo, and his reason appears unsettled by the extremity of his horror and dismay, her indignant rebuke, her low whispered remonstrance, the sarcastic emphasis with which she combats his sick fancies, and endeavours to recall him to himself, have an intenseness, a severity, a bitterness, which makes the blood creep. Yet, when the guests are dismissed, and they are left alone, she says no more, and not a syllable of reproach or scorn escapes her; a few words in submissive reply to his questions, and an entreaty to seek repose, are all she permits herself to utter. There is a touch of pathos and of tenderness in this silence which has always affected me beyond expression; it is one of the most masterly and most beautiful traits of character in the whole play."—Mrs. Jameson.

Scene V.

"*Upon the corner of the moon*
There hangs a vaporous drop profound."

This "vaporous drop" seems to be the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantments. "Profound," signifies having deep or secret qualities.—Johnson *and* Stevens.

ACT IV.—Scene I.

"*Enter the three Witches.*"

Fuseli, in one of his fragments, remarks that "the minute catalogue of the ingredients of this cauldron destroys the terror attendant on mysterious darkness." This is the criticism of a man of genius, but erroneous in principle, as he might have learned from his own experience; for it was the cause of the failure of his own daring attempts in art to reach the sublime, that he relied upon the indefinite general effect, in utter contempt of the truth and effect of the details. The Poet's design is just the reverse. The ingredients of this charm, as told, all tend to rouse the attention by their almost grotesque strangeness, and their unfitness for any intelligible purpose, while their agreement with legendary belief gives to them somewhat of the effect of truth. They are, too, such as excite feelings of natural dislike or antipathy, yet are so managed as not to produce disgust. Some of these are of deep horror—as the grease from the murderer's gibbet; but the transient shadow of the ludicrous that passes across the mind as other images are presented, adds to the wild interest as well as to the conventional truth of witchcraft, in which the mind willingly acquiesces. Mere shadowy obscurity could produce no similar effect.

The conformity of the incantation to the old popular superstitions of Great Britain is shown in an excellent note of Johnson's, of which we subjoin an abridgment.

A cat was the usual interlocutor between witches and familiar spirits. A witch, who was tried about fifty years before the Poet's time, was said to have had a cat named Rutterkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she would bid Rutterkin "go and fly." The common afflictions attributed to the malice of witches, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh. They were supposed to be very malicious to swine; one of Shakespeare's hags says she has been killing swine; and Dr. Harsnet observes that, in his time, "a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft." Toads have long been reproached as the abettors of witchcraft. When Vanninus was seized at Toulouse, there was found in his lodgings "a great toad, shut in a phial;" upon which, those that persecuted him denounced him as a wizard.

The ingredients of Shakespeare's cauldron are selected according to the formularies prescribed in books of magic. Witches were supposed to take up bodies to use in enchantments. On this great occasion, the circumstances of horror are multiplied. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in birth. The grease, not only human, but must have dropped from a gibbet,—the gibbet of a murderer; even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. A passage from Camden explains our author in other particulars:—"When any one gets a fall, he stands up, and turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth (for they imagine that there is

a spirit in the ground;) and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way, to the place, where she says, 'I call thee from the east, west, north, and south; from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens; from the fairies, red, black, and white.'"

The reader who is curious to go deeper into the learning of the higher *demonology* of James's reign, may find it in its most imposing form in Ben Jonson's "Mask of Queens." In this elaborate but splendid poem, written after Shakespeare's death, Jonson has not only imitated the Weird Sisters of his old friend, but has paraphrased his poetry as freely as he had formerly done that of Horace and Juvenal. Its finest passage is a diluted yet magnificent paraphrase of Macbeth's adjuration, "I conjure you," etc. Like Shakespeare, Jonson took care that his witches should be sustained by power and terror far above the level of those of popular superstition.

Charles Lamb, with his usual quaint originality, thus contrasts the hags of popular belief, which were also those of the inferior dramatists, Rowley and Decker, with the Weird Sisters. The former are "the plain, traditional, old women-witches of our ancestors,—poor, deformed, and ignorant, the terror of villages,—themselves amenable to a Justice. That should be a hardy sheriff, with the power of the county at his heels, that should lay hands on the Weird Sisters. They are of another jurisdiction."—LAMB's *Dramatic Specimens.*

"*Toad, that under* THE *cold stone.*"—The line in the original copies is, "Toad, that under cold stone:" and laying expressive emphasis upon "cold," it may be doubted whether the line be defective. Pope introduced "the" to complete the metre, and Mr. Amyot thinks that he was right. We yield to authority on this point. Stevens read *coldest* for "cold;" but there seems no reason for preferring the superlative degree, and it is more likely that the definite article dropped out in printing.—COLLIER.

"*Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips.*"

These ingredients probably owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Saracens were held, excited by the Crusades.

"*Black spirits and white,*" etc.

The right of these four metrical lines to a place in the text is certainly equivocal. Stevens introduced them from Middleton's "Witch," on the authority of the stage-direction in the first folio, which stands thus: "*Music and a Song. 'Black spirits,' &c.*" Malone, however, strongly contends that "The Witch" was written subsequently to MACBETH. The lines themselves have been supposed, with great probability, to be merely of a traditional nature, the production of neither Middleton nor Shakespeare.—*Illust. Shak.*

In act iii. scene 5, we have the stage-direction—"*Song.* [*Within.*] *Come away, Come away, &c.*" In the same manner we have in this scene "*Music and a Song. 'Black spirits,' &c.*" In Middleton's "Witch," we find two songs, each of which begins according to the stage-direction. The first is,

'Come away, come away;
Hecate, Hecate, come away. } *in the air.*
Hec. I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.'

The second is called "A Charm-song about a Vessel:"—

'Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must b b in.
Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill running in, all good keep out!'

KNIGHT.

The better conjecture is that the songs belong neither to Middleton nor Shakespeare, but were part of the traditional wizard poetry of the drama. The other songs, choruses, music, &c., of the witches, which have long accompanied the stage representation of MACBETH, are not Shakespeare's, nor of his age. They were written by Davenant, for his operatic alteration of MACBETH in 1674; and the music is by Matthew Locke, an excellent old-fashioned English musician of that period.

"*An apparition of an armed Head rises.*"

Upton suggests that the armed head represents, symbolically, Macbeth's head cut off, and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew down each a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.

"*And wears upon his baby brow the round*
And top of sovereignty."

The *round* is that part of the crown which encircles the head; the *top* is the ornament that rises above it.

"*And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,*
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

Magicians professed to have the power of showing future events by means of a charmed glass, or mirror. In a section from the penal laws against witches, it is said, "They do answer either by voice, or else do set before their eyes, in crystal-stones, &c., the pictures or images of persons or things sought for." Spenser has given a circumstantial account of the glass which Merlin made for King Ryence. A mirror of the same kind was presented to Cambuscan, in "The Squire's Tale" of Chaucer; and in Alday's translation of Boisteau's "Theatrum Mundi," it is said, "A certain philosopher did the like to Pompey, the which showed him in a glass the order of the enemies' march." The allusion, in the above passage, to the "two-fold balls and treble sceptres" is a compliment to James the First, who first united the two islands and three kingdoms under one head.

"*Nature's germins.*"—The old copies read "Nature's germaine," from which no editor has been able to educe any definite sense. *German,* means brother or near blood relation, and if there were any instance of the word *germaine* elsewhere, I should think it might mean the whole brotherhood of Nature's children. I am content to acquiesce in the emendation of *germins,* i. e. shoots, germinating seeds, all Nature's progeny; and it is more probable that this is the true reading, from its agreement with a parallel passage in LEAR—

'— thou all striking thunder,
Crack Nature's mould, all germins spill at once.'

Garrick was famed for his solemnly harmonious and impressive delivery of these lines; and, by means of the rhetorical notation of the rising and falling inflections, &c., a general idea of his manner has been preserved by Walker. It may be found in many of the rhetorical grammars, and (with Walker's remarks) is worthy of the study of all who have any relish for that indescribable charm which excellent reading can add, even to the noblest poetry and eloquence.

"— DEFTLY *show*"—i. e. *dexterously,* or *fittingly,* from the Sax. *dæft.*—COLLIER.

"— *high Dunsinane hill.*"—Here "Dunsinane" is pronounced as it is in Scotland, with the accent on the second syllable. Afterwards it is used with the English accent on the last. The Poet appears to have been informed of the right pronunciation of both this name and Glamis, (in one syllable,) to have so used them, and then, in the ardour of composition, relapsed into the English pronunciation.

"— *blood-bolter'd Banquo.*"—*Bolter'd* is a word of the English midland counties, meaning begrimed, besmeared.

"— *and thy* HAIR"—Warburton changed "hair" to *air*. The old copies all have *haire*. The likeness was in the "hair," to which Macbeth's attention was directed by the crown surmounting it. Collier observes that, had *air* been intended, the pronoun before it would probably have been *thine*, and not "thy:" *thine* is generally used before words beginning with vowels, or with an *h* when not aspirated. We may add that *air* in the sense of *manner* or *aspect*, is probably of modern introduction from the French, since the age of James I.

SCENE II.

"*The fits o' the season.*"—Stevens says, "the fits o' the season" should appear to be the *violent disorders* of the season, its convulsions; as we still say, figuratively, *the temper of the times*. So in CORIOLANUS:—

'— but that
The *violent fit* o' th' times craves it as physic.'

"— *shag-ear'd.*"—This should be, probably, *shag-hair'd*, a form of abuse found in old plays, and even in law reports.

SCENE III.

"*Enter* MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF."

"This scene is almost literally taken from Hollingshed's Chronicle, which is in this part an abridgment of the chronicle of Hector Boece, as translated by John Bellenden. From the recent reprints of both the Scottish and English chroniclers, quotations from them become the less necessary; they are now accessible to the reader curious in tracing the Poet to his sources of information."—SINGER.

"*The title is* AFFEER'D!"—The original reading is "The title is affeard"—afraid, terrified; of which the sense is not very perceptible. It has therefore been changed to "affeer'd." To *affeer* is an old law-phrase, of the peculiar practice of the courts-leet or courts-baron, then the courts most familiar to the English rural population. It means to assess, by the award of two or three freeholders, the amount of penalty or damages upon the general judgment of the court or verdict of a jury. Thus it seems to have acquired the sense of finally passing upon and deciding any matter in controversy. "Tyrant, thou mayest now wear thy wrongs, (enjoy thy usurped honours;) thy title is now finally settled."

"SUMMER-SEEMING *lust.*"—The passion belonging to the summer of life and passing away with it. The poet, as is common to him, was content to suggest the image to the mind without fully developing it. Such is my understanding of the line. But a great judge and a great divine have both insisted that the passage, as it stands in the old editions, is unintelligible, and requires conjectural aid. Judge Blackstone proposes "summer-seeding;" i. e. says he, "not, like avarice, perennial, but lasting only for a summer." Bishop Warburton reads, "summer-teeming lust;" growing only in the heat of life.

"*Scotland hath* FOISONS"—i. e. plenty. It is generally used in the singular.

"— *their malady* CONVINCES"—i. e. *overcomes*, in its Latinized sense. To "convince" is sometimes to *convict*.

"*All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,*
The mere despair of surgery, he cures."

This miraculous power of curing the "king's evil," was claimed for seven centuries by the monarchs of England. In Laneham's account of the "Entertainments of Kenilworth," given to Queen Elizabeth, it is said:—"And also, by her highness' accustomed mercy and charity, nine cured of the painful and dangerous disease called the king's evil; for that kings and queens of this realm, without other medicine, (save only by handling and prayer,) only do it." The practice was continued so late as Queen Anne's time: Dr. Johnson, when an infant, was touched for the evil by that princess.

"*A modern ecstasy*"—i. e. an ordinary grief. *Modern*, in the ordinary language of that day, meant, common, frequent; and *ecstasy* is used by Shakespeare for any strongly disordered state of mind, whether by insanity or temporary passion.

"— *should not* LATCH *them.*"—To "latch," in north-country dialect, and in Norfolk, signifies to *catch*.

"—*fee-grief*"—a grief that belongs to a private owner, and not of public right.

"— *the* QUARRY *of these murdered deer.*"—A "quarry" was a heap of dead game.

"*This* TUNE *goes manly.*"—The folios read *time*, which Rowe altered to "tune." *Time* could here scarcely be right, even were we to take for granted Gifford's statement (Massinger, vol. ii. p. 251) that *time* and *tune* were, of old, used indifferently. No misprint could be more easy than *time* for *tune*, and *vice versâ*; and none was more frequently committed.—COLLIER.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"*Enter* LADY MACBETH."

Mrs. Siddons, in the remarks which she left upon this character, which had been the study of her life, thus comments:—

"Behold her now, with wasted form, with wan and haggard countenance, her starry eyes glazed with the ever-burning fever of remorse, and on their lids the shadows of death. Her ever-restless spirit wanders in troubled dreams about her dismal apartment; and, whether waking or asleep, the smell of innocent blood incessantly haunts her imagination—

'All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
This little hand.'

"How beautifully contrasted is the exclamation with the bolder image of Macbeth, in expressing the same feeling—

'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood
Clean from this hand?'

And how appropriately either sex illustrates the same idea!

"During this appalling scene, which, to my sense, is the most so of them all, the wretched creature, in imagination, acts over again the accumulated horrors of her whole conduct. These dreadful images, accompanied with the agitations they have induced, have obviously accelerated her untimely end; for in a few moments the tidings of her death are brought to her unhappy husband. It is conjectured that she died by her own hand. Too certain it is, that she dies, and makes no sign. I have now to account to you for the weakness which I have ascribed to Macbeth; and I am not quite without hope that the following observations will bear me out in my opinion. Please to observe, that he (I must think pusillanimously, when I compare his conduct to her forbearance,) has been continually pouring out his miseries to his wife. His heart has therefore been eased, from to time, by unloading its weight of woe; while she, on the contrary, has perseveringly endured in silence the uttermost anguish of a wounded spirit.

"Her feminine nature, her delicate structure, it is too evident, are soon overwhelmed by the enormous pressure of her crimes. Yet it is granted, that she gives proofs of a naturally higher-toned mind than that of Macbeth. The different physical powers of the two sexes are finely delineated, in the different effects which their mutual crimes produce. Her frailer frame, and keener feelings, have now sunk under the struggle—his robust and less sensitive constitution has not only resisted it, but bears him on to deeper wickedness, and to experience the fatal fecundity of crime:—

For mine own good—all causes shall give way.—
I am in blood so far stepp'd in, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.—

Henceforth, accordingly, be perpetrates horrors to the day of his doom.

"In one point of view, at least, this guilty pair extort from us, in spite of ourselves, a certain respect and approbation. Their grandeur of character sustains them both above recrimination (the despicable, accustomed resort of vulgar minds) in adversity; for the wretched husband, though almost impelled into this gulf of destruction by the instigations of his wife, feels no abatement of his love for her; while she, on her part, appears to have known no tenderness for him, till, with a heart bleeding at every pore, she beholds in him the miserable victim of their mutual ambition. Unlike the first frail pair in Paradise, they spent not the fruitless hours in mutual accusation."

"*Hell is murky.*"—Lady Macbeth is acting over again the murder of Duncan. Stevens conceives her to be here addressing Macbeth, who, she supposes, has just said "Hell is murky!" (hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed:) she repeats his words in contempt:—"'Hell is murky!'—Fie, my lord! a soldier, and afeard?"

"*Here's the smell of the blood still.*"

It was, I believe, Madame de Staël who said, somewhat extravagantly, that the smell is the most poetical of the senses. It is true, that the more agreeable associations of this sense are fertile in pleasing suggestions of placid rural beauty and gentle pleasures. Shakespeare, Spenser, Ariosto, and Tasso, abound in such allusions. Milton, especially, luxuriates in every variety of "odorous sweets," and "grateful smells," delighted sometimes to dwell on the "sweets of groves and fields," the native perfumes of his own England—

'The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy;——'

and sometimes pleasing his imagination with the "gentle gales" laden with "balmy spoils" of the east; and breathing—

'Sabean odours from the spicy shores
Of Araby the blest.'

But the smell has never been successfully used as the means of impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful sleep-walking of the guilty Queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is that passage of the Agamemnon of Eschylus, where the captive propbetess Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspiration, scents first the smell of blood, and then the vapours of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atrides, as ominous of his approaching murder. These two stand alone in poetry; and Fuseli, in his lectures, informs us, that when, in the kindred art of painting, it has been attempted to produce tragic effect through the medium of ideas drawn from "this squeamish sense," even Rapbael and Poussin have failed, and excited disgust instead of terror or compassion. He justly remarks, that "taste and smell, as sources of tragic emotion, seem scarcely admissible in art or in the theatre, because their extremes are nearer allied to disgust or loathsome or risible ideas than to terror."

"*My mind she has* MATED"—i. e. astonished, confounded. The word is several times used by the Poet in the same sense.

Scene II.

"— *mortified man*"—i. e. a hermit or religious ascetic; one indifferent to the concerns of the world, but who would be excited to war by such "causes" of revenge as burn in Macduff.

Scene III.

"— *patch?*"—an appellation of contempt, alluding to the *patched* or party-coloured dress of fools.

"— *my* WAY *of life.*"—Johnson suggested that we ought to read *May* for "way," the *M* having been inverted; but in that case, "way" would have been printed in the folio with a capital *W*, which is not the fact. "Way of life" is very intelligible.—COLLIER.

"*Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,*" etc.

The following remarkable passage in the "Amadigi" (1560,) of Bernardo Tasso, which bears a striking resemblance to the words of Macbeth, was first pointed out in Mr. Weber's edition of Ford:—

'Ma chi puote con erbe, od argomenti
Guarir l'infermita del intelletto?
Cant. xxxvi. *St.* 37.

"*Cleanse the* STUFF'D *bosom of that perilous* STUFF." I concur with Collier that we have no warrant for altering this line as it stands in the old copies, though the repetition of "stuff'd" and "stuff" is disagreeable to the ear. Stevens would change "stuff'd" to *foul;* but the error, if any, rather lies in the last word of the line, which, perhaps, the printer mistook, having composed "stuff'd" just before. If a conjectural emendation is required, I should substitute "perilous *load.*"

"*Senna.*"—We are not sure about this word. The original reads *cyme.*

Scene IV.

"*What we shall say we have, and what we owe.*"

Meaning, when we are governed by legal kings, we shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us.

Scene V.

"*She should have died hereafter.*"

It is one of the finest thoughts in this whole drama, that Lady Macbeth should die before her husband, as it prepares a gradual softening of the terror of the catastrophe. In the language of an eloquent critic in the Edinburgh Review, (1840) "Macbeth, left alone, resumes much of that connection with humanity which he had so long abandoned: his thoughtfulness becomes pathetic; and when at last he dies the death of a soldier, the stern satisfaction with which we contemplate the act of justice that destroys him, is unalloyed by feelings of personal wrath or hatred. His fall is a sacrifice, and not a butchery."

"*There would have been a time for such a word.*"

"Macbeth may mean," says Johnson, "that there would have been a more convenient time for such a word—for such intelligence—and so falls into the following reflection:—'To-morrow,'" &c.

"*To the last syllable of recorded time.*"

"Recorded time" seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of heaven, for the period of life. The phrase may, however, be used in the sense of recording or recordable time.

"*The way to* DUSTY DEATH."—Shakespeare (says Collier) was not the first to apply the epithet "dusty" to death. Anthony Copley, in his "Fig for Fortune," 1596, has

'Inviting it to dusty death's defeature.'

There can be no doubt it is the right word, although the second folio reads "*study* death," and Warburton would read *dusky.* The "dust to dust" of the English funeral-service might have been in the Poet's mind.

"*Out, out, brief candle!*"

"Alas, for Macbeth! Now all is inward with him; he has no more prudential prospective reasonings. His wife, the only being who could have had any seat in his affections, dies; he puts on despondency, the final heart-armour of the wretched, and would think every thing shadowy and unsubstantial, as indeed all things

are to those who cannot regard them as symbols of goodness."—COLERIDGE.

"*The wood began to move.*"—In Deloney's ballad in praise of Kentishmen, in "Strange Histories," 1607, (reprinted by the Percy Society,) they conceal their numbers by the boughs of trees:—

'For when they spied his approach,
in place as they did stand,
Then march'd they to hem him in
each one a bough in hand.

'So that unto the Conqueror's sight,
amaz'd as he stood,
They seemed to be a walking grove,
or els a mooving wood.'—*Page* 7.

This ballad was written, unquestionably, before the year 1600.

"*Liar and slave.*"—Here every edition except the first four, (those in folio,) and two of the last, (Singer's and Collier's,) insert the stage-direction—[*Striking him.*] I have erased it from this edition, as well on these authorities as for the reason given by J. Kemble; whose opinion on every point of Shakespearian criticism is entitled to the greatest weight, not solely on account of his dramatic fame, but because he has given abundant evidence how deeply he had meditated his favourite poet; so that (in the beautiful praise of Campbell)—

'His mind surveyed the poet's page,
And what the *actor* could achieve
The *scholar* could presage.'

"This stage-direction," says he, "is not found in any of the older copies of this tragedy; it was first interpolated by Rowe, and has been retained by every subsequent editor. Such outrageous violence does not belong to the feelings of a person overwhelmed with surprise, half doubting, half believing an event—at once, in nature, most strange, and to himself of the most fatal importance. It is a direction irreconcileable to Macbeth's emotions at the moment for which it is given, and should be omitted. It may be added, that Davenant would in all likelihood have set down this direction in his MACBETH, 1674, if either the practice of the stage under Shakespeare's own management, or the action of Betterton, who played the part, had invited its insertion."—KEMBLE'S *Macbeth & Richard III.*

"*Till famine* CLING *thee.*"—Stevens says, that "*clung*, in the northern [English] counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up." In Craven, when a wet bladder is empty, and collapses, it is said to *cling*, and the word is there also used for *hungry* or *empty*. In Sir F. Madden's Glossary to "Syr Gawayne," *clenged* is interpreted "contracted or shrunk with cold." "Till famine cling thee" will therefore mean, "till famine *shrink* thee." Pope has adopted the word in this sense in his Illiad:—

'*Clung* with dry famine and with toil oppress'd.'

"*I pull in resolution.*"—Johnson thought this a misprint for *pall* in, flag or languish; but Mason gives an illustration from Fletcher, which explains this use of *pull in*:—

'—all my spirits,
As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny.'

SCENE VII.

"*I bear a charmed life.*"

"In the days of chivalry," says Stevens, "the champions' arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no charmed weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit."

"*Exeunt fighting.*"—According to the stage-direction of the folio, Macbeth and Macduff re-enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain before the audience. This seems hardly consistent with what afterwards occurs, when, according to the old copies, Macduff returns to the stage with Macbeth's head.

"*Had I as many sons as I have hairs,*
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd."

This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon, by Camden, in his "Remains:"—"When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, 'I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine.'"

The characters of Macbeth and his wife have been the theme of large critical discussion. Her character has been admirably analyzed by Mrs. Siddons, in a paper on that subject; and with still more eloquence and originality by Mrs. Jameson, in her Characteristics of Shakespeare's female characters. Some of the more striking passages of both these criticisms have been extracted in the preceding notes. There is some little excess in the zeal with which these ladies (especially Mrs. Jameson) have defended the character of Lady Macbeth against the indiscriminate detestation expressed by Johnson and other critics; yet their views are substantially correct. Lady Macbeth is not a mere fiend, but a woman of high intellect, bold spirit, and lofty desires,—untainted by any grovelling vice, or grosser passion. She is not cruel or guilty from revenge or malignity. She is mastered by the fiery thirst for power, and that for her husband as well as herself. It is the single intensity of that passion that nerves her to "direst cruelty." She overpowers Macbeth's mind, and beats down his doubts and fears,—not by superior talent, but by violence of will,—by intensity of purpose. She does not even hear the whispers of conscience. They are drowned in the strong whirlwind of her own thoughts. She has intellectually the terrible beauty of the Medusa of classic art. Hers is a majestic spiritual wickedness, unalloyed by any petty vice, and accompanied by noble qualities of the mind, and the deep affections of a wife.

Macbeth himself has also been commented upon and discussed in notes innumerable, in essays, reviews, tracts, and even volumes. Great pains have been taken to show that he was not the mere instrument of evil, tempted originally to entertain the first suggestions of crime by supernatural arts, nor subdued to its execution by his wife's more determined spirit; that he early entertained murderous thoughts and "horrible imaginings;" in short, that he was not a generous and virtuous man seduced into guilt by external causes. All this is quite true; but it still does not follow that Macbeth is, from his first appearance in the drama, a dark conspirator, an *Iago*, or in any way one in whom the "worse is predominant;" it does not at all change the character, which has been distinctly painted, with all its mingled and contending qualities of good and evil, to which it alone owes its intense and gloomy interest. He is a gallant soldier and wise leader; naturally "full of the milk of human kindness;" not without ambition; but, restrained and guided by an instructed conscience, he is "without the illness" that attends ambition, and desires to attain his high ends by holy means. Yet, upon being first accosted by the Weird Sisters, he is already familiar with half-formed thoughts of crime. He indulges in secret meditations of guilty ambition, which he has not had the moral firmness to reject at once. He voluntarily cherishes in his mind thoughts which he does not yet expect ever "to crown with acts."

Milton has left a note of a design he had entertained of measuring himself with his great master in a drama on this subject, on the classic model. It is probable

that, besides adhering to the unity of time, as he says he intended, by beginning with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle, and "expressing the matter of Duncan's murder by the appearance of his ghost:" he would have followed the classic narrative of Buchanan instead of Hollingshed's wilder tradition, and rejected the prophecy of the Weird Sisters, unless as in a dream proceeding from "the heat-oppressed brain." Had Milton—or, in modern times, and in another tongue, had Alfieri—thus treated Macbeth's story, preserving his character, the thoughts of guilt might have been more minutely painted, as bubbling up in the usurper's mind until he became familiar with crime, but it would not be more evident than Shakespeare here made it, that these unhallowed aspirations originated in Macbeth's own evil desires, and that the supernatural predictions were but the occasions that gave them a more distinct form; while the undaunted spirit of his wife served but as "a spur to his intent" to give them quicker and bolder execution. That done, he proceeds from crime to crime, urged by a resistless moral necessity. Yet even then his sense of right and wrong is not distorted, nor his conscience seared into insensibility. He never disguises nor palliates his crimes to himself, nor does he—

'— with necessity,
'The tyrant's plea, *excuse* his devilish deeds.'

To his thanes, his enemies, his subjects, he appears and he truly is, the "Fiend of Scotland:" but to *us*, the Poet opens the secrets of the usurper's heart; he shows us the scorpions that fill his breast. We see him full of remorse, though incapable of repentance; staggering under the load of his guilt, weary of life, a miserable, conscience-smitten, heart-broken man. In his last days, his gloomy and pathetic meditations make us feel a melancholy interest in him, which is kept up by his bearing himself to the last like a soldier. When he falls, the victorious Scots are rightly made to rejoice over the "usurper's cursed head"—"this dead butcher." Still, the reader cannot but feel his own satisfaction at their tyrant's overthrow, mingled with something of that respectful pity expressed by the relenting Aufidius over his fallen enemy—

'— though he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.'

The witch-songs in the third act, "Come away, Come away," have accompanied Macbeth from its first representation, and have doubtless the sanction of Shakespeare's own selection. The flight in the air by moonlight has something much resembling his own fancy, and ought not to be separated from the rest of the incantations. They are here printed, not as altered by Davenant, but as given in Charles Lamb's "Specimens of the Old Dramatists," modernized only as to the spelling, from Reed's edition of Middleton's "Witch."

(*Song in the Air.*)

Come away, come away;
Hecate, Hecate, come away.
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
[*Above.*] —— Herc.
Hec. Where's Puckle?
[*Above.*] —— Here.
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you; we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint and then I mount.

(*A spirit like a cat descends.*)

[*Above.*] There's one come down to fetch his dues.
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood:
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse.
Since the air's so sweet and good.
Hec. Oh, art thou come?
What news, what news?
Spirit. All goes still to our delight:
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
Hec. Now I am furnish'd for the flight.
Now I go, now I fly, [*Going up.*
Malkin my sweet Spirit and I.
Oh, what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing, and dance, and toy, and kiss:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, (our mistress' fountains,)
Over steep towers and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds:
No, not the noise of water's-breach,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reach.
[*Above.*] —— No ring of bells, &c.

LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF MACBETH.

ACT I.

Scene II.—"*A Camp near Fores.*"

Probably situated in the moors to the south of the town, so as to intercept the march of the invaders from Fife to the royal residences of the north. Wide and almost level tracts of heath extend southwards from Fores, amid which the march of an army might be discerned from a great distance. The stage-direction, "Camp near Fores," does not occur in the original; although it is clear in the third scene that Macbeth and Banquo are on their way thither:—

'How far is't called to Fores?'

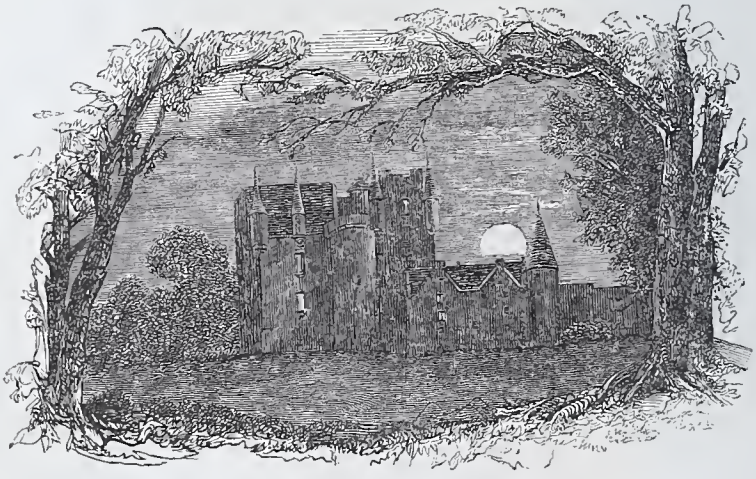
Scene II.—"*St. Colmes' Inch.*"

Inch; Island. St. Colmes'; St. Columba's.—This island of St. Columba lies in the Firth of Forth, off the coast of Fife, a little to the east of North Queensferry. Alexander I. was wrecked on this island, and entertained by a hermit. In memory of his preservation, Alexander founded a monastery, to which great sanctity attached for many centuries, and the remains of which are still conspicuous. It was often plundered by English marauders; but it was so generally believed that the saint invariably avenged himself on the pirates, that the sacredness of the place, as the scene of conferences and contracts, remained unimpaired. The "Norweyan king" was probably compelled to disburse his "ten thousand dollars" on this spot before burying his men on the soil of Fife, in order to make his humiliation as solemn and emphatic as possible.

Scene III.—"*A Heath.*"

Common superstition assigns the Harmuir, on the borders of Elgin and Nairn, as the place of the interview between Macbeth and the Weird Sisters. A more dreary piece of moorland is not to be found in all Scotland. Its eastern limit is about six miles from Fores, and its western four from Nairn, and the high road from these places intersects it. This "blasted heath" is without tree or shrub. A few patches of oats are visible here and there, and the eye reposes on a fir-plantation at one extremity; but all around is bleak and brown, made up of peat and bog-water, white stones, and bushes of furze. Sand-hills and a line of blue sea, beyond which are the distant hills of Ross and Caithness, bound it to the north; a farmstead or two may be seen afar off; and the ruins of a castle arise from amid a few trees on the estate of Brodie of Brodie on the north-west. There is something startling to a stranger in seeing the solitary figure of the peat-digger or rush-gatherer moving amid the waste in the sunshine of a calm autumn day; but the desolation of the scene in stormy weather, or when the twilight fogs are trailing over the pathless heath or settling down upon the pools, must be indescribable.

Boece narrates the interview of Macbeth and Banquo with the Weird Sisters as an actual occurrence; and he is repeated by Hollingshed. Buchanan, whose mind was averse from admitting more superstitions than were necessary to historical fidelity, relates the whole scene as a dream of Macbeth's. It is now scarcely possible, even for the imagination of the historical student, to make its choice between the scene of the generals, mounted and attended by their troops, meeting the Witches in actual presence on the waste of the Harmuir, and the encounter of the aspiring spirit of Macbeth with the prophets of its fate amid the wilder scenery of the land of dreams. As far as the superstition is concerned with the real history, the Poet has bound us in his mightier spells. The Witches of Shakespeare have become realities.



(Glamis Castle.)

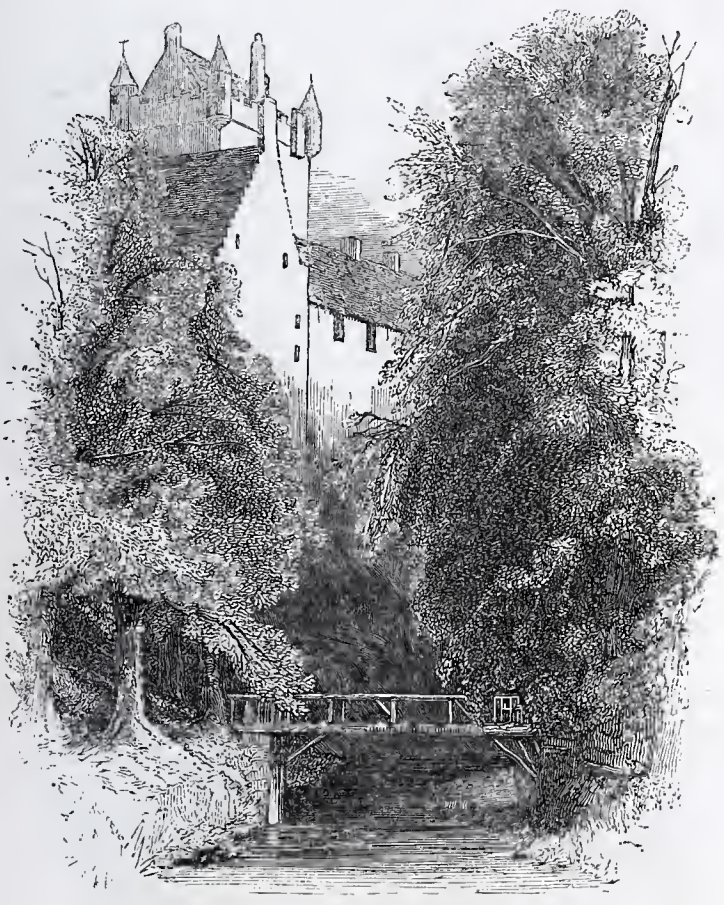
Scene III.—"*Thane of Glamis.*"

Glamis Castle, five miles from Forfar, is one of the four or five castles in which the murder of Duncan is erroneously declared to have been perpetrated. Previous to 1372, a small castle, two stories high, stood on this spot, commanding a wide extent of level country, bounded in one direction by the range of Dunsinane hills, and within view of Birnam Hill. Tradition assigns this old stronghold as the occasional residence of Macbeth; who, however, as will be seen elsewhere, could never have dwelled within stone walls. The

present magnificent edifice is above a hundred feet in height, and contains a hundred rooms; and the walls of the oldest part of the building are fifteen feet thick. An ancient bedstead is preserved in it, on which it is pretended that Duncan was murdered. Glamis Castle is made by tradition the scene of another murder—that of Malcolm II., in 1034.

[Miss Martineau has given the impression that the castle has no claims to antiquity beyond 1372. The more modern part is Elizabethan, and the work of Inigo Jones; the rest dates further back, and of the huge old tower, we have Scott's authority that "its birth tradition notes not." Gray, the poet, visited the place in 1765, and described it as it was in its ancient magnificence, when "that original old castle," as he calls it, reared its lordly head above seven circles of defensive boundaries, court-yards, ornamented inclosures, foss, avenue, barbican, embattled wall, and flanking tower. "Since then," says Walter Scott, "a "modern improver had the audacity to render this splendid mansion more *parkish*, as he called it, to raze these exterior defences, and bring his mean, paltry, gravel-walks up to the very door, from which one might have imagined Lady Macbeth issuing forth to receive King Duncan."

Glamis is pronounced in Scotland in one syllable, as rhyming to *aims:* Shakespeare sometimes gives it this sound, and sometimes the English pronunciation.]



(Cawdor Castle.)

Scene III.—"*Thane of Cawdor.*"

Cawdor Castle is another supposed scene of the murder of Duncan. A portion of Duncan's coat-of-mail is pretended to be shown there; and also the chamber in which he was murdered; with the recess, cut out of the thickness of the walls, in which the king's valet hid himself during the perpetration of the deed. Cawdor Castle is about six miles from Nairn, and stands on a rising ground above the windings of the Calder, overlooking a wide tract of woodland, bounded on the north by the Moray Firth. It has a moat and drawbridge; and a part of it, without date, shows marks of very high antiquity. The more modern part bears the date of 1510. Tradition says that the original builder of this castle was desired to load an ass with the gold he could afford for his edifice, to follow where the ass should lead, and build where it should stop. The ass stopped at a hawthorn in the wood, and this hawthorn was built into the centre chamber of the ground-floor of the castle. There it is still, worn and cut away till it is a slender wooden pillar in the midst of the antique apartment. Beside it stands the chest which contained the gold; and here, it is supposed, did the train of Duncan mingle in revel with the servants of Macbeth, on the night of the murder. The stranger who stands in the low, dim vault, regrets that history and tradition cannot be made to agree.

Scene IV.—"*Fores. A Room in the Palace.*"

Fores is a town of great antiquity. At its western extremity, there is an eminence commanding the river, the level country to the coast of Moray Firth, and the town. On this spot, advantageous for strength and survey, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, the walls of which are very massive, and the architecture Saxon. Tradition declares that before this castle was built the fort stood there in which King Duffus was murdered, in 965 or 966. It is probable that this fort was the residence of Duncan, and afterwards of Macbeth, when the court or royal army was at Fores. The imagination of

the student of the chroniclers or of Shakespeare fixes on this green mound as the spot where Macbeth bent the knee to his sovereign, while internally occupied with the greetings which had just met him on the Harmuir.

SCENE V.—"*Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Boece declares that Macbeth's castle, in which Duncan was murdered, was that which stood on an eminence to the south-east of the town of Inverness. It is certain that the building, called a castle, which stood there, was razed to the ground by Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, who built another on a different part of the hill. It was this last, dismantled in the war of 1745, which Dr. Johnson and Boswell entered in 1773, apparently without any suspicion that it was not the identical place in which Duncan was received by Lady Macbeth. Boswell not only recognizes the "pleasant seat" of the building, but looks up with veneration to the battlements on which the raven croaked. He declares—"I had a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it." It appears, however, from the researches of antiquarians, that the castles of Macbeth's days were not built of stone and mortar at all. The "vitrified forts," whose vestiges are found scattered over Scotland, and which are conjectured to be the work of the early Celtic inhabitants, remain a mystery, both as to their construction and purposes; but, with the exception of these, there are no traces of erections of stone of so early a date as the reign of Duncan. The forts and castles of those days appear to have been composed of timber and sods, which crumbled and dissolved away ages ago, leaving only a faint circle upon the soil, to mark the place where they stood. It is thus that the site of Lunfanan Fort, in Perthshire, (the supposed scene of Macbeth's death,) has been ascertained. This fact about the method of building in that age settles the question of Duncan's murder at Cawdor Castle, or Glamis, or any other to which that event has been assigned. It could not have taken place in any building now in existence.

It is now believed by some that Duncan was not assassinated at all, but slain in battle. Later historians follow Boece in his declaration that the king was murdered in Macbeth's castle at Inverness; but the register of the Priory of St. Andrew's says, "Doncath interfectus est in *Bothgonanan*." Fordun says that, being wounded, he was conveyed to Elgin, and died there. The meaning of *Bothgonanan* being "the smith's dwelling," it has been conjectured that the king was murdered by ambushed assassins, at or near a smith's dwelling, in the neighbourhood of Elgin.

Supposing the murder to have taken place, however, at Macbeth's castle at Inverness, the abode might well be said to have "a pleasant seat." The hill overhangs the river Ness, and commands a fine view of the town, the surrounding levels, and the mountains which inclose Loch Ness to the west. The eminence is at present crowned with the new castle, lately finished, which contains the courts and the offices connected with them. No vestiges remain of Malcolm's castle, visited by Dr. Johnson and Boswell as the Macbeth's castle of Boece and Shakespeare.—H. MARTINEAU.

(Scone.)

ACT II.

SCENE IV.— "*And gone to Scone,*
To be invested."

The ancient royal city of Scone, supposed to have been the capital of the Pictish kingdom, lay two miles northward from the present town of Perth. It was the residence of the Scottish monarchs as early as the reign of Kenneth M'Alpin, and there was a long series of kings crowned on the celebrated stone inclosed in a chair, now used as the seat of the sovereign at coronation in Westminster Abbey. This stone was removed to Scone from Dunstaffnage, the yet earlier residence of the Scottish kings, by Kenneth II., soon after the founding of the abbey of Scone by the Culdees in 838, and was transferred by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey in 1296. This remarkable stone is related to have found its way to Dunstaffnage from the plain of Luz, where it was the pillow of the patriarch Jacob while he dreamed his dream.

An aisle of the abbey of Scone remains. A few poor habitations alone exist on the site of the ancient royal city.

SCENE IV.— "*Where is Duncan's body?*
Carried to Colmes-kill."

Colmes-kill (St. Columba's Cell); *Icolm-kill. Hyona; Iona.*—The island of Iona, separated only by a narrow

channel from the island of Mull, off the western coast of Argyle, was the place of sepulture of many Scottish kings; and, according to tradition, of several Irish and Norwegian monarchs. This little island, only three miles long and one and a half broad, was once the most important spot of the whole cluster of British Isles. It was inhabited by Druids previous to the year 563, when Colum M'Felim M'Fergus, afterwards called St. Columba, landed with twelve companions, and began to preach Christianity. A monastery was soon established on the spot, and others afterwards arose in the neighbouring isles, and on the mainland. A noble cathedral was built, and a nunnery at a short distance from it; the ruins of both of which still remain. The reputation of the learning, doctrine, and discipline of these establishments extended over the whole Christian world for some centuries; devotees of rank, or other eminence, strove for admission into them; missionaries of very superior qualifications were graduated from them; the records of royal deeds were preserved there; and there the bones of kings reposed. Historians seem to agree that all the monarchs of Scotland, from Kenneth III. to Macbeth, inclusive—that is, from 973 to 1040—were buried at Iona; and some suppose that the cathedral was a place of royal sepulture from the time of its erection. The island was several times laid waste by the Danes and by pirates; and the records which were saved were removed to Ireland, in consequence of the perpetual peril; but the monastic establishments survived every such attack, and remained in honour till the year 1561, when the Act of the Convention of Estates was passed, by which all monasteries were doomed to demolition. Such books and records as could be found in Iona were burnt, the tombs were broken open, and the greater number of its host of crosses thrown down or carried away.

The cathedral of Iona, as seen afar off from the outside of Fingal's Cave in Staffa, standing out against the western sky, is a singular object in the midst of some of the wilder scenery of the ocean,—the only token of high civilization—the solitary record of an intellectual world which has passed away. It presides over a wide extent of stormy waters, with their scattered isles; and the stone crosses of its cemetery, and the lofty walls and Saxon and Gothic arches of its venerable buildings, form a strange contrast with the hovels of the fishermen which stand upon the shore.

In the cemetery, among the monuments of the founders, and of many subsequent abbots, are three rows of tombs, said to be those of the Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings, in number reported to be forty-eight. For statements like these, however, there is no authority but tradition. Tradition itself does not pretend to individualize these tombs; so that the stranger must be satisfied with the knowledge, that within the inclosure where he stands lie Duncan and Macbeth.

Corpach, two miles from Fort William, retains some distinction from being the place whence the bodies of the Scottish monarchs were embarked for the sacred island. While traversing the stormy waters which surround these gloomy western isles, the imagination naturally reverts to the ancient days, when the funeral train of barks was tossing amid the waves, and the chant of the monks might be heard from afar welcoming the remains of the monarch to their consecrated soil.

Some of the Irish and Norwegian kings buried in Iona were pilgrims, or had abdicated their thrones and retired to the monastery of St. Columba.—H. Martineau.

(Iona.)

ACT IV.

Scene II.—"*Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*"

On the Fifeshire coast, about three miles from Dysart, stand two quadrangular towers, supposed to be the ruins of Macduff's castle. These are not the only remains in Scotland, however, which claim to have been the abode of Macduff's wife and children when they were surprised and slaughtered by Macbeth.

ACT V.

Scene IV.— "*What wood is this before us?*
The wood of Birnam."

Birnam Hill is distant about a mile from Dunkeld; and the two old trees, which are believed to be the last remains of Birnam Wood, grow by the river-side, half a mile from the foot of the hill. The hills of Birnam and Dunsinane must have been excellent posts of observation in time of war, both commanding the level country which lies between them, and various passes, lochs, roads, and rivers, in other directions. Birnam Hill, no longer clothed with forest, but belted with plantations of young larch, rises to the height of 1040 feet, and exhibits, amid the heath, ferns, and mosses, which clothe its sides, distinct traces of an ancient fort, which is called Duncan's Court. Tradition says that Duncan held his court there. The Dunsinane hills are visible, at the distance of twelve miles, from every part of its northern side. Birnam Hill is precisely the point where a general, in full march towards Dunsinane, would be likely to pause, to survey the plain which he must cross; and from this spot would the "leafy screen,"

devised by Malcolm, become necessary to conceal the amount of the hostile force from the watch on the Dunsinane heights :—

"Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us."

SCENE V.—"*As I did stand my watch upon the hill.*"

It is not ascertained on which hill of the Dunsinane range, in Perthshire, Macbeth's forces were posted. Behind Dunsinane House there is a green hill, on the summit of which are vestiges of a vitrified fort, which tradition has declared to be the remains of Macbeth's castle.

The country between Birnam and Dunsinane is level and fertile, and from several parts of the Dunsinane range the outline of Birnam Hill is visible; but, as the distance is twelve miles in a direct line, no sentinel on the Dunsinane hills could see the wood at Birnam begin to move, or even that there was a wood. We must suppose either that the distance was contracted for the Poet's purpose, or that the wood called Birnam extended from the hill for some miles into the plain :—

"Within this three mile may you see it coming."

(In Birnam Wood.)

KING
LEAR

KING
LEAR

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

DATE OF COMPOSITION, CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE, HISTORY AND STATE OF THE TEXT.

KING LEAR was written at some period between Shakespeare's fortieth and forty-fourth year, in the full vigour and maturity of his genius. It is deeply stamped with all the most marked peculiarities of the style and cast of thought predominant in all his later works. It is, in this sense, one of the most—perhaps, indeed, the most Shakespearian of Shakespeare's dramas. It is remarkable, even among them, for the boldest use of language, sometimes in reviving old words, or employing them in some obsolete sense; sometimes in the coinage of others, warm from his own mint; and frequently in the free adaptation of familiar phrases to new and impressive significations. In no one of his dramas do we find more of that crowd of images and weight of thought, under which, even his own mastery of language is oppressed until his expressions become hurried and imperfect. No one of them is more conspicuous for his magnificent originality of rhythm unshackled by the stricter rules of metrical regularity, and flexible to the expression of every varying emotion or gust of passion, yet delighting most in a grave and solemn harmony, unknown to the more artificial metre of his predecessors, and even to his own earlier poetry. But above all the characteristics of Shakespeare's matured genius,—of the full development of his intellectual grandeur, as distinguished from mere imaginative and poetical power—is that most conspicuous in LEAR; the pervading tendency to deep ethical reflection, constantly expanding the emotions of the individuals or the incidents of his scene into large and general truth, sometimes condensing high lessons of "the morals of the heart" into an epithet, or a parenthetical phrase, sometimes pouring them out in the eloquence of natural passion, or more rarely embodying them in the form of didactic declamation.

The comparison of LEAR with any of Shakespeare's earlier works, as for instance with ROMEO AND JULIET in its original form, will show how much all these characteristics of his greater works were formed by the gradual workings of his own mind, in framing to itself its own language and melody, and moulding its own original habits of thought.

There was another tragedy by an older writer on the same subject, and under the same name, which was still acted. This was printed in 1605, not long before Shakespeare's LEAR, so that the precise period when the latter was written, or first represented, cannot be distinctly ascertained, in consequence of the two plays bearing the same title; but a near approximation may be made from the evidence pointed out by Stevens, and since augmented and improved by the remarks of later editors.

Upon bringing together the parts of this evidence, we can pronounce with certainty, (with Collier,) that LEAR "was not written until after the appearance of Harsnet's 'Discovery of Popish Impostors,' in 1603, because from it, as Stevens established, are taken the names of various fiends mentioned by Edgar in the course of his pretended madness," as well as several other allusions to the incidents of supposed demoniac possession, made familiar to the audiences of that day by the notoriety of the imposture, and of the conspiracy with which it was alleged that they were connected. As this, with other slighter circumstances, fixes the date after 1603, so on the other hand, in the entry of the first edition of this play, in the "Stationers' Register," "the following minute memorandum," says Collier, "was procured to be made by Butter," the original publisher of the first edition:—

> "26 Nov. 1607.
> Na. Butter and Jo. Busby] Entred for their Copie under t' hande of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt. and the Wardens, a booke called Mr. Willm Shakespeare, his Historye of Kinge Lear, as yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side."

This establishes that Shakespeare's KING LEAR had been played at court on the 26th December, 1606; and, as it was not usual to represent a new piece at court until it had gained popularity before a more promiscuous, and probably a less tolerant audience, LEAR had doubtless been written and acted at least some few months—perhaps a year or two—before the close of 1606.

It was first published in a quarto pamphlet, in 1608, during which year, three distinct impressions were published by the same proprietors. These appear to have been all printed from the same manuscript, and that a genuine and full copy; but they are executed in the most careless and incorrect manner, as if they had scarcely received the ordinary care of the most negligent and unskilful reader of proof. The verse is in very many scenes printed as prose, and the other errors of the press are of the grossest kind.

It may afford to American readers, few of whom have access to any of the original editions, or even the later literal reprints of them, some understanding of the causes of many of the strange obscurities found in SHAKESPEARE, and of the contentions about various readings, to give a passage or two of LEAR, as they stand in the original quarto.

The passage in act i. scene 4, after the entrance of Albany, beginning "Woe that late repents," etc., thus appears in the first impressions:—

"*Lear.* We that too late repent's us; O sir are you come, is it your will that we prepare any horses, ingratitude! thou marble-headed fiend, more hideous when thou shewest thee in a childe, than the sea-monster, detested kite, thou lessen my train and men of choise and rarest parts," etc.

And again, after Lear's re-entrance, in his speech to Goneril, for the words, "That these hot tears, which break from me perforce," we have this unintelligible passage:—

"That these hot tears, that break from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, beweep this cause again," etc.

This may afford to the reader unacquainted with the manner in which, in the early state of English typography, the works of all but professed scholars frequently appeared, some evidence of what (to borrow Johnson's language) "is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those who endeavour to restore corrupted passages."

Whenever we have the aid of another edition, either from a different copy, or printed under a different supervision, as in the passages cited we have the folio, such errors are corrected with certainty; for different editions do not commonly fall into the same error. But where there are no such means of mutual correction, as in the passages of LEAR contained only in the quartos of 1608, there is no resource but conjectural sagacity, aided by familiarity with the author's style and habits of thought, and the peculiarities of contemporary phrase or idiom.

In the folio of 1623, KING LEAR appears in a somewhat different form. This play had not at first been tried, like HAMLET and other pieces, in a bold and rapid sketch, to be afterwards decorated and improved, but came, like MACBETH, (at least in the main,) complete and perfect from the author's hand. But at some period after its first careless publication, which, whether authorized or not by the author, could never have passed under his supervision, he seems to have revised the play, making many alterations and abridgments, chiefly for the purposes of actual representation. This is the revision contained in the folio of 1623. In this revision, the chief object of which must have been to shorten the time of representation, and possibly to condense the interest of the acted play, many passages are omitted, and among them some of the most exquisite in poetical beauty, (as the third scene of the fourth act, and the description of Lear in the storm, in the third act,) as well as others of strong passion, such as the imaginary arraignment and trial of Goneril and Regan, in act iii. scene 6. That this revision was the author's own, and not simply a manager's "cutting down," appears from the fact that there are, besides many alterations of language, some additions which could only have come from his pen. The metrical arrangement of the folio copy is also correct, and bears some evidence of the Poet's own care. Thus the text of the folio, so far as it goes, is the one entitled to authority, unless where the earlier editions afford the means of giving a clearer sense, and correcting obvious errors of the press or the manuscript. On the other hand, as the abridgment appears to have been made solely with reference to scenic representation, if we wish to read the whole drama as a poem, as it was written, we must have recourse to the quartos to fill up large chasms; and, in the absence of other aid, we must be content with such light as critical sagacity can throw upon the obscure passages. Some of the editors have gone beyond this point, and taken great license in making up a text from the two original differing texts varied by the author himself.

The text of the present edition is as usual under great obligation to Mr. Collier's laborious and minute collection of the various readings, although in several instances the readings here adopted are different from those preferred by Mr. Collier.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT, AND MATERIALS OF THE PLAY.

The story of Lear and his three daughters, forms a conspicuous part of that amusing legendary history of the seventy illustrious monarchs, who reigned in Britain before the invasion of Julius Cæsar, an event which the ancient chroniclers considered as the beginning of modern English history. This legendary history forms the introduction of the older English historians to the more authentic narrative, from the chronicles of Fabyan and Hollingshed, down to Milton's history, and even later, until the days of Hume, since whose time it has vanished from all the popular compilations. But the whole story was familiar to the English people in the good old days, when the historical student (to borrow Milton's fine simile on this very subject) was obliged to "set out on his way by night, and travel through a region of smooth and idle dreams," before he "arrived at the con-

fines where day breaks, and truth meets him with a clear dawn." For this whole body of "magnanimous deceits," (as Ariosto would call them,) to which poetry and romance are so largely indebted, we must mainly thank Geoffrey of Monmouth. He was a Welsh Benedictine-monk of the twelfth century, a learned man for his age, skilled both in the ancient British tongue, and in Latin, which last he wrote with a degree of purity and elegance, quite unusual in old conventual literature. About the year 1100, he became possessed of an ancient chronicle "Of the History of the Kings of Britain," written in the Armorican, or old British language. This he translated into good readable Latin, and decorated it with the addition of the popular legends current in Wales, such as the achievements of King Arthur, and the prophecies of Merlin. T. Warton pronounces the original chronicles to be a series of fables, thrown out by different rhapsodists, at various times, which were after collected and digested into a regular history, and probably with new decorations of fancy added by the compiler; so that after the whole had received the superadded ornaments of good Geoffrey's chivalric taste, it became a tale of romantic inventions, though the subject is in form the story of the British princes, from the Trojan Brutus down to Cadwallader, who reigned in the seventh century.

Whether the story of Lear and his daughters is of Geoffrey's manufacture, or came from the more ancient chronicles, I am not able to determine; but a late discovery of Mr. Douce rather indicates that it was a traditionary story from some other source, adapted by the chronicler to British history. Mr. Douce found in an unpublished manuscript of the *Gesta Romanorum*, the same story told of Theodosius, an emperor of Greece, which he has published in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare." This book, the Gesta Romanorum, was one of the delights of Europe for some hundred years, and was a collection of stories, partly from ancient writers, as Valerius Maximus and Josephus, and partly from the old German chronicles, interspersed with legends of the saints, tales and apologues of Arabian origin, and romantic embellishments of all sorts. Hollingshed, who abridges Geoffrey of Monmouth, was Shakespeare's main authority for British story, whether legendary or authentic. He thus relates the story:—

"Leir, the son of Baldud, was admitted ruler over the Britains in the year of the world 3105. At what time Joas reigned as yet in Juda. This Leir was a prince of noble demeanour, governing his land and subjects in great wealth. He made the town of Cairleir, now called Leicester, which standeth upon the river of Dore. It is writ that he had by his wife three daughters, without other issue, whose names were, Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordilla, which daughters he greatly loved, but especially the youngest, Cordilla, far above the two elder.

"When this Leir was come to great years, and began to wear unwieldy through age, he thought to understand the affections of his daughters towards him, and prefer her whom he best loved to the succession of the kingdom; therefore, he first asked Gonorilla, the eldest, how well she loved him: the which, calling her gods to record, protested that she loved him more than her own life, which by right and reason should be most dear unto her; with which answer, the father, being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of her how well she loved him? which answered, (confirming her sayings with great oaths,) that she loved him better than tongue can express, and far above all other creatures in the world.

"Then called he his youngest daughter, Cordilla, before him, and asked of her what account she made of him: unto whom she made this answer as followeth:—Knowing the great love and fatherly zeal you have always borne towards me, (for the which, that I may not answer you otherwise than I think, and as my conscience leadeth me,) I protest to you that I have always loved you, and shall continually while I live, love you as my natural father; and if you would more understand of the love that I bear you, ascertain yourself, that so much as you have, so much are you worth, and so much I love you, and no more.

"The father, being nothing content with this answer, married the two eldest daughters, the one unto the duke of Cornwall, named Henninus, and the other unto the duke of Albania, called Maglanus; and betwixt them, after his death, he willed and ordained his land should be divided, and the one-half thereof should be immediately assigned to them in hand; but for the third daughter, Cordilla, he reserved nothing.

"Yet it fortuned that one of the princes of Gallia, (which is now called France,) whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beauty, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordilla, desired to have her in marriage, and sent over to her father, requiring that he might have her to wife; to whom answer was made, that he might have his daughter, but for any dowry he could have none, for all was promised and assured to her other sisters already.

"Aganippus, notwithstanding this answer of denial to receive any thing by way of dower with Cordilla, took her to wife, only moved thereto (I say) for respect of her person and amiable virtues. This Aganippus was one of the twelve kings that ruled Gallia in those days, as in the British history is recorded. But to proceed; after that Leir was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking it long ere the government of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and reft from him the governance of the land, upon conditions to be continued for term of life: by the which he was put to his portion; that is, to live after a rate assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in process of time was diminished, as well by Maglanus as by Henninus.

"But the greatest grief that Leir took was to see the unkindness of his daughters, who seemed to think that all was too much which their father had, the same being never so little, in so much that, going from the one to the other, he was brought to that misery that they would allow him only one servant to wait upon him. In the end, such was the unkindness, or, as I may say, the unnaturalness, which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their fair and pleasant words uttered in time past, that, being constrained of necessity, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seek some comfort of his youngest daughter, Cordilla, whom before he hated.

"The lady Cordilla, hearing he was arrived in poor estate, she first sent to him privately a sum of money to apparel himself withall, and to retain a certain number of servants, that might attend upon him in honourable wise, as apperteyned to the estate which he had borne. And then, so accompanyed, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so joyfully, honourably, and lovingly received, both by his son-in-law Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordilla, that his heart was greatly comforted: for he was no less honoured than if he had been king of the whole country himself. Also, after that he had informed his son-in-law and his

daughter in what sort he had been used by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mighty army to be put in readiness, and likewise a great navy of ships to be rigged to pass over into Britain, with Leir his father-in-law, to see him again restored to his kingdom.

"It was accorded that Cordilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leave unto her, as his rightful inheritor after his decease, notwithstanding any former grants unto her sisters, or unto their husbands, in any manner of wise; hereupon, when this army and navy of ships were ready, Leir and his daughter Cordilla, with her husband, took the sea, and arriving in Britain, fought with their enemies, and discomfited them in battle, in the which Maglanus and Henninus were slain, and then was Leir restored to his kingdom, which he ruled after this by the space of two years, and then died, forty years after he first began to reign. His body was buried at Leicester, in a vault under the channel of the river Dore, beneath the town."

The subsequent fate of Cordelia is also narrated by Hollingshed. She became queen after her father's death; but her nephews "levied war against her, and destroyed a great part of the land, and finally took her prisoner, and laid her fast in ward, wherewith she took such grief, being a woman of manly courage, and despairing to recover liberty, there she slew herself."

The same story was also chosen as the subject of one of the parts or cantos of the "Mirrour of Magistrates." This is a collection of poems, relating the sad ends of the great unfortunates of history and of legends. It was begun by Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, in Queen Mary's reign, and continued at intervals by several different hands. The canto relating the woes of Cordelia was by John Higgins, and dated 1586. There can be little doubt that this book was known to Shakespeare, as the collection was exceedingly popular, and there are good reasons to suppose that ideas or images derived from other parts of it may be traced in his historical plays. Higgins's "Queene Cordila" contains several happy poetical expressions, and some grand imagery, which the dramatist might have employed with effect, had he chosen it, but he seems to have avoided any resemblance.

Lear's story is also comprised in Spenser's genealogy of the ante-historic British kings, in his "Faery Queen," and thence, our Poet's taste adapted the more pleasing name of Cordelia, which the elder fabulists and poets had called Cordila. That portion of the plot which relates to Gloster and his sons, might have been suggested from a digression in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, in the chapter of that romance entitled "The storie of the Paphlagonian unkind king, and his kind son." An early ballad on King Lear was also published (see Percy's Reliques,) but no copy with a date has come down to us. Although it employs the older names of some of the characters, it adopts that of Cordelia; and there are several circumstances, besides a more modern style of composition, which lead the best judges of old English literature to the belief that it was written after Shakespeare's tragedy.

In addition to these legendary and poetical versions of this favourite old story, there was a tragedy of "King Leir," but considerably anterior in date to Shakespeare's, and which Collier thinks "had experienced a run of popularity at the Globe theatre, long before its publication." Mr. Campbell thus contrasts the older "Leir" with Shakespeare's, in his brilliant though unequal preface to Moxon's edition of SHAKESPEARE:—

"A play, entitled 'The True Chronicle Historie of King Leare and his Three Daughters,' was entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1594: the author's name is unknown. As this senior 'King Leare' had had possession of the stage for several years, it would scarcely be doubtful that Shakespeare had seen it, even if there were not coincident passages to prove that he borrowed some ideas from it.

"The elder tragedy is simple and touching. There is one entire scene in it—the meeting of Cordelia with her father, in a lonely forest—which, with Shakespeare's LEAR in my heart, I could scarcely read with dry eyes. The 'Leir' antecedent to our Poet's LEAR is a pleasing tragedy; yet the former, though it precedes the latter, is not its prototype, and its mild merits only show us the wide expanse of difference between respectable talent and commanding inspiration. The two Lears have nothing in common but their aged weakness, their general goodness of heart, their royal rank, and their misfortunes. The ante-Shakespearian Lear is a patient, simple, old man; one who bears his sorrows very meekly, till Cordelia arrives with her husband, the King of France, and his victorious army, and restores her father to the throne of Britain. Shakespeare's LEAR presents the most awful picture that was ever conceived of the weakness of senility, contrasted with the strength of despair. The dawn of the madness, his fearful consciousness of its approach, its progress and completion, are studies to instruct the most philosophical inquirer into the aberrations of the human kind. The meeting of Lear, Edgar, and the Fool, and the mixture in that scene of real and pretended madness, is one of Shakespeare's most perfect strokes, which is seldom unnoticed by the commonest of his critics.

"In the old play, Lear has a friend Perillus, who moves our interest, though not so deeply as Kent, in the later and greater drama. But, independently of Shakespeare's having created a new Lear, he has sublimated the old tragedy into a new one, by an entire originality in the spiritual portraiture of its personages. In the characters of Gloucester's two sons, the beneficent Edgar and the bastard Edmund, he has created an under-plot which is finally and naturally interwoven with the outlinear plot. In fine, wherever Shakespeare works on old materials, you will find him not wiping dusted gold, but extracting gold from dust where none but himself could have made the golden extraction."

Mr. Skottowe has gone further, and laboured to show the materials which Shakespeare had drawn from this old play, and the ideas and expressions which it had less directly suggested to his mind. But it appears to me that these obligations are much overstated by both critics. There is no indication that Shakespeare, while writing his tragedy, made use of any book except his favourite chronicler, old Hollingshed. He was of course familiar with Spenser's sketch of his plot, and, in all probability, had read Higgins's "Lament of Cordila," in the Mirrour for Magistrates, while, from his professional habits, he must unquestionably have been familiar with the old theatrical "King Leir." Yet he has carefully avoided all resemblance with the two poets, except so

far as the common origin of the story led to necessary coincidence. As to the old tragedy, had he merely undertaken to improve and correct it, as he had perhaps done in his earlier days as to other old pieces, he would have preserved much more of the original drama, a composition of considerable merit, humble as it is in style and feeling, compared with his own original inventions. But having undertaken an entirely new work on the same plot, it seems evident that the prior play would be an impediment to his freedom of thought, rather than a help to his invention. He could not but perceive the necessity of not going over the same ground with the older dramatist, more than the story, familiar to the English people, absolutely required, and he has taken obvious pains to avoid such coincidence. There are, of course, general similarities of plot, and character, and incident, arising from the common origin of the two dramas. The idea of a single faithful follower like Kent, is obvious; but it may also have been taken from the Perillus of the older play, who is like Kent in nothing else than his personal attachment to his unfortunate king. There may be some scattered ideas or expressions, that might probably enough have been suggested by the older play, without conscious imitation on Shakespeare's part. Such adaptations often occur in the most original writings, when the author, in the glow of composition, cannot always separate the indistinct promptings of his memory from the unaided workings of his own mind.

Otherwise, Shakespeare not only gives no indications of any direct use of the work of his dramatic predecessor, but he has sought to give as different an aspect to the whole fable as was consistent with preserving the leading and familiar incidents. Thus he substitutes to the humiliated and desponding father of the old play, resigning himself to his fate, as deserved by his own capricious folly, a different and terrible Lear, retaining in age and infirmity of mind and body the gigantic energy and passion of his "best and soundest time." He has, among other slighter variations of character, rejected the natural incident, sufficiently susceptible of dramatic effect, of the elder daughters instigating their father against their sister, and has instead, painted Lear's conduct as originating entirely in his own impetuous temper and ill-regulated mind.

Above all, he has deliberately changed the catastrophe. In the old play, as in the modern acted drama, altered from the original by Nahum Tate, Cordelia is left victorious and happy, and Lear is restored to his throne, instead of her execution in prison, and Lear's dying broken-hearted at her loss.

For this departure from the old and familiar catastrophe, there were, I should think, two distinct reasons operating upon the Poet's mind, one naturally occurring to him as a practical man and a playwright, the other approving itself to his judgment as a great poet.

As the author of a new piece upon a plot already familiar to his audience, this unexpected variation from the old catastrophe of the stage, and the popular legends, was in itself desirable, as marking the originality of the new Lear, and by its novelty heightening the effect of this drama. At the same time, as a poet, he could not but feel that the common-place worldly success bestowed by the poetical justice of the stage as a reward to virtue, and a full compensation for all suffering, however well fitted it might be for a tale where the interest is merely that of eventful incident, had nothing in unison with the scenes of stormy desolation through which he had hurried his audience. He must have felt that the general tragic and poetic effect of his deep and sad morality, of the fierce woe, the wild emotion, the bitter agony, he had painted, could only be preserved by a closing scene of solemn and tender pathos, spreading a melancholy calm over the tumult of excited thought and feeling, and sending "his hearers weeping to their beds."

("My good biting falchion.")

(Country near Dover.)

COSTUME, MANNERS, SCENERY, ETC.

On these points, critics and commentators are in sad distress and confusion. Our earliest American Shakespearian commentator, Mrs. Lennox, (who was a native of New York,) is indignant at the Poet's wide deviation from history. Malone is scandalized, that although old chroniclers have fixed the date of Lear's accession in the year of the world, 3105, yet Edgar is made to speak of Nero, who was not born until eight or nine hundred years after. The accurate and pains-taking Mr. Douce is still more distressed at "the plentiful crop of blunders" which the Poet has given, in substituting the manners of England under the Tudors for those of the ancient Britons. The Pictorial edition, generally so rich and instructive on ancient modes and arts, here affords no light, for the learned chief of that department of the edition, who has piloted us through many a dark period of armorial and sartorial history—he, the very Palinurus of antiquarian investigation in these matters, tells us blankly, that "he has nothing to offer on the subject of LEAR." All his ordinary landmarks and guiding-stars are lost in the dark night of antiquity, or covered by the black clouds driven wildly along by the storm of the Poet's fancy:

> Ipse diem, noctemque negat discernere cœlo
> Nec meminisse viæ media Palinurus in unda.
>
> Driven from his course to wander in the dark,
> No star to guide, no jutting land to mark;
> E'en Palinurus no direction gave,
> But gazed in silence on the darkened wave.

Mr. Knight himself is content to rebuke our unfortunate townswoman, and the still more literal Mr. Douce, with "the other professional detectors of anachronisms," and justly vindicates the "right of a poet describing events of a purely fabulous character, represented by the narrators of them as belonging to an age to which we cannot attach one precise notion of costume, (using the word in its largest sense,) to employ images that belong to a more recent period, even to his own time." It is for this reason, he adds, "that we do not object to see Lear painted with a diadem on his head, or his knights in armour."

We are generally in the habit of relying implicitly upon Mr. Knight and his able assistants, on all similar points of antique *costume*—using that word like him, in its largest sense, and including customs, manners, and arts, as well as dress and arms. But presumptuous as it may appear to English critics, in a transatlantic editor—and one, moreover, who confesses himself to be "nor skilled nor studious" of this curious learning, I must dissent entirely from all the opinions just noticed, and do not hesitate to maintain that Shakespeare has no need of either apology or defence—that he has adhered strictly and literally to the appropriate costume of his subject, in manners and habits of life, and that there is no difficulty whatever in accurately depicting the proper external accessories.

We have already seen that Lear, and his story, though found in the traditionary and fabulous part of Hollingshed, and other chronicles, do not belong to ancient English history, in the same sense with Cassivelaunus or Caractacus. He is a prince of some indefinite period of romantic tradition, when arts and science, as well as chivalry, flourished in England. His story is one of those legends of which Milton, in his own history of England, says, "he tells over these reputed tales, he it for nothing else than in favour of our English poets," but he will not "recount the year (or chronology) lest he should be vainly curious about the circumstances of the things, whereof the substance is so much in the dark." Upon Geoffrey of Monmouth's authority, Spenser traces Lear's

line, in his fairy legend, from the conqueror Bute, descended from "royal stock of old Assarac's line," whose three sons were "born of fair Imogen of Italy." Lear's father, Baldud, according to the same unerring poetical history, was a man of eminent science, educated at Athens, whose skill left to his posterity "the boiling baths at Carbadon," (Bath.) The same tale was told in poem, ballad, and many ruder ways, and had become familiar to the English people; and thus Lear and his "three daughters fair," belong to the domain of old romance and popular tradition. They have nothing to do with the state of manners or arts in England, or any particular year of the world. They belong to that unreal "but most potently believed history" whose heroes were the household names of Europe—St. George and his brother champions, King Arthur and Charlemagne, Don Belliani, Roland and his brother Paladins, and many others, for part of whom time has done among those "who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke" what the burning of Don Quixote's library was meant to do for the knight. But how many of them are still fresh in the immortal lays of Chaucer and Spenser, of Boiando and Ariosto, and in many a well-remembered ballad besides! This story forms part of that lore which Milton loved, and which still

> ———— resounds
> In fable or romance of Uther's son
> Begirt with British or Armoric knights.
> And all who since, baptized or infidel,
> Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban;
> Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
> When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarabia.

What though this last event is contradicted by all prosaic history?—still, the long wailing notes of "Roland's horn," blown for the last time to tell the tale of defeat and death, has been heard resounding through the poetry of Europe from Milton down to Byron and Scott. No Douce or Malone has ventured to arraign as a grievous offence against historic truth,

> ——— the blast of that dread horn
> On Fontarabian echoes borne,
> That to King Charles did come,
> When Rowland brave and Olivier
> And every Paladin and peer
> On Roncesvalles died.

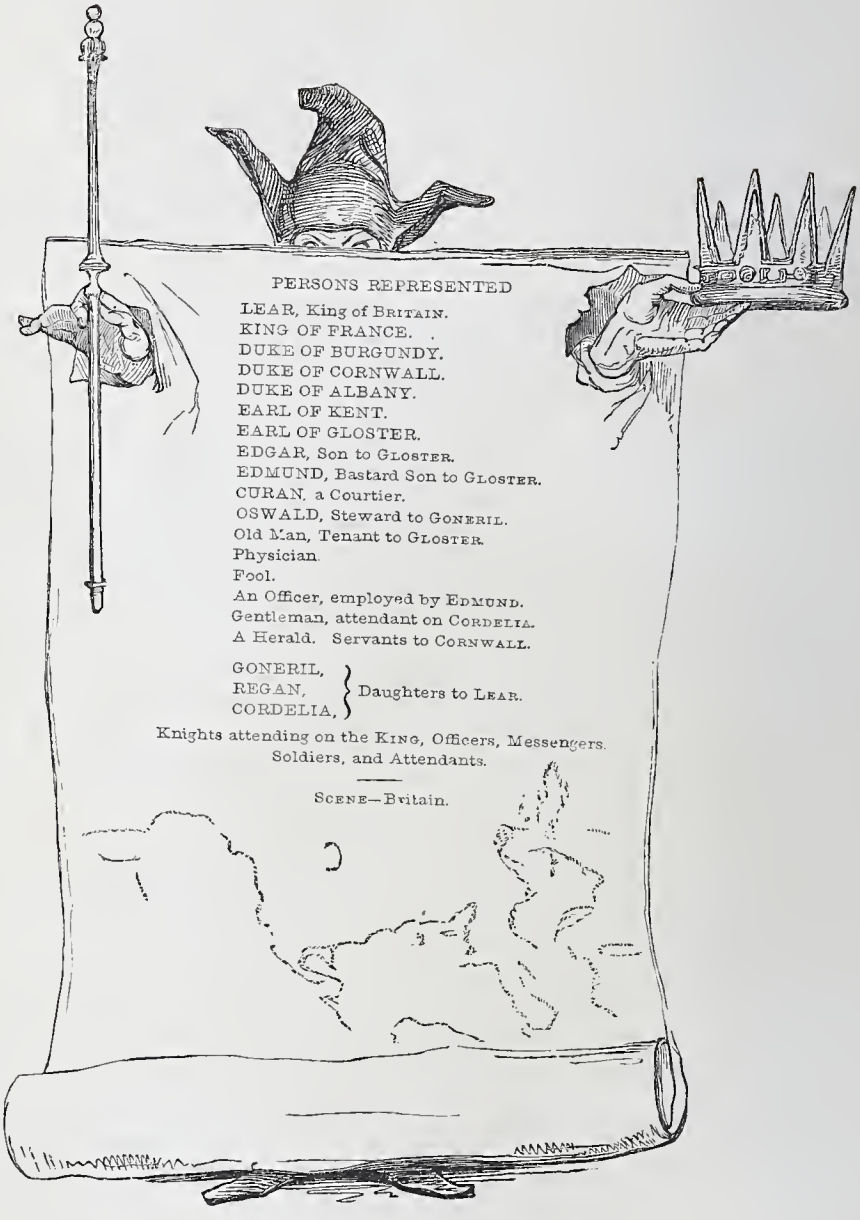
Now, who that is at all familiar with this long train of imaginary history, does not know that it all had its own customs and costume, as well defined as the heathen mythology or the Roman history? All the personages wore the arms and habiliments and obeyed the ceremonials of mediœval chivalry, very probably because these several tales were put into legendary or poetic form in those days; but whatever was the reason, it was in that garb alone, that they formed the popular literature of Europe in Shakespeare's time. It was a costume well fitted for poetical purposes, familiar in its details to popular understanding, yet so far beyond the habitual associations of readers, as to have some tinge of antiquity; while, (as the admirers of Ariosto and Spenser well know,) it was eminently brilliant and picturesque.

Thus, whether, like Chaucer, the Poet laid his scene of Palamon and Arcite in pagan Athens, under Duke Theseus; or described, with the nameless author of the Morte Arthur, the adventures of the Knights of the Round Table; or with Ariosto, those of the French Paladins; or whether some humbler author told in prose the tale of St. George, or the seven champions; the whole was clothed in the same costume, and the courts and camps of Grecian emperors, British kings, Pagan or Turkish soldans, all pretty much resembled those of Charles of Burgundy, or Richard of England, as described by Froissart and his brethren.

To have deviated from this easy, natural and most convenient conventional costume of fiction, half-believed as history, for the sake of stripping off old Lear's civilized "tendings," and bringing him to the unsophisticated state of a painted Pictish king, would have shocked the sense of probability in an audience of Elizabeth's reign, as perhaps it would even now. The positive objective truth of history would appear far less probable than the received truth of poetry and romance, of the nursery and the stage.

Accordingly, Shakespeare painted Lear and his times in the attire in which they were most familiar to the imagination of his audience, just as Racine did in respect to the half-fabulous personages of Grecian antiquity, when he reproduced them on the French stage; and of the two, probably the English bard was the nearest to historical truth.

Such is our theory, in support of which we throw down our critical glove, after the manner of chivalry, daring any champion who may deny it, to meet us on some wider field than our present limits can afford. The advantages of this theory are so obvious and manifold, that it certainly deserves to be true, if it is not so in fact. To the reader it clears away all anxiety about petty criticisms or anachronisms, and "such small deer," while it presents the drama to his imagination in the most picturesque and poetical attire of which it is susceptible. The artist, too, may luxuriate at pleasure in his decorations, whether for the stage or the canvass, selecting all that he judges most appropriate to the feeling of his scene, from the treasures of the arts of the middle ages, and the pomp and splendour of chivalry, without having before his eyes the dread of some critical antiquary to reprimand him, on the authority of Pugin or Meyrick, for encasing his knights in plate-armour, or erecting Lear's throne in a hall of Norman architecture, a thousand years or more before either Norman arch or plate-armour had been seen in England.



PERSONS REPRESENTED

LEAR, King of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, Son to Gloster.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.
CURAN, a Courtier.
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald. Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA, } Daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers.
Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene—Britain.

SCENE 1.—*A Room of State in* KING LEAR'S *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdoms, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming.

[*Sennet within.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent. [*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests, and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then, poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferred on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last, and least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How? how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty;
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!— [*To* CORDELIA.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France.—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

Make with you by due turns. Only, we still retain
The name, and all th' additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.
[*Giving the Crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad.—What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness; answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.
Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me.
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.
Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[*To* CORDELIA.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER; *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To* FRANCE.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born. than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her;
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy:
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—therefore, be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, *and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duty.

Reg. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms: you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* CORDELIA.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then, must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking

between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the* Earl of GLOSTER's *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base,
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate. Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come; if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them,
Are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*Reads.*] "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."—Humph!—Conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and father's declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'Tis strange. [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world,

Children's duties to parents

that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major;* so that, it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the* Duke of ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL, *and* OSWALD *her Steward.*

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me: every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks; as flatteries, when they are seen, abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you.
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Same.*

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, *Knights, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldest thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is

for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldest thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldest thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. — Dinner, ho! dinner! — Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clodpole back. — Where's my fool, ho? — I think the world's asleep.—How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.— But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.— Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter OSWALD.

O! you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to: have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes* OSWALD *out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving* KENT *money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb. [*Giving* KENT *his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters!

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel: he must be whipped out when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle.—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then, 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me;
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith; lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't, and loads too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for, when thou gavest them the rod and putt'st down thine own breeches,—

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on?
Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool; thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [*To* Gon.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum:—

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—
That's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank, and not-to-be-endured, riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on,
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—

Fool. Lear's shadow.—

Lear. I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright,
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy; be, then, desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disordered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir! [*To* ALB.] are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!
Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. Detested kite! thou liest:
[*To* GONERIL.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O, most small fault!
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show,
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.
Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.
Lear. It may be so, my lord.—
Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away! away! [*Exit.*
Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What! fifty of my followers, at a clap,
Within a fortnight?
Alb. What's the matter, sir?
Lear. I'll tell thee.—Life and death! [*To* GONERIL.] I am ashamed,
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha!
Let it be so:—I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and Attendants.*
Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?
Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—
Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[*To the Fool.*
Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*
Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights!
'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.
Gon. Safer than trust too far.
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd th' unfitness,—How now, Oswald!

Re-enter OSWALD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [*Exit* OSWALD.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay, then—
Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Court before the Same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and Fool.*

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.
Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*
Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?
Lear. Ay, boy.
Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.
Lear. Ha, ha, ha!
Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
Lear. What canst tell, boy?
Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face.
Lear. No.
Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.
Lear. I did her wrong.— Cordelia
Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither, but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—

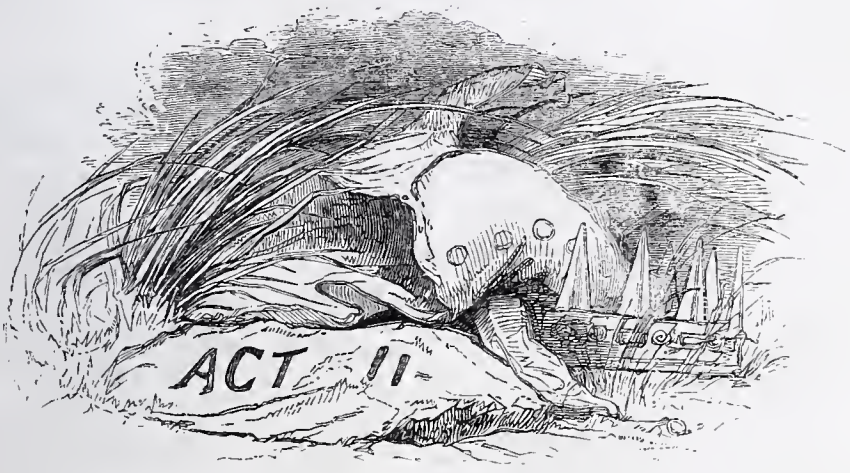
Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE 1.—*A Court within the Castle of the* Earl of GLOSTER.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-bussing arguments.

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,
Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches.—O sir! fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid:
You have now the good advantage of the night.—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me;
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:
Draw: seem to defend yourself. Now 'quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho! here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[*Exit* EDGAR.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and Servants with torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress.—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Servant.*] By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it."

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.
[*Tucket within.*
Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam! my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What! did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady! shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow,
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam.
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD, *severally.*

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave, a whoreson glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldest be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to

deny thou knowest me. Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: [*Drawing his sword.*] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take Vanity, the puppet's, part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, EDMUND, *and Servants.*

Edm. How now! What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come,
I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies, that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What! art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he;
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much, I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king, his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*Stocks brought out*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.
Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—
[KENT *is put in the stocks.*
Come, my lord, away.
[*Exeunt* REGAN *and* CORNWALL.
Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.
Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!
Glo. The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*
Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw:—
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery:—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night;
Smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.—*A part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. — Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter LEAR, *Fool, and a Gentleman.*

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha! look; he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no; they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.
Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letter to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril, his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element's below.—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir; here, within.

Lear. Follow me not:
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in a storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches.
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet;—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
[*Looking on* KENT.
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go, tell the duke and 's wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—"Sleep to death."

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me! my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down:" 'twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!
[KENT *is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'ress.—O! are you free?
[*To* KENT.
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.—
[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!
Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.
Lear. Say, how is that?
Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir! you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return:
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."
Reg. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.
Lear. Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Fie, sir, fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!
Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me when the rash mood is on.
Lear. No, Regan; thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hested nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?
[*Tucket within.*
Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter OSWALD.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your grace?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope

Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens!

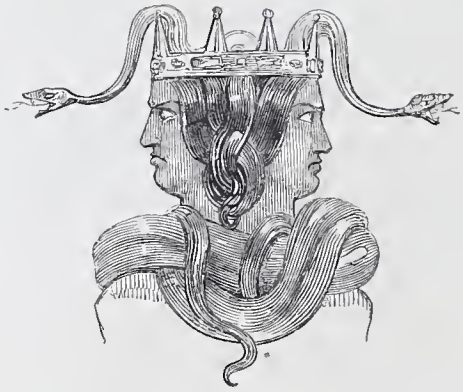
Enter GONERIL.

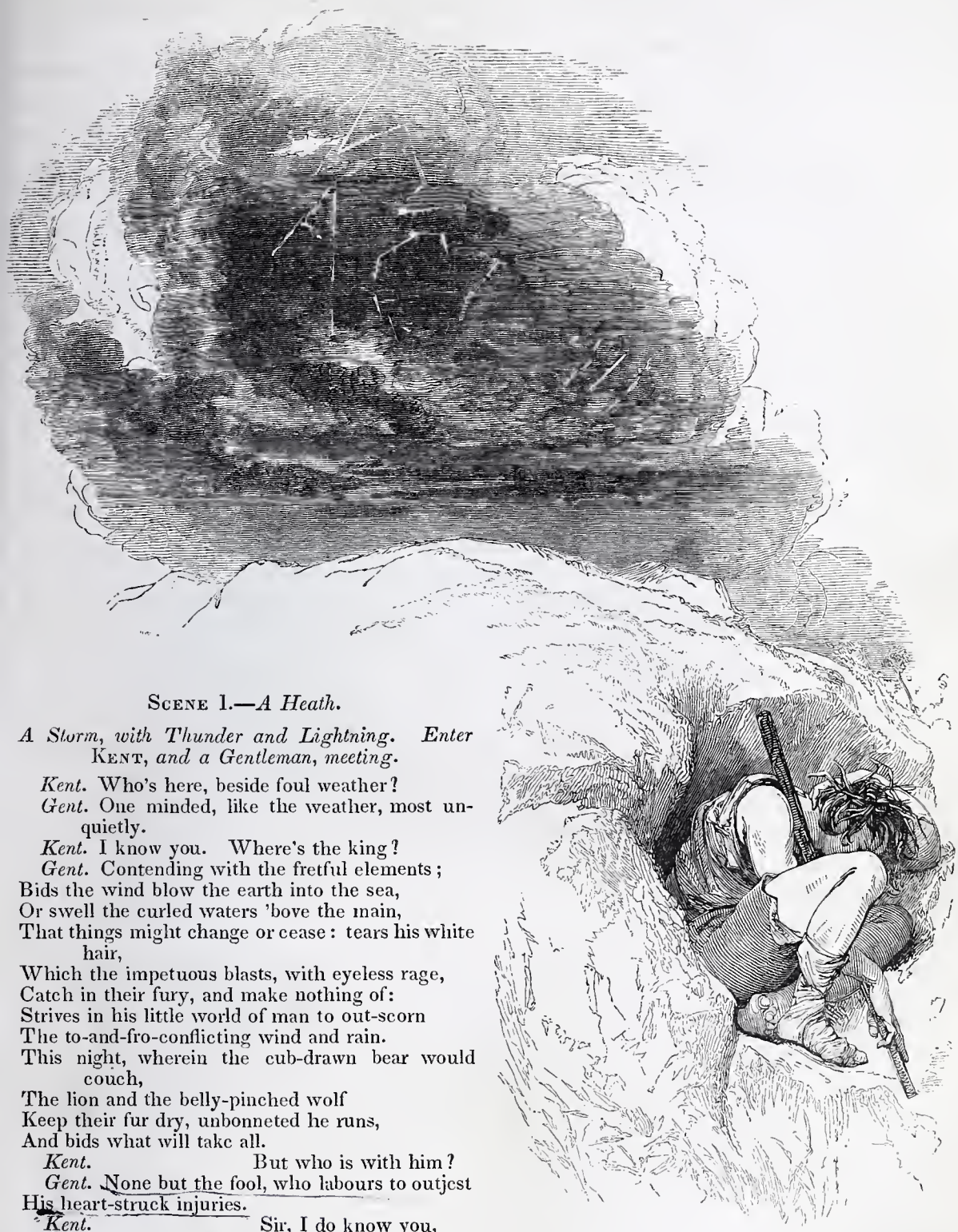
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?—
[*To* GONERIL.
O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O sides! you are too tough:
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.
Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl.—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking at* OSWALD.
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well-spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What! fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place, or notice.
Lear. I gave you all—
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, said you so?
Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee:
[*To* GONERIL.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O! reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger.
O! let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
[*Storm heard at a distance.*
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool! I shall go mad.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, *and Fool.*
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
Reg. This house is little: the old man and 's people
Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth.—He is return'd.
Glo. The king is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glo. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.
Reg. O, sir! to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well. Come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*





SCENE 1.—*A Heath.*

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter KENT, *and a Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded, like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease: tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—
[But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far

To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring,
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. [*Thunder.*] Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way, I'll this,) he that first lights on him,
Holloa the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR, *and Fool.*

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes spout,
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir! are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinned against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—* [*Sings.*
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches suitors:
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and Fool.*

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home.—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these! O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit. Help me! help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised as a madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits!

Tom's a-cold.—O! do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.—There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun, ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here.— [*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.—Now, a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.—Look! here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth:—

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool: who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What! hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer: go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad: I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this! [*Storm continues.*
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O! cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him:
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
Glo. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glo. No words, no words: Hush.
Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*

('This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch.'—Scene i.)

SCENE V.—*A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.
Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.
Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.
Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!
Corn. Go with me to the duchess.
Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.
Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.
Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—[*To him.*]—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.
Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in a Farm-house adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* KENT.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.
Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter LEAR, EDGAR, *and Fool.*

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.
Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?
Lear. A king, a king!
Fool. No: he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.
Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come whizzing in upon them:—
Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.
Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.
Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—
[*To* EDGAR.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she-foxes!—
Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—
Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.
Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.
Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
[*To* EDGAR.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side.—You are o' the commission,
Sit you too. [*To* KENT.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you merey, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so often have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. See, see! Come, mareh to wakes and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then, let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, [*To* EDGAR.] I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise: draw the curtains. So, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, wherc thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behiud. [*To the Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER, *and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scareely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things, and happy shows behind;
But then the mind mueh sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow:
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! Where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt* GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* OSWALD.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

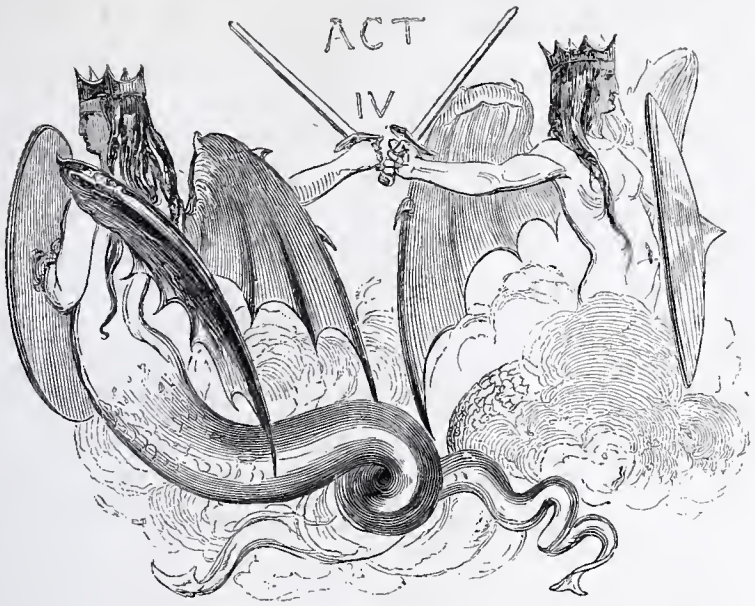
[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men

May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.
Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.
Glo. What mean your graces? — Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!
Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.
Corn. To this chair bind him. — Villain, thou shalt find— [REGAN *plucks his beard.*
Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands
Have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.
Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd. CLIMAX
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?
Glo. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh rash boarish fangs.
The sea with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"
All cruels else subscrib'd: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See it shalt thou never. — Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel! O ye gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you see, vengeance,—
Serv. Hold your hand, my lord.
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog!
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain! [*Draws and runs at him.*
Serv. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws.* CORNWALL *is wounded.*
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him.—O! [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
Glo. All dark and comfortless. — Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt.—Follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain:—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit* CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN;—*Servants unbind* GLOSTER, *and lead him out.*
1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.
2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.
2 *Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*



SCENE I.—*The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace:
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts. — But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord! I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir! you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah! dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the worst?"
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How should this be?—
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [*To him.*] Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir! he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah; naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. — [*Aside.*] I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must. — [*To him.*] Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once: of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumb-

ness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the* Duke of ALBANY'S *Castle.*

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND; OSWALD *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then, shall you go no further.
[*To* EDMUND.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit* EDMUND.
O, the difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit* OSWALD.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more: the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
"Alack! why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord! the duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,

The news is not so tart. [*To him.*] I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.*

Enter KENT, *and a Gentleman.*

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back, know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required, and necessary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O! then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better way: those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of "father"
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, "Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!"—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then, away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i' the town,
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, *Physician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack! 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With hoar-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—What can man's wisdom,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam:
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father!
It is thy business that I go about,
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much;
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband,
I am sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding: y' are, I know it;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam: I would show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

(Dover Cliff.)

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR *dressed like a Peasant.*

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark! do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.
Edg. Y' are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Methinks, y' are better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.—How fearful,
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot

Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O, you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
[*He leaps, and falls along.*
Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass, indeed;—yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fallen, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack! I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so;—how is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough!" and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed with wild flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.
Edg. O, thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look! a mouse. Peace, peace!—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.
Edg. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Glo. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say "ay," and "no," to every thing I said!—"Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.
Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?
Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?—
Adultery.—
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yond' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends: there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah; pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.
Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!
Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.
Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge: mark but the penning of it.
Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.
Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.
Lear. Read.
Glo. What! with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots: harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd! Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient. We came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark me.

Glo. Alack! alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools.—This a good block?—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O! here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely,
Like a smug bridegroom. What! I will be jovial.
Come, come; I am a king, my masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit: Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir!

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR *interposes.*

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or Ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. Ch'ill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir. Come; no matter vor your foins.

[*They fight; and* EDGAR *knocks him down.*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster: seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What! is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then, am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say)
"affectionate servant,
"GONERIL."

O, undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves. [*Drum afar off.*

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

re-read

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp.*

LEAR *on a bed, asleep; Doctor, Gentleman, and others, attending.*

Enter CORDELIA *and* KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live, and work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.
Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I pr'ythee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the Physician.*
Doct. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O, you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!
Doct. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
Doct. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Kent. Good madam, be by when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. Very well. [*Music.*
Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.
Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss

Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.
Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave.—
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide.
Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!
Cor. O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me·

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in: trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

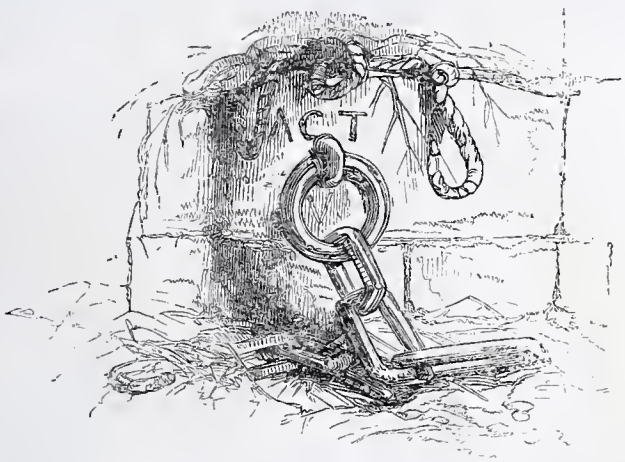
Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with the earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*



SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, *Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course. He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct,
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not.—
She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—
Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let us, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho! I know the riddle. [*Aside.*] I will go.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,

Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.
[*Exeunt* EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their forces: and exeunt.*

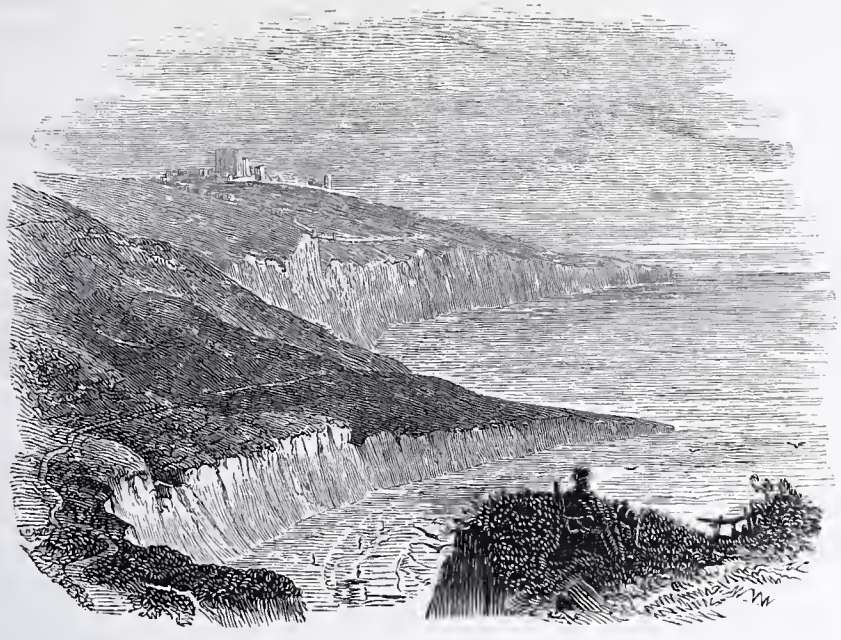
Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit* EDGAR.

Alarum; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.
Glo. No further, sir: a man may rot even here.
Edg. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.
Glo. And that's true too.
[*Exeunt.*

(Norman Gateway, Dover Castle.)



(Dover Castle, in the time of Elizabeth.)

SCENE III.—*The British Camp, near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *as Prisoners; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*] go, follow them to prison.
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.
Capt. I'll do't, my lord.
Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.
Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Captain.*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits, and our safety,
May equally determine.
Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen:
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness.—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him:
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony:
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [*To* EDMUND.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to* GONERIL.]—For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.
Gon. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster.—Let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge. [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart.
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick! O, sick!
Gon. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.
Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!
Edm. A herald, ho! a herald!
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. My sickness grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* REGAN, *led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,
And read out this.
Capt. Sound, trumpet. [*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence."
Edm. Sound! [1 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. [2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. [3 *Trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, preceded by a trumpet.*

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name? your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?
Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:
Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from th' extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.
[*Alarums. They fight.* EDMUND *falls.*
Alb. O, save him! save him!
Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster.
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, dame;
Or with this paper shall I stop it?—Hold, sir!—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*Gives the letter to* EDMUND.
Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for't?
Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not what I know.
[*Exit* GONERIL.
Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*Exit an Officer.*
Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle: I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.
Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
(Alack! too weak the conflict to support)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more more woful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw me on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice, then, the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.
Alb. But who was this?
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help! O help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means that bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead:
Alb. Who dead? speak, man.
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.
Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent.
Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
Seest thou this object, Kent?
[*The bodies of* GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in.*
Kent. Alack! why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run! O, run!
Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.
[*Exit* EDGAR.
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. [EDMUND *is borne off.*

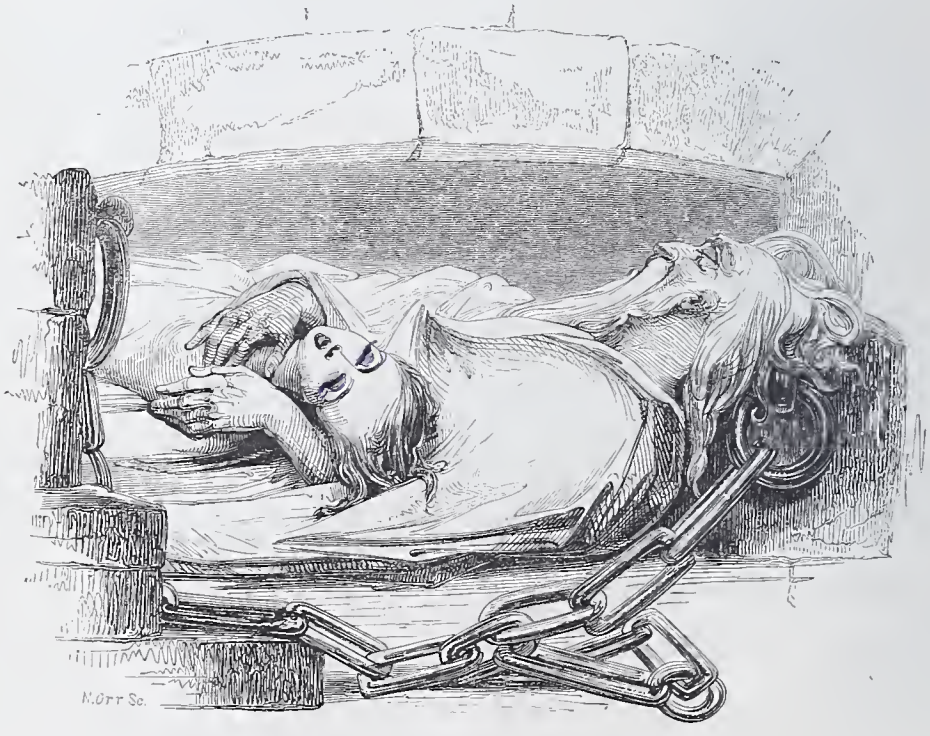
Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, *Officer, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O! you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for ever.—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone.
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and cease!
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O, my good master! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight.—Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too.—He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it,
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power.—You, to your rights,
[*To* EDGAR *and* KENT.
With boot, and such addition, as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O! see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*
Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord!—
Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass: he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone, indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To* KENT *and* EDGAR.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go:
My master calls me; I must not say, no.
Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead march*



(Lear.—After a study by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

NOTES ON KING LEAR.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"— *the division of the kingdoms.*"—There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters, he examiues his daughters to discover in what proportion he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed, as subsequent reasons should determine him.—Johnson.

Coleridge goes deeper into the character of Lear, and shows that the division having been determined upon, the trial was but a trick in conformity with his peculiar disposition, but resulting contrary to his expectations. See "General Remarks" on Lear's character.

"— *neither can make choice of either's* moiety"—"Moiety" here, as elsewhere, is not used by Shakespeare in its sense of *half*, but as a *share*. The folio reads *kingdom* for "kingdoms," and *qualities* for "equalities." "Kingdoms," in the plural, of course, refers to the separate dominions given by Lear to the dukes of Albany and Cornwall. "Curiosity" means a scrupulous and careful exactness.

"*Meantime we shall express,*" etc.—That is, says Johnson, "We have already made known our desire of parting the kingdom: we will now discover, what has not been told before,—the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition."

"*Beyond all manner of* so much *I love you*"—Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would be yet more.—Johnson.

"*I am made of that self metal as my sister,*" etc.—That is, "Estimate me at her value; my love has equal claim to your favour: only she comes short of me in this,—that I profess myself an enemy to all other joys which the most precious aggregation of sense can bestow." "Square" is here used for the whole complement, as *circle* is now sometimes used.

"*No less in space,* validity, *and pleasure.*"—*Validity* is used here and elsewhere by Shakespeare, in its original sense, according to its Latin derivation, for *worth, value*, not as now, for legal force or genuineness. Thus, in All's Well that Ends Well, he speaks of a ring of "rich validity."

"*Nothing, my lord.*"—There is something of disgust at the ruthless hypocrisy of her sisters, and some little faulty admixture of pride and sullenness in Cordelia's "Nothing;" and her tone is well contrived, indeed, to lessen the glaring absurdity of Lear's conduct, but answers the yet more important purpose of forcing away the attention from the nursery-tale, the moment it has served its end, that of supplying the canvass for the picture. This is also materially furthered by Kent's opposition, which displays Lear's moral incapability of resigning the sovereign power in the very act of disposing of it. Kent is, perhaps, the nearest to perfect goodness in all Shakespeare's characters, and yet the most individualized. There is an extraordinary charm in his bluntness, which is that only of a nobleman arising from a contempt of overstrained courtesy; and combined with easy placability where goodness of heart is apparent. His passionate affection for, and fidelity to Lear, act on our feelings in Lear's own favour: virtue itself seems to be in company with him.—Coleridge.

"*Come not between the dragon and his wrath.*"—Mr. Dana, in his beautiful and feeling criticism on "Kean's Acting," in one of the papers of his "Idle Man," thus remarks upon the Poet's design in displaying the violence and uncontrolled passions of Lear in the very opening of the play. After noticing the objections made by some critics to the abrupt violence with which Kean began in Lear, he thus proceeds: "If this is a fault, it is Shakespeare and not the actor, who is to blame, for we have no doubt that he conceived it according to his author. In most instances, Shakespeare has given us the gradual growth of a passion, with such little accompaniments as agree with it, and go to make up the entire man. In Lear, his object being to represent the beginning and course of insanity, he has properly gone but little back of it, and introduced to us an old man of good feelings, but one who had lived without any true principle of conduct, and whose ungoverned passions had grown strong with age, and were ready, upon any disappointment, to make shipwreck of an intellect always weak. To bring this about, he begins with an

abruptness rather unusual, and the old king rushes in before us with all his passions at their height, and tearing him like fiends.

"Had the actor or the Poet put more of melancholy and depression, and less of rage, into the character, we should have been very much puzzled at his so suddenly going mad. It would have required the change to have been slower, and besides his insanity must have been of another kind. It must have been monotonous and complaining instead of continually varying,—at one time full of grief, at another playful, and then wild as the winds that waved about him, and fiery and sharp as the lightning that shot by him."

"*The true* BLANK *of thine eye*"—The "blank" means the *white* at which the arrow is shot.

"— DISEASES *of the world*"—"Diseases" (which reads *disasters* in the folio, giving an equally good sense) is to be taken in the etymological sense of *dis-ease, inconveniences*, which at the time was not unusual, and in older English, general. In Wickliffe's Bible, we have "diseases of the world," and again, "ye shall have disease in the world," for what is now rendered "cares of the world—tribulation in the world."

"— *a better* WHERE *to find*"—i. e. a better *place:* "where" is used substantively, as in any-*where*, every-*where*.—COLLIER.

"— *let us* HIT *together*"—A very intelligible expression for—Let us agree together, i. e. strike at the same time. Goneril follows up the figure by adding—"and i' the heat"—while the iron is hot. The folio (followed in some modern editions) has *sit*.

SCENE II.

"*Thou,* NATURE, *art my goddess.*"—Edmund calls *nature* his goddess, for the same reason that we call a bastard a *natural* son: one who, according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to those of civil society is *nullius filius*.—M. MASON.

In this speech of Edmund you see, as soon as a man cannot reconcile himself to reason, how his conscience flies off by way of appeal to nature, who is sure upon such occasions never to find fault; and also, how shame sharpens a predisposition in the heart to evil. For it is a profound moral, that shame will naturally generate guilt; the oppressed will be vindictive, like Shylock; and in the anguish of undeserved ignominy the delusion secretly springs up, of getting over the moral quality of an action by fixing the mind on the mere physical act alone.—COLERIDGE.

"*The* CURIOSITY *of nations*"—i. e. the scrupulous strictness of nations. In the second speech of this play "curiosity" is used in a similar sense.

"*Shall* TOP *the legitimate*"—The quartos have "Shall *tooth'* legitimate," and the folio "Shall *to' th'* legitimate:" of which the older editors could make nothing satisfactory. Warburton and Hanmer quarrelled whether it should read "be the legitimate" or "toe the legitimate," until the witty Edwards, in his "Canons of Criticism," after laughing at both, suggested the slight emendation of "top," which has since been adopted in all editions.

"— SUBSCRIB'D *his power*"—i. e. *Yielded* his power; as in TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, it is said "Hector—subscribes to tender objects."

"*Upon the* GAD"—Upon a new and sudden excitement; a phrase drawn from the use of the *gad*, the old, as it still is in many places, the vulgar word for a *goad*, and applied to any sharp point of metal, or other instrument to drive cattle. Hence the *gad*-fly, or sharp-stinging fly.

"— *and to no other* PRETENCE"—Shakespeare always uses *pretence* for *design* or *intention*. See Lear's speech in scene iv. of this act, "pretence or purpose of unkindness." It is the original sense of the word.

"— *knaves, thieves, and* TREACHERS"—The last word is familiar to Chaucer, Spenser, and other old writers. In the quarto it stands *treacherers*. The editions of the last century substituted *treacherous*, until Stevens restored the true reading.

"— *to the charge of a star.*"—The Poet here sneers at the doctrines of judicial astrology, very generally believed in his time, and long after. The influence of the stars in the ascendant at the time of birth, long kept its hold on popular opinion in Great Britain, as we may learn from "Guy Mannering," and Scott's notes on it. It was the more willingly believed, because it afforded an excellent excuse to their own conscience for many a one, like Chaucer's "Wife of Bath," who was glad to be able to say,—

> I followed ay mine inclination,
> By virtue of my constellation.

Coleridge's remarks upon this just censure of a popular error being put into the mouth of a scornful unprincipled man, is striking:—

"Thus scorn and misanthropy are often the anticipations and mouth-pieces of wisdom in the detection of superstitions. Both individuals and nations may be free from such prejudices by being below them as well as by rising above them."

SCENE III.

"The Steward should be placed in exact antithesis to Kent, as the only character of utter irredeemable baseness in SHAKESPEARE. Even in this the judgment and invention of the Poet are very observable;—for what else could the willing tool of a Goneril be? Not a vice but this of baseness was left open to him."—COLERIDGE.

"*Old fools are babes again.*"—These lines are found only in the first edition, and were thrown out of the revision for the copy from which the folio was printed, perhaps for the reason intimated by Johnson, that the expression is obscure, and the construction harsh, and in shortening the drama for the stage, the author "chose to throw away the lines rather than correct them." They are nevertheless characteristic of the speaker. The only difficulty as to the sense is, whether "*they*" refers to "old men" or to "flatterers." "Old men must be treated as babes, and checked as well as flattered, when they are seen to be abused, or injured by flattery;" or better, with Tyrwhitt and Malone, "Old men must, like babes, be treated harshly, as well as flattered (or soothed) when flatteries are seen to be abused," which seems to me quite satisfactory. This would be made more clear by a strong emphasis on *they*.

SCENE IV.

"*That can my speech* DIFFUSE"—To *diffuse* meant, in the time of Shakespeare, to *disorder* or *confuse*. A "*diffused* song," in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, meant *obscure, indistinct*. We find, in Stowe's Chronicle, "I doubt not but thy speech shall be more *diffuse* to him, than his French shall be to thee."

"*Let me not stay a jot for dinner.*"—"In Lear old age is itself a character,—its natural imperfections being increased by life-long habits of receiving a prompt obedience. Any addition of individuality would have been unnecessary and painful; for the relations of others to him, of wondrous fidelity and of frightful ingratitude, alone sufficiently distinguish him. Thus Lear becomes the open and ample play-room of nature's passions."—COLERIDGE.

"— *the fool hath much pined away.*"—"The Fool is no common buffoon to make the groundlings laugh,—no forced condescension of Shakespeare's genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly the Poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of

his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connection with the pathos of the play. He is as wonderful a creation as Caliban;—his wild babblings, and inspired idiocy, articulate and guage the horrors of the scene."—COLERIDGE.

"'Now, our joy, though last, not least,' my dearest of all fools, Lear's Fool! Ah, what a noble heart, a gentle and a loving one, lies beneath that party-coloured jerkin! Thou hast been cruelly treated. Regan and Goneril could but hang thee, while the unfeeling players did worse; for they tainted thy character, and at last thrust thee from the stage, as one unfit to appear in their worshipful company. Regardless of that warning voice, forbidding them to 'speak more than is set down for them,' they have put into thy mouth words so foreign to thy nature, that they might, with as much propriety, be given to Cardinal Wolsey. But let me take thee, without addition or diminution, from the hands of Shakespeare, and then thou art one of his perfect creations. Look at him! It may be your eyes see him not as mine do, but he appears of a light delicate frame, every feature expressive of sensibility even to pain, with eyes lustrously intelligent, a mouth blandly beautiful, and withal a hectic flush upon his cheek. O that I were a painter! O that I could describe him as I knew him in my boyhood, when the Fool made me shed tears, while Lear did but terrify me!

"I have sometimes speculated on filling an octavo on Shakespeare's admirable introduction of characters. This would rank among his best. We are prepared to see him with his mind full of the fatal 'division of the kingdom,' and oppressed with 'thick-coming fancies;' and when he appears before us we are convinced of both, though not in an ordinary way. Those who have never read any thing but the French theatre, or the English plays of the last century, would expect to see him upon the scene wiping his eyes with his cloak; as if the worst sorrows did not often vent themselves in jests, and that there are not beings who dare not trust their nature with a serious face when the soul is deeply struck. Besides, his profession compels him to raillery and seeming jollity. The very excess of merriment is here an evidence of grief; and when he enters throwing his coxcomb at Kent, and instantly follows it up with allusions to the miserable rashness of Lear, we ought to understand him from that moment to the last. Throughout this scene his wit, however varied, still aims at the same point; and in spite of threats, and regardless how his words may be construed by Goneril's creatures, with the eagerness of a filial love he prompts the old king to 'resume the shape he had cast off.' 'This is not altogether fool, my lord.' But alas! it is too late; and when driven from the scene by Goneril, he turns upon her with an indignation that knows no fear of the 'halter for himself.'

"That such a character should be distorted by players, printers, and commentators! Observe every word he speaks; his meaning, one would imagine, could not be misinterpreted; and when at length, finding his covert reproaches can avail nothing, he changes his discourse to simple mirth, in order to distract the sorrows of his master. When Lear is in the storm, who is with him? None—not even Kent—

> None but the Fool; who labours to outjest
> His heart-struck injuries.

The tremendous agony of Lear's mind would be too painful, and even deficient in pathos, without this poor faithful servant at his side. It is he that touches our hearts with pity, while Lear fills the imagination to aching. 'The explosions of his passion,' as Lamb has written in an excellent criticism, 'are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up, and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches.' Such a scene wanted relief, and Shakespeare, we may rely upon it, gives us the best. But it is acted otherwise,—no, it is Tate that is acted. Let them, if they choose, bring this tragedy on the stage; but, by all means, let us not be without the Fool. I can imagine an actor in this part, with despair in his face, and a tongue for ever struggling with a jest, that should thrill every bosom. What! banish him from the tragedy, when Lear says, 'I have one part in my heart that's sorry for thee;' and when he so feelingly addresses him with, 'Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? Art cold? I am cold myself.' At that pitch of rage, 'Off! off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here!' could we but see the Fool throw himself into his master's arms, to stay their fury, looking up in his countenance with eyes that would fain appear as if they wept not, and hear his pathetic entreaty, 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented;'—pshaw! these players know nothing of their trade. While Gloster and Kent are planning to procure shelter for the king, whose wits at that time 'begin to unsettle,' he remains silent in grief; but afterwards, in the farm-house, we find him endeavouring to divert the progress of Lear's madness, as it becomes haunted by the visions of his daughters, and that in the most artful manner, by humouring the wanderings of his reason, and then striving to dazzle him with cheerfulness. At the last, we behold him, when all his efforts are proved unavailing, utterly dumb."—CH. ARMITAGE BROWN.

"*—there, take my coxcomb*"—By "coxcomb" the fool means his cap; called so because on the top of it was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. Hence the modern use denotes a vain, conceited fellow.

(The Coxcomb.)

"*How now*, NUNCLE"—A familiar contraction of *mine uncle*, as *ningle*, &c. The customary appellation of the old licensed fool to his superiors was *uncle*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Pilgrim," when Alinda assumes the character of a fool, she uses the same language. She meets Alphonso, and calls him *nuncle;* to which he replies by calling her *naunt*. In the same style, the fools call each other cousins. *Mon oncle* was long a term of respect and familiar endearment in France, as well as *ma tante*. They have a proverb, "Il est bien *mon oncle*, qui le ventre me comble." It is remarkable that the lower people in Shropshire call the judge of assize "my *nuncle* the judge."—NARES AND VAILLANT.

"*—when the lady* BRACH"—A "brach" was a female hound, but the word was also used for dogs in general.

> "*Lend less than thou* OWEST,
> *Learn more than thou* TROWEST."

Owe had a double and apparently contradictory sense in old English—its present one, and that now obsolete, and answering to the verb "to own." The latter sense was still common in Shakespeare's day, as in the TEMPEST, "no sound that the earth owes," and may be found in Massinger, and Drayton, and even the prose writers of that day. The proverb then means, "Do not lend all you have." To *trow* is to believe: as, "Do not believe all you hear."

"*— and* LOADS *too*"—Modern editors, without the slightest authority, read "and *ladies* too," when the old copies have not a word about ladies: all the fool

means to say is, that if he had a monopoly of folly, great men would have part of it, and a large part, too—"and loads too"—printed *lodes* in the quartos.

"— *now thou art an* O WITHOUT A FIGURE"—The Fool means, that Lear, "having pared his wit on both sides, and left nothing in the middle," is become a mere cipher.—MALONE.

"— *we were left darkling*"—Dr. Farmer supposes that the words—"So, out went the candle," &c., are a fragment of some old song. Shakespeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and sarcastic. Though they were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air: we may suppose, therefore, that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know of no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakespeare often finishes this Fool's speeches.—SIR J. REYNOLDS.

"*Lear's shadow*"—Here, with M. Mason, Singer and Knight, we follow the folio arrangement, in preference to that of the quartos, (adopted by Stevens, Malone, Collier, and most later editors,) which read "Lear's shadow" as a broken sentence of Lear's own speech.

"Who is it can tell me who I am?" says Lear. In the folio, the reply, "Lear's shadow," is rightly given to the Fool, but the latter part of the speech of Lear is omitted in that copy. Lear heeds not what the Fool replies to his question, but continues:—"Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, or reason, I should think I had daughters, yet that must be a false persuasion;—It cannot be—." The Fool seizes the pause in Lear's speech to continue his interrupted reply to Lear's question: he had before said, "You are Lear's shadow;" he now adds, "which they (i. e. your daughters) will make an obedient father." Lear heeds him not in his emotion, but addresses Goneril with "Your name, fair gentlewoman."—SINGER.

"*Than the* SEA-MONSTER"—The *sea-monster* is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his "Travels," says—"that he killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam."—UPTON.

"*Hear, nature, hear.*"—The classical reader will find a very remarkable and noble parallel to this imprecation in that of Œdipus upon his sons, in the "Œdipus Coloneus" of Sophocles. There is not the remotest probability that the Greek drama was in any way known to Shakespeare, as whatever might have been the precise extent of his literary acquirements, Greek tragedy was certainly not within their limits, and Sophocles had not then been translated. Nor is there in these lines any of that sort of similarity which marks imitation, whether immediate, or as sometimes happens, indirect and unconscious. The resemblance is that of deep passion, not that of imagery. It is the coincidence of genius in distant ages, and under very different influences of taste, and manners, and opinions, pourtraying the same terrible intensity of parental malediction. The curse of Œdipus is prophetic of the fate of his sons, and dictated by the mythological and fatalist opinions of Greece. Shakespeare appeals to universal feeling, invoking on the ungrateful child pangs similar to those which she inflicts.

The mode of delivering this terrific imprecation was much discussed by the critics of the last century. Booth, the rival of Garrick, spoke it after the traditionary manner of Betterton, and very probably much as Burbage, the original Lear of the Poet's own day, had pronounced it—with fierce and rapid vehemence. Garrick depicted the struggles of parental affection, and shifting emotions of contending passions, for which he was considered by the critics of the older school as too deliberate, and wanting in indignant energy. His contemporary, Davies, thus defends him in "Davies's Miscellanies:"

"We should reflect that Lear is not agitated by one passion alone, that he is not moved by rage, grief, or indignation singly, but by a tumultuous combination of them all together, when all claim to be heard at once, and when one naturally interrupts the progress of the other. Shakespeare wrote them for the mouth of one who was to assume the action of an old man of fourscore, for a father as well as a monarch, in whom the most bitter execrations are accompanied with extreme anguish, with deep sighs and involuntary tears. Garrick rendered the curse so deeply affecting to the audience that during his utterance of it they seemed to shrink from it as from a blast of lightning. His preparation for it was extremely affecting; his throwing away his crutch, kneeling on one knee, clasping his hands together, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, presented a picture worthy the pencil of a Raphael."

Kemble appears to have returned to the original idea of unmixed wrath. Boaden thus describes this curse, as given by him in his best personification of Lear:—

"The curse, as he then enacted it, harrowed up the soul; the gathering himself together, with the hands convulsively clasped, the increasing power, and rapidity, and suffocation of the concluding words, all evinced profound emotion. His countenance, in grandeur, approached the most awful impersonation of Michael Angelo."

Walter Scott has, in his review of the "Life of Kemble," preserved an anecdote of Mrs. Siddons, which shows that that great expounder of Shakespeare's thoughts had again taken a different view of the most effective means of embodying and giving expression to this terrible burst of passion. Her recitations of the scenes of Lear, Othello, and other male characters, given in her public readings, are remembered by critics as among the noblest and most exquisite specimens of the art, more admirable as exhibited alone, without the aid or illusion of the interest, or dialogue, or costume of the stage.

Scott, after observing that Kemble at times sacrificed energy of action to grace, adds:—"We remember the observation being made by Mrs. Siddons herself; nor shall we easily forget the mode in which she illustrated her meaning. She arose and placed herself in the attitude of one of the old Egyptian statues; the knees joined together, and the feet turned a little inwards. She placed her elbows close to her sides, folded her hands, and held them upright, with the palms pressed to each other. Having made us observe that she had assumed one of the most constrained, and, therefore, most ungraceful positions possible, she proceeded to recite the curse of Lear on his undutiful offspring, in a manner which made hair rise and flesh creep;—and then called on us to remark the additional effect which was gained by the concentrated energy which the unusual and ungraceful posture itself applied."

"*And from her* DEROGATE *body.*"—Degraded, blasted, as in CYMBELINE, "Is there no derogation on it?"

"*Th' UNTENTED woundings of a father's curse.*"—The rankling or never-healing wounds inflicted by parental malediction. *Tents* are well-known dressings inserted into wounds as a preparative to healing them. Shakespeare quibbles upon this surgical practice in TROILUS AND CRESSIDA:—

> *Patr.* Who keeps the *tent* now?
> *Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's *wound.*

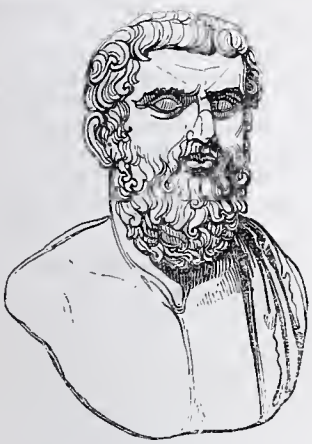
"*I cannot be so partial,*" etc.—Observe the baffled endeavour of Goneril to act on the fears of Albany, and yet his passiveness, his *inertia;* he is not convinced, and yet he is afraid of looking into the thing. Such characters always yield to those who will take the trouble of governing them, or for them. Perhaps, the influence of a princess, whose choice of him had royalized his state, may be some little excuse for Albany's weakness.—COLERIDGE.

"AT POINT *a hundred knights*"—i. e. complely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice.

Scene V.

"*O, let me not be mad,*" etc.—The mind's own anticipation of madness! The deepest tragic notes are often struck by a half sense of an impending blow. The Fool's conclusion of this act by a grotesque prattling seems to indicate the dislocation of feeling that has begun and is to be continued.—Coleridge.

Fool's last couplet.—It is but justice to the Poet to state that the two or three passages delivered by the Fool in this play occur in the form of *tags* (as they are technically called;) that is, phrases or lines spoken in conclusion, or while making an exit. These were probably interpolations in the first instance, and gradually became incorporated with the text of the prompter's-book. The severity with which the Poet, in Hamlet's advice to the players, remarks on the clowns "speaking more than was set down for them," indicates that he had himself suffered in this way.



(Sophocles.—From a Bust in the British Museum.)

ACT II.—Scene I.

"— *queazy*"—is used by old writers from Hackluyt to Milton, as it still is provincially, for that state of the stomach which is easily provoked to sickness, and thence metaphorically for any tendency to disease or danger.

"*Do more than this in sport*"—Passages are quoted from dramatic writers of the time to show, that young men, out of gallantry stabbed their arms, in order to drink the healths of their mistresses in blood.

"*And found—dispatch.*"—The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and, found, *he shall be punished with dispatch.*—Johnson.

"*My worthy* arch"—i. e. chief; now used only in composition, as *arch*-duke, *arch*-angel, &c.—Stevens.

"*And found him* pight *to do it, with* curst *speech,*" etc.—"Pight" is pitched, fixed, settled. "Curst" is severe, harsh, vehemently angry.—Johnson.

"*Thou unpossessing bastard.*"—Thus the secret poison in Edmund's own heart steals forth; and then observe poor Gloster's—

Loyal and *natural* boy!

as if praising the crime of Edmund's birth!—Coleridge.

"*My very* character"—i. e. my own *hand-writing.*

"*To make thee* capable"—i. e. capable of inheriting his father's lands and rank, which, as an illegitimate son, he could not otherwise do. The word in this sense was of common use.

"*What! did my father's godson seek your life?*"—Compare this speech of Regan's with the unfeminine violence of her—

All vengeance comes too short, &c.,—

and yet no reference to the guilt, but only to the accident, which she uses as an occasion for sneering at her father. Regan is not, in fact, a greater monster than Goneril, but she has the power of casting more venom.—Coleridge.

"*He did* bewray *his practice*"—The quartos here read *betray* for "bewray," which is the older word for the same meaning.

Scene II.

"*If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold,*" etc.—Lipsbury pinfold may, perhaps, like "Lob's pond," be a coined name, but with what allusion does not appear.

"—*thy* addition"—The description of an individual in a legal document is called his *addition.* Action-taking knave is one who would bring a suit for a beating, instead of defending himself. "Glass-gazing" refers to Oswald's vanity in the frequent use of the mirror. For the rest, we must, with Johnson, confess our inability to explain the epithets, many of which, seem slang phrases of the times.

"—*nature disclaims* in *thee*"—We should now say "nature disclaims thee;" but the text was the phraseology of the time, as may be proved by various instances: one from Ben Jonson will be sufficient:—

And, then, his father's oft disclaiming *in* him.

"—*this* unbolted *villain*"—i. e. this *unsifted* or *coarse* villain.—Collier.

"—*halcyon beaks*"—The halcyon is the kingfisher; and there was a popular opinion that the bird, if hung up, would indicate by the turning of its beak the point from which the wind blew. So in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta:"—

But how now stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my *halcyon's bill?*

"—*home to* Camelot"—In Somersetshire, where the romances say that King Arthur kept his western court. It is mentioned in Drayton's "Polyolbion," song iii. Great quantities of geese were bred on the moors there, but the allusion seems to be to some proverbial speech, perhaps from the old romances of King Arthur.

"Great *aspect*"—The quartos have *grand.* The change was not made without reason. Although Kent meant to go out of his dialect, the word *grand* sounded ironically, and was calculated to offend more than was needful.—Knight.

"*When he,* compact"—"Compact" here means in *concert* with, having entered into a *compact.* The word used in the quartos, and many modern editions, is *conjunct,* which admits a similar explanation.

"—*the* fleshment *of this dread exploit*"—A young soldier is said to *flesh* his sword the first time he draws blood with it. *Fleshment,* therefore, is metaphorically applied to the first act of service, which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his master; and, at the same time, in a sarcastic sense, as though he had esteemed it an heroic exploit to trip a man behind who was actually falling.—Henley.

"*But Ajax is* their *fool*"—Meaning, as we should now express it, Ajax is a fool to them; there are none of these knaves and cowards but if you believe themselves, who are not so brave that Ajax is a fool compared to them. When a man is compared to one who excels him much in any art, it is a vulgar expression to say, "Oh, he is but a *fool to him.*" So, in the Taming of the Shrew,—

Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a *fool to him.*

"*To the warm sun*"—The common saw here alluded to is found in Heywood's "Dialogues and Proverbs:"—

In your running from him to me,
Ye run out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

When Hamlet says "I am too much i' the sun," he refers to the same proverb.

"*Losses their remedies*"—This monologue of Kent's has presented many difficulties to commentators. In

the original copies there are no stage-directions; but in the modern editions which preceded Johnson's, we find several of these explanations which have been rejected of late years. When Kent says—

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe—

there was formerly inserted in the margin, *looking up to the moon*. It is now agreed that the beacon is the sun; and that Kent wishes for its rising, that he may read the letter. But when he says "'tis from Cordelia," a direction was added—*opening the letter*. Some of the remaining portions of his speech these editors consider as parts of the letter, and give a direction accordingly. We agree with Malone that, although Kent has a letter from Cordelia, and knows that she has been informed of his "obscured course," he is unable to read it in the dim dawning. Tieck says, "The Poet desires here to remind us again of Cordelia, and to give a distant intimation that wholly new events are about to be introduced."—KNIGHT.

Collier rejects the interpolated stage-directions, but interprets the words as broken parts of Cordelia's letter, read by an imperfect light. I do not find any difficulty in the passage, and understand it as well explained by Mr. Singer:—

"Its evident meaning appears to me to be as follows: Kent addresses the sun, for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. 'Nothing (says he) almost sees miracles, but misery: I know *this letter which I hold in my hand* is from Cordelia; who hath most fortunately been informed of my disgrace and wandering in disguise; and *who* seeking it, shall find time (i. e. opportunity) out of this enormous (i. e. disordered, unnatural) state of things, to give losses their remedies; to restore her father to his kingdom, herself to his love, and me to his favour.'"

SCENE III.

"*Enter* EDGAR."

Edgar's assumed madness serves the purpose of taking off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of Lear, and further displays the profound difference between the two. In every attempt at representing madness throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere light-headedness, as especially in Otway. In Edgar's ravings, Shakespeare all the while lets you see a fixed purpose, a practical end in view;—in Lear's, there is only the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression."—COLERIDGE.

"*Of* BEDLAM BEGGARS"—Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," thus speaks of "Bedlam beggars:"—

"The fullest account that I have obtained of these singular persons is drawn from a manuscript note, from some of Aubrey's papers:—

"'Till the breaking out of the civil wars, *Tom o' Bedlams* did travel about the country; they had been poor distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a begging; i. e. they had on their left arm an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long, as printed in some works. They could not get it off: they wore about their necks a great horn of an ox, in a string or bawdrick, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they put the drink given to them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple. Since the wars, I do not remember to have seen any one of them.'"

Stevens has gleaned from other old books the following notices of these vagabonds:—

"Randle Holme, in his 'Academy of Arms and Blazon,' has the following passage:—'The *Bedlam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox horn by his side; but his cloathing is more fantastick and ridiculous; for, being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not? to make him seem a madman, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave.'

"In 'The Bellman of London,' by Decker, 1640, is another account of one of these characters, under the title of what he calls an *Abraham Man*:—'He sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talk frantickely of purpose: you see pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his armes, which paine he gladly puts himself to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himself by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out *Poore Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abraham men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the servants through feare to give them what they demand.'"

"*Poor* PELTING *villages*"—Petty, of little worth.

"*Lunatic* BANS"—i. e. Curses.

"*Poor Turlygood*"—Warburton would read *Turlupin*, and Hanmer *Turluru*; but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either, namely, that Turlygood is the corrupted word in our language. The Turlupins were a fanatical sect that over-ran France, Italy, and Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were at first known by the names of Beghards or Beghins, and brethren and sisters of the free spirit. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people alone called them Turlupins; a name which, though it has excited much doubt and controversy, seems obviously to be connected with the wolvish howlings which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their subsequent appellation of the fraternity of Poor Men might have been the cause why the wandering rogues called Bedlam beggars, and one of whom Edgar personates, assumed or obtained the title of Turlupins or Turlygoods, especially if their mode of asking alms was accompanied by the gesticulations of madmen. Turlupino and Turluru are old Italian terms for a fool or madman; and the Flemings had a proverb, "As unfortunate as Turlupin and his children."—DOUCE.

Collier conjectures ingeniously but without any authority of old authors, that "Turlygood is a corruption of Thoroughlygood."

SCENE IV.

"—*wooden* NETHER-STOCKS"—"Nether-stocks" were stockings, and were distinguished from *upper-stocks*, or *over-stocks*, as breeches were called.—COLLIER.

"*They summon'd up their* MEINY"—i. e. their retinue, or menials. The word is sometimes used for a family or retinue, and sometimes in the sense of *the multitude;* therefore there is good reason for thinking it the ancient mode of spelling "many," and of the same original meaning. Some etymologists resolve it into the old French "*mesnie*" or "*maisonie*," a household, from *maison*.

"*Thou shalt have as many* DOLOURS"—There is a quibble here between *dolours* and *dollars*.—KNIGHT.

"*O, how this* MOTHER *swells*," etc.—Lear here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *mother*, or *hysterica passio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women.—JOHNSON.

In Harsnet's "Declaration of Popish Impostures," Richard Mainy, gentleman, one of the pretended demoniacs, deposes that the first night that he came to the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evil at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and

which the priests persuaded him was from the possession of the devil, and continues—"The disease I spake of was a spice of the *mother*, wherewith I had bene troubled .... before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *mother* or no, I knowe not ... When I was sicke of this disease in Fraunce, a Scottish doctor of physick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *vertiginem capitis*. It riseth .... of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painfull collicke in the stomach, and an extraordinary giddiness in the head."

It is at least very probable that Shakespeare would not have thought of making Lear affect to have the *hysteric passion* or *mother*, if this passage in Harsnet's pamphlet had not suggested it to him, when he was selecting the other particulars from it, in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demonaical gibberish is admirably adapted.—PERCY.

"*— thou* CLIMBING *sorrow*"—My friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck, once cited to me this phrase as a striking example of Shakespeare's peculiar habit of giving human attributes to passions, affections, and inanimate objects, in a single epithet or phrase, without personification—a peculiarity which throws much light on his obscurest passages and most doubtful readings.

"*No, but not yet;—may be he is not well.*"—The strong interest now felt by Lear to try to find excuses for his daughter is most pathetic.

"*Till it cry—'Sleep to death'*"—The passage is given here according to the common reading, which means "I'll beat the drum until it cries 'Let them awake no more; let them sleep on to death.'" Yet the original copies punctuate thus, "Till it cry sleep to death," of which Tieck, the German annotator, gives the following explanation, adopted by Knight:—"Till the noise of the drum has been the death of sleep—has destroyed sleep—has forced them to awaken." But the drum crying till sleep is destroyed, is a hardly intelligible phrase; while *cry*, in the sense of speaking aloud, is not only expressive English but quite Shakespearian; as, in TROILUS AND CRESSIDA:—

—— the death-token of it
Cry, "No recovery!"

"*— as the* COCKNEY *did to the eels*"—The antiquarians and commentators are diffuse upon the explanation and origin of this word, which Percy maintains to mean here as in old English, merely a cook or scullion; but the better opinion is that it always meant a mere citizen, ignorant of life and all that is beyond the town-streets. Singer thus condenses the learning of Nares, Douce, and others, on this amusing subject, which belongs to Shakespearian literature, though it is little needed for the elucidation of the text:—

"Bullokar, in his Expositor, 1616, under the word *Cockney*, says 'It is sometimes taken for a child that is tenderly or wantonly brought up; or for one that has been brought up in some great town, and knows nothing of the country fashion. It is used also for a Londoner, or one born in or near the city, (as we say,) within the sound of Bow bell.' The etymology (says Mr. Nares) seems most probable which derives it from *cookery*. *Le pays de cocagne*, or *coquaine*, in old French, means a country of good cheer. *Cocagna*, in Italian, has the same meaning. Both might be derived from *coquina*. This famous country, if it could be found, is described as a region 'where the hills were made of sugar-candy, and the loaves ran down the hills crying *Come, eat me*.' Some lines in Camden's 'Remains' seem to make *cokeney* a name for London as well as its inhabitants. A *cockney* and a *ninny-hammer*, or *simpleton*, were convertible terms. Thus Chaucer, in 'The Reve's Tale:'—

I shall be holden a *daffe* or a *cokeney*.

It may be observed that *cockney* is only a diminutive of *cock;* a wanton child was so called as a less circumlocutory way of saying 'my *little cock*,' or 'my *bracock*.' Decker, in his 'Newes from Hell,' 1568, says—'Tis not our fault; but our mothers, our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cockneys*.' In the passages cited from the 'Tournament of Tottenham,' and Heywood, it literally means a *little cock*."

"—— *Beloved Regan,*
Thy sister's naught."

Nothing is so heart-cutting as a cold unexpected defence or palliation of a cruelty passionately complained of, or so expressive of thorough hard-heartedness. And feel the excessive horror of Regan's "O, sir, you are old!"—and then her drawing from that universal object of reverence and indulgence the very reason for her frightful conclusion—

Say, you have wrong'd her!

All Lear's faults increase our pity for him. We refuse to know them otherwise than as means of his sufferings, and aggravations of his daughter's ingratitude.—COLERIDGE.

"*Than she to* SCANT *her duty.*"—So the folio: the quartos have "Than she to *slack* her duty." Either word may be right, though Hanmer and Johnson thought both wrong, and would read *scan* her duty. The plain meaning is—You know less how to value Regan's desert than she knows how to be wanting in duty.

"*— how this becomes the house*"—i. e. the order of families, duties of relation. So Sir T. Smith, in his Commonwealth of England, 1601:—"The *house* I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free."

"*— on my knees I beg*"—The present edition agrees with that of Knight, in here omitting the stage-direction of "*Kneeling,*" which is not in any of the old copies, nor necessarily connected with the text, but is inserted in almost all modern editions. Lear says to Regan, on whom he still trusts, what he must say to her ungrateful sister, should he return to her. This may be said in various manners. An actor of fiery impulse might well throw himself on his knees, and preserve the Poet's intent; but it may be well doubted whether the author had this in his mind as essential to his poetry. The passage, spoken with lofty and indignant irony, might not be less effective. There is not only no printed early authority for this direction, but it is certainly not supported by the early stage tradition, as Davies informs us that the lines were omitted anciently in representation, so that this dramatic situation was unknown to Betterton and Booth, who inherited the imperfect tradition of the theatrical art. "It was," says Davies, "restored by Garrick, who threw himself on both knees, with his hands clasped, and in a supplicating tone, repeated the petition." He doubtless did honour, as others have since done, to the Poet's meaning; but there is no evidence that the Poet meant that the actor should be limited to this particular mode of giving effect to his lines.

"*To fall and* BLAST HER PRIDE"—So every quarto: the folio merely, "to fall and blister," which is followed in some modern editions.

"*Thy tender-*HESTED *nature*"—I have here preferred the reading of the quartos. *Hest* is a common old word for commands, laws, as "the ten *hests*" for the ten commandments: it is used in the TEMPEST. It would mean, as compounded here—Thy nature, subject to tender laws, to the commands of natural kindness. Tender-*hefted* is found in the folios, and most generally followed: possibly both are a misprint for tender-*hearted*. Tender-*hefted* affords the sense, taking *hefted* as *heaved*, of heaving with tenderness. In the WINTER'S TALE, we have *hefts* used for *heavings*. It may be remarked that *heft* is the old word for *handle*, and tender-*hefted*, as Johnson suggested, may mean tender-*handled*.

"*—to scant my* SIZES"—i. e. To contract my allowances or proportions settled. It is derived by lexi-

cographers from the old Fr. *assise*. It is still a college-phrase in England.

"CORN. *What trumpet's that?*
REG. *I know't, my sister's.*"

Thus, in OTHELLO:—

The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

It should seem from these and other passages, that the approach of great personages was announced by some distinguishing note or tune appropriately used by their own trumpeters. Cornwall knows not the present sound; but to Regan, who had often heard her sister's trumpet, the first flourish of it was as familiar as was that of the Moor to Iago.—STEVENS.

"*Allow obedience*"—Warburton as an editor, and Tate as an adapter of this play to the modern stage, not being familiar with this phrase, have read "hallow obedience." But *allow*, in old English, meant *approve*, as in the gospels, "Ye *allow* the deeds of your fathers," and still more commonly in the older English version called the Bishops' Bible, known only to modern readers through the prose version of the Psalms used in the English liturgy. It is worthy the notice of the philological student who wishes to trace the progress of our language, that the "authorized version," as it is now called, (or King James's Bible,) is a little posterior to Shakespeare's writings, though made by his contemporaries, being first published in 1611. His own scriptural language and allusions must have been drawn either from the Bishops' Bible then read in churches, or, the Geneva Bibles most commonly in private use.

"— *and* SUMPTER"—A sumpter is a horse, or mule, to carry necessaries on a journey.

"*O! reason not the need.*"—Observe that the tranquillity which follows the first stunning of the blow permits Lear to reason.—COLERIDGE.

"— *O, fool! I shall go mad*"—Mr. Dana, in his criticism on "Kean's acting," has preserved the memory of Kean's striking conception of the close of this terrible scene, and his ending the last interview of Lear "with a horrid shout and cry, with which he runs mad from their presence as if his very brain had taken fire."

"— HATH *put himself*"—The personal pronoun *he* is understood. *He hath* was anciently contracted *h'ath*, and hence the omission of the pronoun.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"— *to* OUT-SCORN
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

Stevens ingeniously conjectures this to be an error of the press for *out-storm*, a correction probable in itself, and supported by a similar phrase in act v., "Myself could else *out-frown* false fortune's *frown*." The error is more probable as the lines are only in the inaccurate quartos. Yet I have preferred retaining the original text, as it gives a good sense: Lear returns with scorn the scorn of the elements.

"— *the* CUB-DRAWN *bear*"—Shakespeare here gives in a single compound epithet, the image which he uses elsewhere more in detail, as in AS YOU LIKE IT, "A lioness with udders all *drawn* dry," and again, "the sucked and hungry lioness."

"*Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings.*"—This and the seven preceding lines are only in the folios; what follows to the end of the speech, is only in the quartos. Two copies have "secret *feet*;" the other, "secret *fee*."—COLLIER.

Johnson observes: "This speech, as it now stands, has been collected from two editions: the eight lines degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto: the following lines inclosed in crotchets, are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The speech is now tedious because it is formed by a coalition of both. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakespeare's last copy; but in this passage the first is preferable: for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I suppose Shakespeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but, trusting too much to himself, and full of a single purpose, he did not accommodate his new lines to the rest of the scene. *Scattered* means divided, unsettled, disunited."—JOHNSON.

"— *these are but* FURNISHINGS"—A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. Green, in his "Groat's-worth of Wit," makes one of his characters say, "To lend the world a *furnish* of wit, she lays her own out to pawn."—STEVENS.

SCENE II.

"— THOUGHT-EXECUTING *fires*"—Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought.—JOHNSON.

"*Vaunt-couriers*"—*Avant courriers*, Fr. This old phrase is familiar to writers of Shakespeare's time. It originally meant the foremost scouts of an army.

"*Crack nature's moulds, all* GERMINS *spill at once.*"—Crack nature's mould, and spill all the *seeds of matter*, that are hoarded within it. Our author not only uses the same thought again, but the word that ascertains my explication, in the WINTER'S TALE:—

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within. THEOBALD.

"*O nuncle, court holy-water,*" etc.—Cotgrave, in his "Dictionary," translates *Eau benite de cour*, "*court holie water*; compliments, faire words, flattering speeches," etc.

"*You owe me no* SUBSCRIPTION."—*Obedience*, as "subscribe" in the first act, where see note.

"*That keep this dreadful* PUDDER"—We retain the original word, with Mr. Knight, who observes:—"This is generally modernized into *pother*; the same word, doubtless, but somewhat vulgarized by the change."

"*When priests are more in word than matter.*"—This prophecy is not found in the quartos, and it was therefore somewhat hastily concluded that it was an interpolation of the players. It is founded upon a prophecy in Chaucer, which is thus quoted in Puttenham's "Art of Poetry," 1589:—

When faith fails in priestes saws,
And lords' hests are holden for laws,
And robbery is tane for purchase,
And lechery for solace,
Then shall the realm of Albion
Be brought to great confusion.

Warburton had a theory that the lines spoken by the Fool contain two separate prophecies;—that the first four lines are a satirical description of the present manners as future, and the subsequent six lines a description of future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening. He then recommends a separation of the concluding two couplets to mark the distinction. Capell thinks also that they were separate prophecies, not spoken at the same time, but on different nights of the play's performance. All this appears to us to pass by the real object of the passage, which, by the jumble of ideas—the confusion between manners that existed, and manners that might exist in an improved state of society—were calculated to bring such predictions into ridicule. The conclusion,—

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be used with feet,—

leaves no doubt of this. Nor was the introduction of such a mock prophecy mere idle buffoonery. There can be no question, from the statutes that were directed against these stimulants to popular credulity, that they were considered of importance in Shakespeare's day. Bacon's essay "Of Prophecies" shows that the philosopher gravely denounced what our Poet pleasantly ridiculed. Bacon did not scruple to explain a prophecy of this nature in a way that might disarm public apprehension:—"The trivial prophecy which I heard when I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was,—

When hempe is sponne,
England's done;

whereby it was generally conceived that, after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of that word *hempe*, (which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth,) England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified only in the change of the name; for that the king's style is now no more of England, but of Britain." Bacon adds, "My judgment is that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside: though, when I say despised, I mean it as for belief, for otherwise, the spreading or publishing of them is in no sort to be despised, for they have done much mischief; and I see many severe laws made to suppress them."—KNIGHT.

SCENE IV.

"*In, boy; go first.*"—These two lines were added in the author's revision, and are only in the folio. They are judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind.—JOHNSON.

"*— that hath laid knives under his pillow*"—The feigned madness of Edgar assumes, throughout, that he represented a demoniac. His first expression is, "Away! the foul fiend follows me;" and in this and the subsequent scenes the same idea is constantly repeated. "Who gives any thing to poor Tom, whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame?" "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet;"—"Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou foul fiend;"—"The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale." Shakespeare has put language in the mouth of Edgar that was familiar to his audience. In the year 1603, Dr. Samuel Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, published a very extraordinary book, entitled "A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures, to withdraw the hearts of Her Majesty's subjects from their allegiance, under the pretence of casting out devils, practised by Edmunds, *alias* Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish priests, his wicked associates." When Edgar says that the foul fiend "hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew," Shakespeare repeats one of the circumstances of the imposture described by Harsnet: "This examinant further saith, that one Alexander, an apothecary, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new halter and two blades of knives, did leave the same upon the gallery floor in her master's house. A great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither, till Ma. Mainy, in his next fit, said it was reported that the devil laid them in the gallery, that some of those that were possessed might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades." In Harsnet we find that "Fratiretto, Fliberdigibbet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morrice. * * * These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves do confess." The names of three of these fiends are used by Mad Tom, and so is that of a fourth, Smallkin, also mentioned by Harsnet. When Edgar says,—

The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu—

he uses names which are also found in Harsnet, where Modo was called the prince of all devils.—KNIGHT.

"*Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill*"—Mr. Halliwell has pointed out that "Pillicock" is thus mentioned in Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland:"—

Pillycock, Pillycock sat on a hill;
If he's not gone, he sits there still.

It is also introduced into the second edition of Mr. Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes," and it is certainly singular, as he observes, that neither Douce nor any of the commentators should have referred to it.

"*— 'tis a* NAUGHTY *night to swim in.*"—*Naughty*, not meant in the ludicrous sense it would now bear in this connection, but used in its ordinary sense of that age, for *bad*, as in the English Bible, "naughty figs," for bad or rotten figs.

"*His wits begin t' unsettle.*"—Horace Walpole, in the postscript to his "Mysterious Mother," observes that when "Belvidera talks of—

Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,—

she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of King Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness, excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet."

SCENE V.

"*— but a* PROVOKING *merit*"—Malone says, "Cornwall means the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death;" but Warburton and Mason refer it to Edgar's "merit," as compared with his father's "badness."

SCENE VI.

"*— Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.*"—It is an amusing and instructive part of literary history, to trace the pedigree of a jest or a popular image. This one comes from the Greek of Lucian, an author with whom there is no manner of probability that Shakespeare had any acquaintance even in translation. But Rabelais, the most learned of buffoons, had borrowed directly from Lucian's "Menippus" the idea of employing emperors and herocs in the humblest occupations in the infernal regions, where he makes Nero a fiddler, and Trajan a fisherman. Rabelais was as popular in Shakespeare's day as Sterne was in the last generation, and if our Poet had not read him in French he might have done it in English, for the "History of Garagantua" had appeared in English before 1575.

"*Pray,* INNOCENT"—Fools were of old called "innocents," when they were not professed jesters, but mere idiots; and hence the not unfrequent misapplication of the word, when professed jesters were spoken to or of. Edgar was here addressing himself to King Lear's fool.

"*— a horse's health.*"—Warburton, Ritson, Douce, and other annotators, are very positive that this should be read "a horse's *heels*," and cite an old proverb from Ray's "Collection,"—"Trust not a horse's heels, nor a dog's tooth." But the old copies all agree in the reading of the text, and every "gentleman in search of a horse" must well know that the soundness or unsoundness of a horse is quite as uncertain as any of the other matters in the Fool's catalogue.

"*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me*"—This, and what follows from the Fool, are parts of an old song

which was imitated by W. Birch, in his "Dialogue between Elizabeth and England," which thus commences:—

Come over the bourn, Bessy, come over the bourn, Bessy,
Sweet Bessy, come over to me;
And I shall thee take,
And my dear lady make
Before all that ever I see.

It is in the same measure as the addition by the Fool; and in W. Wager's interlude "The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art," part of the same song is thus sung by Moros, who may be called the hero:—

Come over the boorne, Besse,
My little pretie Besse,
Come over the boorne, Besse, to me.

"EDG. *Pur! the cat is grey.*
LEAR. *Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril.*"

In Dr. Ray's "Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity," there is an excellent chapter on the distinctive marks of real and simulated insanity, illustrated from examples and cases. This scene in LEAR would afford an admirable commentary throughout, and agrees in a remarkable manner with the conclusions and observations of modern medical science—especially in the forced extravagance and mere incoherence of Edgar, as compared with Lear's more vivid illusions and wilder ravings, which, yet in the most sudden and violent transitions, always have some common reference to the exciting causes of his malady.

"*Hound, or spaniel,* BRACH *or* LYM"—According to Minshew, a *lym* or *lyme*, is a bloodhound; Chaucer has it *lymer*. "Tike," says Stevens, "is the Runic for a little or worthless dog." It may be so; but he could have better explained the sense by going to Scotland, where this, (like many other words of Elizabeth's age now obsolete elsewhere,) is still in use. "Tike," "trundletail," are dogs of low degree, mentioned in opposition to the more aristocratic breeds before enumerated.

"*Poor Tom, thy* HORN *is dry*"—A *horn* was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford, with whatever scraps of food they might give him. When, therefore, Edgar says, his *horn is dry*, or *empty*, I conceive he merely means, in the language of the character he assumes, to supplicate that it may be filled with drink. See "A Pleasant Dispute between Coach and Sedan," quarto, 1636: "I have observed when a coach is appendant by two or three hundred pounds a yeere, marke it, the dogges are as leane as rakes; you may tell all their ribbes lying by the fire; and *Tom-a-Bedlam* may sooner eate *his horne* than get it filled with *small drinke;* and for his old almes of bacon there is no hope in the world." In Hausted's "Rival Friends," 1632, a Tom of Bedlam is introduced, and Anteros says of him, "Ah! he has a horn like a Tom o' Bedlam."—COLLIER.

"— *and thyself* BEWRAY"—Discover; as in act ii. scene 1, "He did bewray his practice," and in Spenser, "Commanding them their cause of fear bewray."

SCENE VII.

"*Bind fast his* CORKY *arms*"—Dry, withered, husky arms, says Johnson; and Percy adds a passage from Harsnet's "Declaration," 1603, in which the epithet "corky" is applied to an old woman. Hence, it is possible, Shakespeare obtained it, as it has not been pointed out in any other author.

"*In his anointed flesh* RASH *boarish fangs*"—So the quartos: the folio more feebly reads "*stick* boarish fangs." To "rash" is the old hunting term for the stroke made by the wild boar with his fangs; and in Spenser's "Faëry Queen" we find "*rashing* off helms."

"— *that* STERN *time*"—In the quartos it stands "that *dearn* time," which may have been Shakespeare's word, and it is found also in PERICLES: *dearn* is *lonely, dreary, melancholy,* and sometimes *secret*.—COLLIER.

"— *clse* SUBSCRIBED"—i. e. *Yielded*, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.—JOHNSON.

In this play we have already had "subscribed" employed in the sense of *yielded* or *surrendered*, and such was a common application of the word.

"*A peasant stand up thus*"—The only stage-direction in this part of the scene in the folio is, "*Kills him;*" although the servant delivers two lines afterwards. The tearing out and trampling on Gloster's eyes, so minutely described in modern editions, (that of Mr. Knight excepted,) may be sufficiently gathered from the dialogue. When Regan kills the servant, we are told in the quartos, "*She takes a sword and runs at him behind;*" and it seems probable that she snatched it from one of the attendants. She may, however, have seized the weapon which her husband had drawn in vain.—COLLIER.

"*Where is thy lustre now?*"—Of the scene of tearing ont Gloster's eyes, Coleridge thus speaks:—"I will not disguise my conviction that, in this oue point, the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic." He subsequently says, "What can I say of this scene? There is my reluctance to think Shakespeare wrong, and yet—." As the scene stands in modern editions, it is impossible not to agree with Coleridge. The editors, by their stage-directions, have led us to think that this horrid act was manifested to the sight of the audience. They say, "Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it." Again, "Tears out Gloster's other eye, and throws it on the ground." Nothing of these directions occurs in the original editions, and we have therefore rejected them from the text. But if it can be shown that the act was to be imagined, and not seen by the spectators, some part of the loathing which we feel must be diminished. We give Tieck's argument that the horrid action of tearing out Gloster's eyes did not take place on the stage proper:—

"The chair (or seat) in which Gloster is bound is the same which stood somewhat elevated in the middle of the scene, and from which Lear delivered his first speech. This little theatre, in the midst, was, when not in use, concealed by a curtain, which was again withdrawn wheu necessary. Shakespeare has therefore, like all the dramatists of his age, frequently two scenes at one and the same time. In Henry VIII. the nobles stand in the ante-chamber; the curtain is withdrawn, and we are in the chamber of the king. Thus also, when Cranmer waits in the ante-chamber, the curtain then opens to the council-chamber. We have here this advantage, that, by the pillars which divided this little central theatre from the proscenium or proper stage, not only could a double group be presented, but it could be partially concealed; and thus two scenes might be played, which would be wholly comprehended, although not every thing in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen. Thus Gloster sat probably concealed, and Cornwall, near him, is visible. Regan stands below, on the fore-stage, but close to Cornwall; and on this fore-stage also stand the servants. Cornwall, horribly enough, tears Gloster's eye out with his hand; but we do not directly see it, for some of the servants who hold the chair stand around, and the curtain is only half-withdrawn (for it divided on each side.) The expression which Cornwall uses is only figurative, and it is certainly not meant that the act of treading on the eye is actually done. During the scornful speeches of Cornwall and Regan, one of the servants runs up to the upper stage, and wounds Cornwall. Regan, who is below, seizes a sword from another of the vassals, and stabs him from behind while he is yet fighting. The groups are all in motion, and become more concealed; and, while the attention is strongly attracted to the

bloody sceue, Gloster loses his second eye. We hear Gloster's complainings, but we see him no more. Thus he goes off; for this inner stage had also its place of exit. Cornwall and Regan come again upon the proscenium, and go off on the side. The servants conclude the scene with some reflections. This I imagine to be the course of the action, and through this the horrors of the scene become somewhat softened. The Poet, to be sure, trusted much to the strong minds of his friends, who would be too much affected by the fearfulness of the entire representation of this tragedy to be interrupted by single events, bloody as they were; or, through them, to be frightened back from their conception of the whole."—KNIGHT.

"— *the* OVERTURE *of thy treasons*."—The opening of thy treasons. This sense of the word *overt* is retained only in legal parlance, as "an overt act."

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"— *and known to be contemn'd*."—Johnson thought this might be perhaps an early error of the press, and that the line might have been written,—

Yet better thus, unknown to be contemned.

Yet there seems no necessity of emendation. Sir J. Reynolds's explanation is quite satisfactory:—

"Yet is is better to be thus, in this fixed and acknowledged contemptible state, than, living in affluence, to be flattered and despised at the same time. He who is placed in the worst and lowest state has this advantage: he lives in hope, and not in fear of a reverse of fortune. The lamentable change is from affluence to beggary. He laughs at the idea of changing for the worse, who is already as low as possible."

"*World, world, O world!*"—O world! if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to the weight of years, and its necessary consequences, infirmity and death.—MALONE.

"*Our* MEANS *secure us*"—i. e. as Pope and Warburton explain it, "our *middle state* secures us." The *mean* is often used to express a condition neither high nor low. All the old copies read "Our *means* secure us."

"*I cannot* DAUB *it further*"—Meaning, "I cannot keep up my disguise any longer." To "daub" was of old used in this sense, as in RICHARD III., "So smooth he *daub'd* his vice with show of virtue."

"*That* SLAVES *your ordinance*"—i. e. that makes a slave of Heaven's ordinances, using them for his own desires instead of acting in obedience to them. This is the explanation of nearly all the commentators, though Malone inclines somewhat to the reading of the quartos, "That *stands* your ordinance," taking *stands* in the sense of *withstands*.

"*There is a cliff, whose high and bending head*
Looks fearfully in the confined deep."

Shakespeare's Cliff, at Dover, is thus described by a correspondent of the Pictorial edition:—"It stands about a mile west of Dover Pier, and, by a trigonometrical observation taken by myself, is 313 feet above high-water mark. Though, perhaps, somewhat sunken, I consider it of the same shape as it was in the days of our great dramatist: and, though it has been said that the word 'in' means that it overhung the sea, I imagine differently; and that the bays on each side of it, which make it a small promontory, are sufficient to account for the use of the word. You must perceive that the 'half-way down' must have projected beyond the summit, to enable the samphire-gatherer to procure the plant."

SCENE II.

"*Decline your head.*"—She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the steward being present) and that it might appear only to him as a whisper.—STEVENS.

"*My* FOOL *usurps my* BODY"—Such is the wording of the folio, and it affords an obvious meaning, quite consistent with the previous part of the speech. The old quartos present a variety of readings: one copy has "My *foot* usurps my *head*," another "My *fool* usurps my *bed*," a third gives it "My *foot* usurps my *body*." The reader will be able to judge for himself which is most probable.

"*I have been worth the whistle.*"—This expression is proverbial. Heywood, in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says:—

It is a poor dog that is not *worth the whistling*.

Goneril's meaning seems to be—"There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you; reproaching him for not having summoned her to consult with on the present critical occasion."—STEVENS.

"*Cannot be border'd* CERTAIN *in itself*"—The sense is—That nature, which is arrived to such a pitch of unnatural degeneracy as to contemn its origin, cannot from thenceforth be *restrained within any certain bounds*.—HEATH.

"*Thou changed and* SELF-COVER'D *thing*."—Of these lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have published this line thus:

Thou changed, and *self-converted* thing.

But I cannot but think that by *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend.—JOHNSON.

"*Be-monster not thy* FEATURE."—*Feature*, in Shakespeare's age, meant the general cast of countenance, and often beauty. Bullokar, in his "Expositor," 1616, explains it by the words, "handsomeness, comelinesss, beautie."—MALONE.

"— *who*, THEREAT ENRAG'D"—The folio prints it "threat-enrag'd," a striking compound word, which might be right, if the quartos did not contradict it, and if the verse were not thereby injured.—COLLIER.

SCENE III.

"*Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back.*"—The King of France being no longer a necessary personage, it was fit that some pretext for getting rid of him should be formed, before the play was too near advanced towards a conclusion. Decency required that a monarch should not be silently shuffled into the pack of insignificant characters; and therefore his dismission (which could be effected only by a sudden recall to his own dominions) was to be accounted for before the audience. For this purpose, among others, the present scene was introduced. It is difficult indeed to say what use could have been made of the king, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and survived the murder of his queen. His conjugal concern on the occasion, might have weakened the effect of Lear's parental sorrow; and being an object of respect, as well as pity, he would naturally have divided the spectator's attention, and thereby diminished the consequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whose exemplary virtues deserved to be ultimately placed in the most conspicuous point of view.—STEVENS.

"*Were like a better* WAY."—This is the original reading of the two quartos, where alone this beautiful scene has been preserved; it having been omitted in

the folio version for the stage. It is certainly, as it stands, not at all clear to the modern reader, and the numerous misprints which swarm in the quartos, authorize the application of conjectural emendation, if any word can be found at all likely to be so misprinted.

Warburtan, always bold and ingenious, supposes that the *w* was a turned *M*, and that we should therefore have read a "wetter May." This does not much better the sense, and unfortunately for the theory, the *w* in the original copies is not a capital, which would be required for an error as to May. Malone took half this amendment, and reads a "better May." Theobald reads "a better day," and this is adopted by most later editions as meaning, "the better or best weather, most favourable to the productions of the earth, mixed with rain and sunshine." Stevens also proposes "an April day," and Tieck tranlates it into German, "a spring day." Le Tourneur, the French translator, adopting "better day," gives a happy paraphrase, thus:

Vous avez vu le soleil au milieu de la pluie: son sourire et ses pleurs offraient l'image d'un jour plus doux encore.

But as none of these emendations carry with them the internal evidence of their own truth, I have, with Mr. Singer, preferred retaining the original word, understanding them in the sense explained by Mr. Boaden in an ingenious note contributed by him to Singer's edition, which strikes me as very satisfactory and probable:—

"The difficulty has arisen from a general mistake as to the simile itself; and Shakespeare's own words here actually convey his perfect meaning, as indeed they commonly do. I understand the passage thus:—

—— You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were *like*; a better way.

That is, Cordelia's smiles and tears were *like* the conjunction of sunshine and rain, in a *better way* or *manner*. Now in what did this better way consist? Why simply in the smiles seeming unconscious of the tears; whereas the sunshine has a *watery look* through the falling drops of rain—

—— Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd *not to know*
What guests were in her eyes.

"That the point of comparison was neither a 'better day,' nor a 'wetter May,' is proved by the following passages, cited by Stevens and Malone:—'Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine.'—Sidney's "*Arcadia*," p. 244. Again, p. 163, edit. 1593:—'And with that she prettily smiled, which, mingled with tears, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure, or a delightful sorrow; but like when a few April drops are scattered by a gentle Zephyrus among fine-coloured flowers.' Again, in 'A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels,' &c., translated from the French by H. W., [Henry Wotton,] 1578, p. 289:—'Who hath viewed in the spring time *raine and sunneshine in one moment*, might beholde the troubled countenance of the gentlewoman—with an eye now smyling, then bathed in teares.'

"I may just observe, as perhaps an illustration, that the *better way* of Charity is that the right hand should *not know* what the left hand giveth."

"— *those happy* smilets."—This beautiful diminutive is found in the original; and though it is doubtless Shakespeare's own coinage, not being found in any other author, yet there is no reason why it should be altered to *smiles*, as it has been by all the editors until Knight restored it. It makes the third peculiarly Shakespearian word in this play, with *reverb* for reverberate, and *intrinsecate* for intricate.

"*And clamour moisten'd.*"—A phrase rendered obscure by too great compression, and by an inversion, but meaning, "she moistened with tears, her clamorous outcry."

Scene IV.

"*With* hoar-docks"—So one quarto; another has it *hor-docks*; and the folio prints it *hardokes*; but it is no doubt the same word. The "hoar-dock," as Stevens informs us, is the dock with whitish woolly leaves. Some commentators read *harlocks*, others *burdocks* and *charlocks*; but the ancient text is to be preserved, if possible.

"*My mourning, and* important *tears*"—"Important" is used for *importunate*, as in the Comedy of Errors, and elsewhere, by Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

"*No* blown *ambition doth our arms incite.*"—The old Saxon word *blown* has become obsolete in this figurative sense, which has been appropriated to the Latinized word *inflated*, of the same primitive sense.

Scene V.

"*Let me unseal the letter.*"—I know not well why Shakespeare gives the steward, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered.—Johnson.

Shakespeare has here incidentally painted, without the formality of a regular moral lesson, one of the very strange and very common self-contradictions of our enigmatical nature. Zealous, honourable, even self-sacrificing fidelity,—sometimes to a chief or leader, sometimes to a party, a faction, or a gang,—appears to be so little dependant on any principle of virtuous duty, that it is often found strongest among those who have thrown off the common restraints of morality. It would seem that when man's obligations to his God or his kind are rejected or forgotten, the most abandoned mind still craves something for the exercise of its natural social sympathies, and as it loses sight of nobler and truer duties becomes, like the steward, more and more "duteous to the vices" of its self-chosen masters. This is one of the moral phenomena of artificial society, so much within the range of Johnson's observation, as an acute observer of life, that it is strange that he should not have recognized its truth in Oswald's character.

"— *take this* note"—i. e. Take this *knowledge* or *information*. We have before in this play had "note" employed in the same sense.

Scene VI.

"—— *How fearful*
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!"

"This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that—'He who can read it without being giddy has a very good head, or a very bad one.' The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror."—Johnson.

In Boswell's "Life of Johnson," we have a more detailed account of his poetical creed, with reference to this description of Dover Cliff:—"Johnson said that the description of the temple, in 'The Mourning Bride,' was the finest poetical passage he had ever read: he recollected none in Shakespeare equal to it,—

(How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,

To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and unmoveable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart!)

'But,' said Garrick, all alarmed for the god of his idolatry, 'we know not the extent of his powers. We are to suppose there are such passages in his works: Shakespeare must not suffer from the badness of our memories.' Johnson, diverted by this enthusiastic jealousy, went on with great ardour—'No, sir; Congreve has *nature*,' (smiling on the tragic eagerness of Garrick;) but, composing himself, he added, 'Sir, this is not comparing Congreve on the whole with Shakespeare on the whole, but only maintaining that Congreve has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakespeare's writings. * * * * * * What I mean is, that you can show me no passage where there is simply a description of material objects, without any intermixture of moral notions, which produces such an effect.' Mr. Murphy mentioned Shakespeare's description of the night before the battle of Agincourt; but it was observed that it had men in it. Mr. Davies suggested the speech of Juliet, in which she figures herself awaking in her ancestors' tomb. Some one mentioned the description of Dover Cliff. Johnson—'No, sir; it should be all precipice—all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats, and other circumstances, are all very good description, but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided; you pass on, by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in 'The Mourning Bride' said she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it.' "

The impression made on Johnson by this description, is partly, I think, to be ascribed to his peculiar physical constitution, which could not permit him to look steadily from such a height. Any one who has observed the effect on himself and others, by views from high cliffs or steeples, must have remarked that many are totally unable to remark the objects immediately below, being like Johnson, overwhelmed and giddy with the single idea of personal danger. Others again, are struck with the novelty of the diminished size of objects, still distinctly seen as Edgar describes them. With this allowance for Johnson's criticism, I fully agree with the sound and acute remarks of Mr. Knight:—

"Taken as pieces of pure description, there is only one way of testing the different value of these passages of Shakespeare and Congreve—that is, by considering what ideas the mind receives from the different modes adopted to convey ideas. But the criticism of Johnson, even if it could have established that the passage of Congreve, taken apart, was 'finer' than that of Shakespeare, utterly overlooks the *dramatic* propriety of each passage. The 'girl,' in the 'Mourning Bride,' is soliloquizing—uttering a piece of versification, harmonious enough, indeed, but without any dramatic purpose. The mode in which Edgar describes the cliff is for the special information of the blind Gloster—one who could not look from a precipice. The crows and choughs, the samphire-gatherer, the fisherman, the bark, the surge that is seen but not heard—each of these, incidental to the place, is selected as a standard by which Gloster can measure the altitude of the cliff. Transpose the description into the generalities of Congreve's description of the cathedral, and the dramatic propriety at least is utterly destroyed. The height of the cliff is then only presented as an image to Gloster's mind upon the vague assertion of his conductor. Let the description begin, for example, something after the fashion of Congreve,—

How fearful is the edge of this high cliff!

and continue with a proper assortment of chalky crags and gulfs below. Of what worth then would be Edgar's concluding lines,—

—— I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong—?

The mind of Gloster might have thus received some 'idea of immense height,' but not an idea that he could appreciate 'by computation.' The very defects which Johnson imputes to Shakespeare's description constitute its dramatic merit. We have no hesitation in saying further, that they constitute its surpassing poetical beauty, apart from its dramatic propriety."

(Samphire.)

"*Diminish'd to her* COCK"—i. e. Her cockboat, often called a "cock" in that day; hence *cock-swain*, still in use. The bark is not at anchor, but anchor*ing*; her cockboat and the buoy all come in as part of the visual picture suggested by the leading idea.

"*Ten masts at each.*"—So all the old editions. Pope supposed that it should have been "attached," her masts fastened together. Johnson, "on end." In Rowe's edition, the first popular one of the last age, it is, "ten masts at least." Malone has shown that "attach" in that day had not its present sense, but meant "to seize," and was used as now in the law. "Ten masts at each" means the length of each one. Although critical research has found no example of a similar use of *at each*, yet the phrase conveys the meaning.

"— *of this chalky* BOURN."—In a previous passage, "Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me," *bourn* signifies a river; and so in the "Faëry Queen:"—

My little boat can safely pass this perilous *bourne*.

In Milton's "Comus" we have—

And every bosky *bourn* from side to side.

Here, as Warton well explains the word, *bourn* is a winding, deep, and narrow valley, with a rivulet at the bottom. Such a spot is a *bourn* because it is a boundary—a natural division; and this is the sense in which a river is called a *bourn*. The "chalky bourn" in the passage before us is, in the same way, the chalky boundary of England towards France.—KNIGHT.

"— *and wav'd like the* ENRIDGED *sea.*"—This is the reading of the quartos. The folio, *enraged*. *Enridged* is the more poetical word, and Shakespeare has the idea in his VENUS AND ADONIS:—

Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend.—KNIGHT.

"— *like a* CROW-KEEPER."—The *crow-keeper* was the rustic who kept crows from corn—one unpractised

in the proper use of the bow. Ascham, in his "Toxophilus," thus describes one who "handles his bow like a crow-keeper :"—"Another cowereth down, and layeth out his buttocks as though he should shoot at crows."

"— *draw me a* CLOTHIER'S YARD."—Draw like a famous English archer,—the archer of "Chevy Chase"—

> An arrow of a *cloth yard* long
> Up to the head he drew.

"*Bring up the brown* BILLS."—The *bills* for billmen—the infantry. Marlowe uses the phrase in his "Edward II. :"—

> Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
> Brown *bills*, and targetiers.

"— *i' the* CLOUT"—Lear fancies himself present at a trial of skill in archery; the clout was the white mark at which aim was taken.

"*To say 'ay,' and 'no,' to every thing I said.*"—To assent to every thing I asserted or denied, however contradictory to each other such assertions might be. The "no good divinity" seems to allude to some scriptural passage, such as St. Paul's, "Our word toward you was not yea and nay." The obscurity of the passage may be ascribed to Lear's broken and digressive sentences, and therefore the reading, in which the old copies all agree, is here retained. Yet there is great probability that the Poet wrote, as has been suggested, thus: "To say Ay and No to every thing I said Ay and No *to* (easily changed into *too*, from the similarity of the sound) was no good divinity."

"PLATE *sin with gold.*"—In the old copies, *Place.* This happy and just correction was made by Pope.

"*This a good block.*"—Stevens conjectures that, when Lear says, "I will preach to thee," and begins his sermon, "When we are born, we cry," he takes his hat in his hand, and, turning it round, dislikes the fashion or shape of it, which was then called *the block.* He then starts off, by association with the hat, to the delicate stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with felt. Lord Herbert, in his "Life of Henry VIII.," describes a joust at which Henry was present in France, where horses shod with felt were brought into a marble hall.

"*Then,* KILL," etc.—*Kill* was the ancient word of onset in the English army.

"— *Che* VOR'*ye, or Ise try whether your* COSTARD *or my* BALLOW *be the harder*"—Edgar is affecting a rustic dialect, and the meaning of this sentence is, "I *warn* you, or I'll try whether your *head* or my *cudgel* be the harder." *Balo* means a beam, in Norfolk, and "ballow," a pole, in the north of England. See Holloway's "Provincial Dictionary." Stevens observes that when the old writers introduced a rustic, they commonly gave him the Somersetshire dialect which Edgar here uses.

"*Thee I'll* RAKE up"—i. e. *Cover* up. At the end of this speech, modern editors add, "Exit Edgar, dragging out the body;" but it has no warrant in any of the old folios, and the probability is, that Edgar was supposed to bury Oswald on the spot. After he has done so, he addresses Gloster, "Give me your hand," without any *re-entrance* being marked in any recent copies of the play. While modern editors insert needless stage-directions, they omit, further on, one that is necessary, and that is found in every old impression, folio and quarto—"Drum afar off."—COLLIER.

Johnson and the English annotators say that "to rake up the fire" is a Staffordshire phrase for covering the fire for the night. It seems to be an old English phrase which has become obsolete and provincial, with the disuse of the wood *fires*, but it is common in America for covering over the embers, though done with a shovel.

SCENE VII.

"— (*poor perdu !*)"—Reed has shown that this allusion is to the forlorn hope of an army, called in French "*enfans perdus;*" among other desperate adventures in which they were engaged, the night-watches seem to have been common. Warburton is wrong in supposing that those ordered on such services, were lightly or badly armed, the contrary is the fact, and such is the allusion of the Poet: "*Poor perdu*, you are exposed to the most dangerous situation, not with the most proper arms, but with a mere helmet of thin and hoary hair." The same allusion occurs in Davenant's "Love and Honour," 1649:

> —— I have endured
> Another night would tire a *perdu*
> More than a wet furrow and great frost.

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Little French Lawyer:"

> I am set here like a *perdu*,
> To *watch* a fellow that has wronged my mistress.

"—— *Mine enemy's dog,*
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire."

The late John W. Jarvis, to whose faithful and spirited portraits, posterity will owe the living resemblance of so many of the eminent men of America during the first thirty years of this century, when great men were numerous among us, and good painters very scarce, used often to quote these lines as accumulating in the shortest compass the greatest causes of dislike to be overcome by good-natured pity. It is not merely the personal enemy, for whom there might be human sympathy, that is admitted to the family fireside, but his dog, and that a dog who had himself inflicted his own share of personal injury, and that too upon a gentle being from whom it was not possible that he could have received any provocation.

"*How does my royal lord*"—No passage in this or any other drama, can surpass this scene, where Lear recognizes Cordelia, and in the intervals of distraction asks forgiveness of his wronged child. Mrs. Jameson beautifully remarks: "The subduced pathos and simplicity of Cordelia's character, her quiet but intense feeling, the misery and humiliation of the bewildered old man, are brought before us in so few words, and sustained with such a deep intuitive knowledge of the innermost working of the human heart, that as there is nothing surpassing this scene in Shakespeare himself, so there is nothing that can be compared with it in any other writer."

"*No, sir, you must not kneel.*"—This natural and touching incident is one of the few things which Shakespeare owes to the older "Leir." He makes her kneel for Lear's blessing, and he kneels to her. In the old play, Cordella kneels to her father on discovering herself, and Leir replies,—

> O stand thou up, it is my part to kneel,
> And ask forgiveness of my former faults.
> *Cor.* O if you wish I should enjoy my breath,
> Dear father rise, or I receive my death.

The idea of the pathetic action of the father and daughter kneeling to each other, is all that is borrowed—the feeling and poetry are Shakespeare's own.

"— *not an hour more nor less*"—The quartos omit these words, and Malone and others decided that they were interpolated by the player. We see no ground for this belief, and though the insertion of them varies the versification, it is not complete as the text stands in the quartos. In Lear's state of mind, this broken mode of delivering his thoughts is natural; and when we find "not an hour more or less" in the folio of 1623, we have no pretence for rejecting the words as not written by Shakespeare.—COLLIER.

"Every reader of SHAKESPEARE who has become familiar with this most exquisite scene through the modern editions, has read it thus:—

—— Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

That most Shakespearian touch of nature—

Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;—

has been mutilated by the editors. The breaking a limb off an ancient statue would, to our minds, not be a greater sacrilege. They found the words, 'not an hour more nor less,' only in the folio, and they therefore rejected them. Malone says, 'The folio *absurdly* adds, 'not an hour more nor less,' i. e. Not an hour more nor less than an indeterminate number, for such is fourscore and upwards.' Why, who is speaking? One who speaks logically and collectedly? No! one who immediately after says, 'I fear I am not in my perfect mind.' It was the half-consciousness of the 'foolish, fond old man' which Shakespeare meant to express by the mixture of a determinate and an indeterminate idea—a depth of poetical truth which Stevens and Ritson call 'the interpolation of some foolish player.' "—KNIGHT.

"*To make him* EVEN *o'er the time he has lost*"—i. e. It is dangerous to make what has passed during his insanity *plain* or *level* to his mind, in his present unsettled state.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"*Not* BOLDS *the king.*"—"This business (says Albany) touches us as France invades our land, not as it *bolds* the king," &c., i. e. *emboldens* him to assert his former title. In Arthur Hall's translation of the "Illiad," 1581, we find,—

And Pallas *bolds* the Grecks. STEVENS.

"HERE *is the guess of their* TRUE *strength*"—The quartos, with as clear a sense, give "*Hard* is the guess of their *great* strength." According to the folio, which text we have adopted, we must suppose that Edmund hands to Albany some paper, containing a statement of "the guess" of the strength of the enemy.

"*And hardly shall I* CARRY OUT MY SIDE"—To carry out a side was an old idiomatic expression for success, probably derived from playing games in which different sides were taken. In one of the "Paston Letters," we read "Heydon's son hath *borne out his side* stoutly here." In "The Maid's Tragedy," (Beaumont and Fletcher,) Dula refuses the aid of Aspatia, saying, "She will pluck down a side," meaning, that if they were to be partners, Aspatia would lose the game. To *pluck down* a side was, therefore, the reverse of *carrying out* a side. Edmund observes that he should hardly be able to win the game he was playing, while the husband of Goneril was living.—COLLIER.

SCENE II.

"— *and* EXEUNT"—So the folio: the stage-direction of the quartos is more expressive of the scene: "Alarum. Enter the powers of France over the stage, Cordelia with her father in her hand." The battle between the powers of Lear and his enemies is supposed to be fought in this scene, in the interval between the *exit* and re-entrance of Edgar.

SCENE III.

"*As if we were God's* SPIES"—As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of prying into the motives of action and the mysteries of conduct.—JOHNSON.

"*The* GOUJEERS *shall devour them*"—The allusion here probably is to the *morbus gallicus* or *goujeres*, printed "good yeares" in the folio, and only expressed by the word "good" in the quartos. There was a common exclamation of the time, which occurs in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, "What *the good year*, my lord," which has been sometimes mistaken by the commentators for an illusion to the "goujeers" or *goujeres*. Farmer accuses Florio of a similar blunder, in rendering *mal anno* a *good year*; the fact is, that he translates it properly an *ill year*, in both editions of his Italian Dictionary, in 1598 and 1611, without mentioning *good year* at all.—COLLIER.

Knight, however, retains the "good year" and adopts the explanation of Tieck, the celebrated German translator and critic, who thus lectures the English editors for not understanding their own native language:—

"The 'good yeares' of the folio is used ironically for the bad year—the year of pestilence; and, like *il mal anno* of the Italians, had been long used as a curse in England. And yet the editors, who understood the Poet as little as their own language, made out of this —*the goujeers—morbus gallicus*. Why, even old Florio, who might have known pretty well, is tutored that, when he translates it *il mal anno* by *good year*, he ought to have written *goujeers*."

"*The which* IMMEDIACY."—Nares, in his valuable glossary, says "that this word, so far as is known, is peculiar to this passage;" it was probably the Poet's own coinage to express the close and immediate delegation of power without any thing intervening, as the adjective *immediate* is used in HAMLET; "the most *immediate* to the throne."

"— THE WALLS *are thine*"—A metaphorical phrase, signifying to surrender, like a town.

"*The let-alone lies not in your good will.*"—Albany tells his wife, that though she has a good will to obstruct her sister's love, it is not in her power.

"*Trust to thy single virtue*"—"Virtue" here signifies *valour;* a Roman sense of the word. Raleigh says, "The conquest of Palestine with singular virtue they achieved."

"*Upon this call o' the trumpet*"—This is according to the ceremonials of the trial by combat:—"The appellant and his procurator first come to the gate. The constable and marshal demand, by voice of herald, what he is and why he comes so arrayed.—SELDEN'S "*Duello.*"

The critic who is disposed to denounce the introduction of the laws and principles of chivalry into the reign of Lear, must recollect that this refers to that period of British history of which Geoffrey of Monmouth and his Armorican original are the annalists. If we are to receive the times of Lear and his successors historically at all, we must take them as these authors describe them, and they expressly describe the usages and opinions of chivalry, its tournaments and knights, "its ladies and its pomp," as in full glory under King Arthur, five hundred years before the Christian era.

"*And that thy* TONGUE *some* 'SAY"—"'Say" is *assay*, i. e. *sample* or *taste*, and is often found in this form in the old poets and dramatists.

"*Ask me not what I know*"—Albany again appeals to Goneril whether she knows the paper, and in all the quartos the answer is assigned to her, who then goes out. The folio, having fixed her exit after "Who can arraign me for't?" transfers "Ask me not what I know" to Edmund, which is followed in Knight's edition. The internal evidence is not decisive either way.

"— *our pleasant* VICES
Make instruments to PLAGUE *us.*"

The quartos read *scourge* for "plague;" an equally good sense, and followed by many editions.

"*This would have seem'd a period.*"—This passage is omitted in the folio, and the obscurity probably arises

from some omission, or other error of the press, in the only old copies which preserve it, and our readers have seen in the "Introductory Remarks" to this play, the careless manner in which those first editions were printed. Jackson boldly conjectures, "would have seemed a *pyramid*," and reads in the next line but one, "to amplify *truth* much;" which gives another equally harsh meaning. Until some more satisfactory emendation is proposed, nothing can be done beyond giving the reader the substance of the explanations of former commentators, which are far from satisfactory.

Stevens gives the following explanation: — "This would have seemed a period to such as love not sorrow, but—another, i. e. but I must add another, i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told." It will be necessary, if we admit this interpretation, to point the passage thus:—

> —— but another:—
> (To amplify too much, would make much more,
> And top extremity,)
> Whilst I was big, &c.

Malone's explanation is:—"This would have seemed the utmost completion of woe, to such as do not delight in sorrow, but *another*, of a different disposition, to amplify misery, 'would give more strength to that which hath too much;'"—referring to the bastard's desiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that enough had been said.

"— *threw* ME *on my father*"—So every old copy; but many editors read "threw *him* on my father," because, says Stevens, in a note of his, "there is a tragic propriety in Kent's throwing himself on his deceased friend, but this is lost in the act of clumsily tumbling a son over the lifeless remains of his father." Yet as the old text is clear in every original edition containing the lines, and as it is not likely that ME should have been mistaken for HIM, I have (with Malone and Collier) adhered to the old text, admitting, that it is more natural that Kent, in grief, should have thrown himself upon Gloster, than that, in his violence, he should have thrown himself upon his father's body.

"*Who dead? Speak, man*"—We follow the folio: the quartos with many modern editions, read thus:—

> *Gent.* It's hot, it smokes: it came from the heart of,——
> *Alb.* Who, man? speak.

In the next line but one, "she hath confess'd it" of the quarto seems more proper than "she confesses it" of the folio.

"*Is this the promis'd end*"—i. e. the promised end of the world, according to the interpretation of Monck Mason. Consistently with this, Edgar returns "Or image of *that* horror?" i. e. Or only a resemblance of that dread day?—just as Macbeth calls the murdered Duncan "the great doom's image."

"*Fall and cease.*"—Albany is looking on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, "Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched." So, in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, to *cease* is used for to *die*; and in HAMLET, the death of majesty is called "the *cease* of majesty."

Again, in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL:—

> Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease!*
> Both suffer under this complaint you bring,
> And both shall *cease*, without your remedy.—STEVENS.

The word is used in nearly the same sense in a former scene in this play.

"— *of two she lov'd* AND *hated.*"—The meaning of this passage appears to be this:—If Fortune, to display the plenitude of her power, should brag of two persons, one of whom she had highly elevated, and the other she had wofully depressed, we now behold the latter. The quarto reads, "She loved *or* hated," which confirms this explanation; but either reading will express the same sense.—M. MASON.

If we take the folio reading, "loved *and* hated," is not this the sense?—"If Fortune should boast of two persons who had in turn received her highest favours and injuries, Lear is one of them." In other words, there can be but one besides Lear who has suffered such reverses.

"*This is a dull sight.*"—Some have taken this in the sense of Macbeth's "This is a sorry sight." But it surely refers to Lear's consciousness of his failing eyesight, one of the common prognostics of the approach of death from the decay of nature, as Lear is here painted.

"— *have* FORDONE *themselves*"—We have before been told in this scene that Goneril "fordid herself" or *destroyed* herself. One of the quartos has "*fordoome* themselves," the other quartos print it *fordoom'd*. Nevertheless, only Goneril had "fordone" herself.

"*What comfort to this* GREAT DECAY *may come.*"—This *great decay* is Lear, whom Shakespeare poetically calls so, and means the same as if he had said, this *piece of decay'd royalty*, this *ruin'd majesty*. Thus Gloster laments Lear's frenzy,—

> O *ruin'd piece* of nature!

Again, in JULIUS CÆSAR:—

> Thou art the *ruins* of the noblest man, &c.

"*And my* POOR FOOL *is hang'd.*"—*Poor fool* was, in the language of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, a common phrase of affectionate kindness, applied to any person or thing, where some feeling for helplessness or misfortune was mixed with natural tenderness, somewhat as we now familiarly say "poor thing," in commiseration or endearment.

Thus Shakespeare, in his poem of VENUS AND ADONIS, applies it to the young lover:—

> The *poor fool* prays that he may depart.

Beatrice sportively calls her own heart thus: "*poor fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care." Brooke, in his "Romeus and Juliet," which our Poet had so largely used in his play, thus applies the phrase to his hero:—

> Ne how to unloose his bonds, does the *poor fool* devise.

Many similar passages have been collected by the commentators. With this customary and familiar use of the phrase, when the whole interest of the scene is fixed on Cordelia's death, and Lear himself is in the same breath addressing her, ("And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,") it seems to me evident that it is to Cordelia alone that the phrase can allude. But Sir Joshua Reynolds maintains that the Poet here meant to inform his audience of the fate of the Fool, who has been silently withdrawn from the scene. He has supported this opinion with so much ingenuity as to the main question, and with such just and delicate criticisms as to collateral points, that his note cannot be omitted here. We inclose it in the substance of the opposing arguments of Stevens and Malone:—

"This is an expresson of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his Fool, as some have thought,) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching there for indications of life.

"*Poor fool*, in the age of Shakespeare, was an expression of endearment. So, in KING HENRY VI., PART III.:—

> So many weeks ere the *poor fools* will yean.

Again, in ROMEO AND JULIET:—

> And, *pretty fool*, it stinted and said—ay.

Again, in the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, where Julia is speaking of her lover, Proteus:—

> Alas, *poor fool!* why do I pity him?

"I may add that the Fool of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the space allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the sixth scene of the third act. That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterest of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antic who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine sorrow and despair.

"Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the Fool had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should. The party adverse to Lear was little interested in the fate of his jester. The only use of him was to contrast and alleviate the sorrows of his master; and, that purpose being fully answered, the Poet's solicitude about him was at an end.

"The term, *poor fool*, might indeed have misbecome the mouth of a vassal commiserating the untimely end of a princess, but has no impropriety when used by a weak, old, distracted king, in whose mind the distinctions of nature only survive, while he is uttering his last frantic exclamations over a murdered daughter."—Stevens.

"I confess, I am one of those who have thought that Lear means his Fool, and not Cordelia. If he means Cordelia, then what I have always considered as a beauty, is of the same kind as the accidental stroke of the pencil that produced the foam.—Lear's affectionate remembrance of the Fool in this place, I used to think, was one of those strokes of genius, or of nature, which are so often found in Shakespeare, and in him only.

"Lear appears to have a particular affection for this Fool, whose fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert him in his distress, seems to deserve all his kindness.

"'Poor fool and knave,' says he, in the midst of the thunder storm, 'I have one part in my heart that's yet sorry for thee.'

"It does not, therefore, appear to me to be allowing too much consequence to the Fool, in making Lear bestow a thought on him, even when in still greater distress. Lear is represented as a good-natured, passionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old age of a cockered spoiled boy. There is no impropriety in giving to such a character those tender domestic affections, which would ill become a more heroic character, such as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

"The words—'No, no, no life;' I suppose to be spoken, not tenderly, but with passion: Let nothing now live;—let there be universal destruction;—'Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all?'

"It may be observed, that as there was a necessity, the necessity of propriety at least, that this Fool, the favourite of the author, of Lear, and consequently of the audience, should not be lost or forgot, it ought to be known what became of him: however, it must be acknowledged, that we cannot infer much from thence; Shakespeare is not always attentive to finish the figures of his groups.

"I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, by applying the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I should imagine, think it a strange mode of expressing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a queen. The words *poor fool* are undoubtedly expressive of endearment; and Shakespeare himself, in another place, speaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool:* but it never is, nor never can be, used with any degree of propriety, but to commiserate some very inferior object, which may be loved without much esteem or respect."—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Lear, from the time of his entrance in this scene to his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loss of his daughter. He is diverted indeed from it for a moment by the intrusion of Kent, who forces himself on his notice; but he instantly returns to his beloved Cordelia, over whose dead body he continues to hang. He is now himself in the agony of death; and surely, at such a time, when his heart is just breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he should think of his Fool. But the great and decisive objection to such a supposition is that which Mr. Stevens has mentioned—that Lear had just seen his daughter hanged, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act: but we have no authority whatsoever for supposing his Fool hanged also.

"In old English, a *fool* and an *innocent* are synonymous terms. Hence probably the peculiar use of the expression—*poor fool*. In the passage before us, Lear, I conceive, means by it, *dear, tender, helpless innocence!*"—Malone.

NOTES OMITTED IN ACT I.

"*Although our last,* and *least,*" etc.—With Collier and Knight we give the text as in the folio, by which we lose the so-often quoted words "Though last, not least," which are, nevertheless, Shakespeare's. The modern text, made up of parts of each original reading is thus given—

> Although the last not least; to whose young love
> The vines of France, etc.

The quartos read—

> But now, our joy,
> Although the last, *not least in our dear love,*
> What can you say to win a third, more opulent
> Than your sisters?

The Poet has revised his text, re-arranging the lines, and introducing a new member of the sentence "to whose young love," etc.

"*By* Jupiter"—Johnson says, "Shakespeare makes his Lear too much of a mythologist; he had Hecate and Apollo before." The Poet is perfectly justified by the chroniclers in making Lear invoke the heathen deities. Hollingshed speaks of the temple of Apollo, which stood in the time of Bladud, Lear's father.

"*Election makes not up on such conditions*"—The use of "made up," in Timon and in Cymbeline, shows that to *make up* is here—to decide, to conclude. The *choice* of Burgundy refuses to come to a decision *on* such terms.

"—*Fall into taint*"—M. Mason interprets the passage thus:—"Her offence must be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her must fall into taint—become the subject of reproach." *Monster,* as a verb, is used in Coriolanus.

"—*what* plighted *cunning hides*"—The quartos read *pleated;* modern editions, *plaited;* all having the same meaning in their literal sense, and here taken figuratively for *complicate, intricate, involved.*

"*Who covers faults, at last with shame derides*"—This line is ordinarily printed after the quartos,—

> Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

It was, perhaps, so written at first, and altered as in the folio and our text. Time covers faults, until at last it exposes them to shame: a clear and weighty sense.

"*I would* unstate *myself,*" etc.—There are several explanations of this passage. Stevens represents Gloster to say, he would unstate himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish Edgar—that is, he would give up his rank and his fortune. Mason, "he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth." Johnson, "I should unstate myself—it would in me be a departure from the paternal character—to be in a due resolution—to be settled and composed on such an occasion." Tieck inclines to Johnson's explanation. Collier thinks the ob-

vious sense is, "I would sacrifice my rank if I could arrive but at a thorough conviction of his design."

"*By* DAY AND NIGHT *he wrongs me*"—This is pointed by Malone, and those who adopt his text,—

By day and night! he wrongs me,—

as an adjuration. We have, in HAMLET—

O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.

But we follow the original punctuation, and with the later editors, think with Stevens that "By day or night" means—always, every way, constantly.

"*To make this creature fruitful*"—We print the four lines, of which this is the last, according to the metrical arrangement of the folio. In the quartos they are given as prose. I agree with Knight that there cannot be any thing more destructive to the terrific beauty of the passage than the "regulation" by which it is distorted into the following lines, the text of most of the modern editions:—

It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear!
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful.

"The tragedy of LEAR is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakespeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the Poet's imagination, that the mind which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

"On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakespeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

"My learned friend, Mr. Warton, who has in 'The Adventurer,' very minutely criticized this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the Poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series of dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distresses by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

"The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the Poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughter, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop,—that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

"But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakespeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by the 'The Spectator,' who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that in his opinion, 'the tragedy has lost half its beauty.' Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that to secure the favourable reception of 'Cato,'—'the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism,' and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of life; but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or that, if other excellences are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

"In the present case the public has decided.* Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

"There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes, with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king."—JOHNSON.

In the "Introductory Remarks" prefixed to this play, the editor has stated his opinion on several of the points touched on in this criticism, and especially the modern alteration of Shakespeare's catastrophe to LEAR, and the Poet's probable motives for varying from the poetical and historical legend. Nothing can well be more improbable and incongruous than the plot of Tate's alteration, thus commended by Johnson, in which he has endeavoured to heighten the interest by a secondary plot of mutual love between Edgar and Cordelia, ending with their happy marriage. Nor can any thing be more feeble in style and thought than the dialogue thus interpolated among the dark and wild passion and condensed glowing language of the original.

This improver of Shakespeare, who could flatter himself that he was giving new brilliancy to "the heap of unstrung and unpolished jewels" he had found in the original, thus, at the end, makes all the deep agonies of the wronged father, and the dark insanity of the dethroned intellect, forgotten, and repaid by a childish joy at being "a king again:"—

Alb. To your majesty we do resign
Your kingdom, save what part yourself conferr'd
On us in marriage.
Kent. Hear you that, my liege?
Cord. Then there are gods, and virtue is their care.
Lear. Is't possible?
Let the spheres stop their course, the sun make halt,
The winds be hush'd, the seas and fountains rest,
All nature pause, and listen to the change!
Where is my Kent, my Caius?
Kent. Here, my liege.

* Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized by Addison:—"Victrix causa *Diis* placuit, sed victa *Catoni*."—STEVENS.

Lear. Why, I have news that will recall thy youth;
Ha! didst thou hear't?—or did th' inspiring gods
Whisper to me alone?—Old Lear shall be
A king again.
Kent. The prince, that like a god has pow'r, has said it.
Lear. Cordelia then shall be a queen, mark that;
Cordelia shall be queen: winds, catch the sound,
And hear it on your rosy wings to heaven,
Cordelia is a queen.

Quite of a piece with this is the conclusion, written in the most approved style of theatrical common-place:—

Re-enter EDGAR *with* GLOSTER, L. H.

Glost. Where's my liege? Conduct me to his knees, to hail
His second birth of empire: My dear Edgar
Has, with himself, reveal'd the king's blest restoration.
Lear. My poor dark Gloster!
Glost. O let me kiss that once more scepter'd hand!
Lear. Hold, thou mistak'st the majesty; kneel here;
Cordelia has our pow'r, Cordelia 's queen.
Speak, is not that the noble, suff'ring Edgar?
Glost. My pious son, more dear than my lost eyes.
Lear. I wrong'd him too; but here's the fair amends.

* * * * * *

Edg. Divine Cordelia, all the gods can witness
How much thy love to empire I prefer!
Thy bright example shall convince the world,
Whatever storms of fortune are decreed,
That truth and virtue shall at last succeed.
[*Flourish of drums and trumpets.*

Colman the Elder, a scholar, and no contemptible author, was shocked with the absurdities and improbabilities of Tate's version, and tried his hand at another alteration, omitting the loves of Edgar and Cordelia, but returning to the ancient "happy ending." This play, so far as it is original, though it has no particular merit, is yet better than Tate's; yet Colman did not succeed in dislodging his predecessor from the prompter's-book, where Nahum Tate still remains seated on the dramatic throne, by Shakespeare's side.

The capricious or tender-hearted decision of Johnson has been appealed from and refuted by several eloquent writers, as thus by Mrs. Jameson:—

"When Lear enters with Cordelia dead in his arms, compassion and awe so seize on all our faculties, that we are left only to silence and to tears. But if I might judge from my own sensations, the catastrophe of LEAR is not so overwhelming as the catastrophe of OTHELLO. We do not turn away with the same feeling of absolute and unmitigated despair. Cordelia is a saint ready prepared for heaven; our earth is not good enough for her: and Lear!—O who, after sufferings and tortures such as his, would wish to see his life prolonged? What! replace a sceptre in that shaking hand?—a crown upon that old gray head, upon which the tempest had poured in its wrath?—on which the deep dread-bolted thunders and the winged lightnings had spent their fury?—O never, never!

Let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

"In the story of 'King Leyr' and his three daughters, as it is related in the 'delectable and mellifluous' romance of Perceforest, and in the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the conclusion is fortunate. Cordelia defeats her sisters, and replaces her father on his throne. Spenser, in his version of the story, has followed these authorities. Shakespeare has preferred the catastrophe of the old ballad, founded apparently on some lost tradition. I suppose it is by way of amending his errors, and bringing back this daring innovator to sober history, that it has been thought fit to alter the play of LEAR for the stage, as they have altered ROMEO AND JULIET:—they have converted the seraph-like Cordelia into a puling love-heroine, and sent her off victorious at the end of the play—exit with drums and colours flying—to be married to Edgar. Now any thing more absurd, more discordant with all our previous impressions, and with the characters as unfolded to us, can hardly be imagined. 'I cannot conceive,' says Schlegel, 'what ideas of art and dramatic connection those persons have, who suppose we can at pleasure tack a double conclusion to a tragedy—a melancholy one for hard-hearted spectators, and a merry one for those of softer mould.'" MRS. JAMESON.

Yet, perhaps Charles Lamb has given a more penetrating glance into the philosophy of the question than any of the professed critics. If he is right, then the real secret of the prolonged popularity of Tate's distortion of KING LEAR is to be found in the fact, that the grand and terrible passion of the original is too purely spiritual for mere dramatic exhibition, because it belongs to that highest region of intellectual poetry which can be reached only by the imagination, warmed and raised by its own workings; while, on the contrary, it becomes chilled and crippled by attention to material and external imitation. He says—

"The Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear. The greatness of Lear is not in corporeal demeanour but in intellectual; the explosions of his passions are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that rich sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage, we see nothing but corporeal infirmities and weaknesses, the impotence of rage; while we read it we see—not Lear, but we are Lear;—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles all the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers,—as the wind blows where it listeth,—at will on the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of 'the heavens themselves,' when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old?' What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show. It is too hard and stony: it must have love scenes and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter; Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw it about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive,—did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live, and to be happy after, why all this 'pudder' and preparation—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? as if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over his mis-used station,—as if, at his years and with his experience, any thing was left him but to die?"—CHARLES LAMB'S "*Theatralia.*"

The grand characteristics of the drama, and of Lear himself, are thus admirably analyzed and discriminated by Mr. Hallam:—

"If originality of invention did not so much stamp every play of Shakespeare that to name one as the most original seems a disparagement to others, we might say that this great prerogative of genius was exercised above all in LEAR. It diverges more from the model of regular tragedy than MACBETH, or OTHELLO, and even much more than HAMLET; but the fable is better constructed than in the last of these, and it displays full as much of the almost superhuman inspiration of the Poet as the other two. Lear himself is perhaps the most wonderful of dramatic conceptions: ideal enough to satisfy the most romantic imagination, yet idealized from the reality of nature. In preparing us for the most intense sympathy with this old man, he first abases him to the ground; it is not Œdipus, against whose respected age the gods themselves have conspired; it is not Orestes, noble-minded and affectionate, whose crime has been virtue; it is a headstrong, feeble, and selfish being whom, in the first act of the tragedy, nothing seems ca-

pable of redeeming in our eyes—nothing but what follows—intense woe, unnatural wrong. Then comes on that splendid madness, not absurdly sudden, as in some tragedies, but in which the strings that keep his reasoning powers together, give way one after the other, in the frenzy of rage and grief. Then it is that we find, what in life may sometimes be seen, the intellectual energies grow stronger in calamity, and especially under wrong. An awful eloquence belongs to unmerited suffering. Thoughts burst out more profound than Lear, in his prosperous hour, could ever have conceived: inconsequent, for such is the condition of madness; but in themselves fragments of truth, the reason of an unreasonable mind."—HALLAM'S "*Literature of Europe.*"

All spectators, all readers, have felt and acknowledged the touching nature of Cordelia's character; but critics have been so much absorbed with the grander features of the injured father, or so little versed in discriminating the more delicate shades of female character, that their notice of Cordelia consists of little more than vague generalities, such as describe *her* no more than they do any other of the gentle and pure minds which Shakespeare delighted to paint—than Imogen, or Ophelia, or Miranda, or Desdemona. Mrs. Jameson has supplied this deficiency, and traced with exquisite discrimination of taste and feeling, the peculiarities of moral delineation in this character which give to it such a truth of individuality, and an effect so quiet yet so deep. The character, as she remarks, has no salient points upon which the fancy can seize, little of external development of intellect, less of passion, and still less of imagination; yet it is completely made out in a few scenes, and we are surprised to find that in those few scenes there is matter for a life of reflection, and materials enough for twenty heroines.

After pointing out the excellences of the female character exemplified in Cordelia, as sensibility, gentleness, magnanimity, fortitude, generous affection, Mrs. Jameson proceeds to inquire, "What is it, then, which lends to Cordelia that peculiar and individual truth of character which distinguishes her from every other human being?

"It is a natural reserve, a tardiness of conception 'which often leaves the history unspoke which it intends to do,'—a subdued quietness of deportment and expression—a veiled shyness thrown over all her emotions,—her language and her manner,—making the outward demonstration invariably fall short of what we know to be the feeling within. Not only is the portrait singularly beautiful and interesting in itself, but the conduct of Cordelia, and the part which she bears in the beginning of the story, is rendered consistent and natural by the wonderful truth and delicacy with which this peculiar disposition is sustained throughout the play."

The generous, delicate, but shy disposition of Cordelia, concealing itself at first under external coolness, Mrs. J. then adds, "is beautifully represented as a certain modification of character, the necessary result of feelings habitually repressed; and through the whole play we trace the same peculiar and individual disposition—the same absence of all display—the same sobriety of speech veiling the most profound affections—the same quiet steadiness of purpose—the shrinking from all exhibition of emotion.

"'*Tous les sentimens naturels ont leur pudeur,*' was a *viva-voce* observation of Madame de Staël, when disgusted by the sentimental affectation of her imitators. This '*pudeur*,' carried to an excess, appears to me the peculiar characteristic of Cordelia. Thus, in the description of her deportment when she receives the letter of the Earl of Kent, informing her of the cruelty of her sisters and the wretched condition of Lear, we seem to have her before us:—

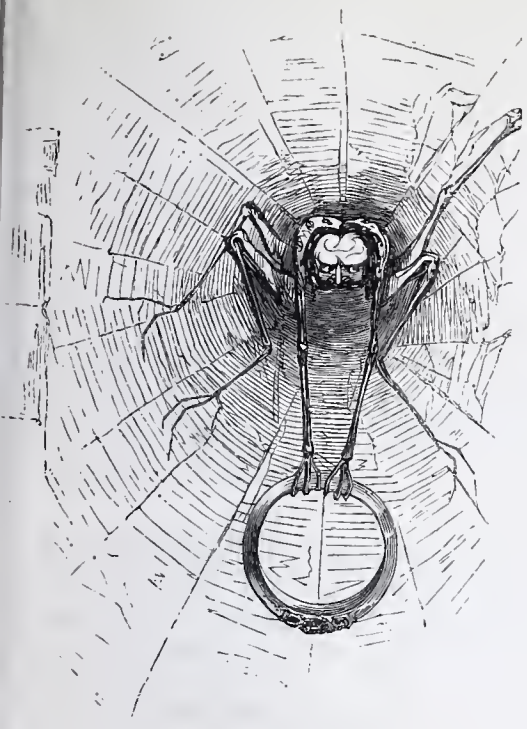
Then away she started, to deal with grief alone.

"Here, the last line—the image brought before us of Cordelia starting away from observation 'to deal with grief alone,' is equally as beautiful as it is characteristic."

(Sarum Plain.)

CYMBELINE

J.W.OTT. Sc.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

DATE OF THE COMPOSITION, CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY, AND STATE OF THE TEXT.

THERE was no edition of CYMBELINE printed during the author's life, so that it appeared in print for the first time in the folio of 1623, from the manuscripts in the possession of the editors, Heming & Condel. No external evidence yet discovered shows the date of its composition or first representation on the stage, except that it appears from the manuscript diary of the astrological and theatrical Dr. Simon Forman that it was acted some time in 1610 or 1611, though perhaps not then for the first time. This singular character, formerly known only to the antiquarian inquirer as one of the succession of learned astrologers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who, half quacks and half learned enthusiasts, began by imposing upon themselves with the mathematical and chemical mysteries of their imaginary sciences, and then imposed upon the credulity of others, has, within some few years, been transferred from the company of his old associates, Dee, Kelly, Booker, and Lilly, by Mr. Collier's lucky discovery of his manuscript "Booke of Plays, and Notes thereon, for common policy," and introduced into the society of poets, critics, and actors, and to the acquaintance of all lovers of Shakespearian literature.

This learned person, for such he was really, and a mathematician above the level of his age, yet prided himself on being "judicious and fortunate in horary questions, especially thefts, as also in sicknesses," and having "good success in resolving questions about marriage;" and he was, either from taste or for some reason "of common policy," a regular play-goer, and kept a diary of his theatrical experience, containing brief notes and sketches of the plots of new pieces, which, had it been the fashion of those days, might have qualified him for a regular theatrical reporter and critic. He gives us in this way an account of the plot of CYMBELINE, as we now read it, but does not accompany it with the precise date on which he saw it; but, from the other dates of the journal, it must have been some time in 1610 or 1611. There is no indication that this play was then just brought out, but still it appears that it was new enough for the plot not to be familiar to a frequent visitor of the theatres. This refutes the opinion of Tieck, adopted by other German critics, that CYMBELINE was the author's last work, written in 1614 or 1615, and consequently after he had retired from London. But Forman's diary shows that it must have been written before 1611, or Shakespeare's forty-seventh year. Beyond this, the external evidence affords no means of ascertaining its date. But the internal evidence of style and thought gives us more clear indications. The cast of solemn and philosophical thought, the compressed and elliptical diction, the bold and free use of words and phrases in new or unusual applications, clearly mark the maturer mind and fullness of power attained by the author, and the familiar and habitual employment of that peculiar style—we might almost say, that peculiar language—his genius had formed for his own use. It is therefore certainly (at least as to all the poetical and graver parts) not an early work, and evidently much later than three or four of the comedies, and ROMEO AND JULIET in the original form. Beyond this, we cannot, with any reasonable confidence, assign any definite limits to the period within which it might have been written. I cannot see any thing in style, language, or thought, to preclude the supposition that CYMBELINE was written soon after the enlarged ROMEO AND JULIET, with the full soliloquy at the tomb, or else between that date and the production of OTHELLO; and to this period of the Poet's life, the romantic construction of the plot, the luxury of the description of Imogen and her chamber, the excited and exhilarating interest and youthful spirit with which he paints the mountain scenery and the forest occupations of old Belarius and his noble boys, might lead us to assign it.

On the other hand, I see nothing to indicate that all that gives interest and beauty to the story might not have been written some time after MACBETH and LEAR, in the genial hours of the author's declining age, when the gloomy sentiment that had cast its shadows over some of the years of the Poet's city life had passed away, and early recollections and youthful sympathies came thronging back upon his mind, amid the tranquil scenes of his boyhood. The vision of Leonatus, indeed, near the close, can hardly belong to this period of the Poet's taste and power. Several critics and editors, whose judgment is most entitled to respect, are of opinion that the scene of the vision is not by Shakespeare, but interpolated by the old managers. Yet the mythological incident of the tablet and the prophecy is interwoven with the plot, and must have come from the author of the play himself. To me, this seems the only part of the plot which, when the imagination is once interested in the story, strikes us as offensive, and contrary to poetical truth. Even theatrical or poetical probability requires a transient and conventional belief, such as the modern reader or spectator is ready enough to give to fairies, magicians, to witches and ghosts—

to "the wierd sisters," and to "the buried majesty of Denmark," as well as to the "dainty Ariel;" but our education, and habits of thought, will not permit this to be lent for a moment to Jupiter or to any other of the machinery of classical mythology as real incidents and personages of the drama. This appears to me to be a blemish—the sole blemish of the skilfully interwoven plot—which the experienced author of Othello or Macbeth could not have hazarded even as a bold experiment on the taste of his audience. This circumstance gives much probability to Coleridge's conjecture that Cymbeline was originally the product of "the first epoch" of Shakespeare's mind, an early and almost boyish effort, afterwards nearly re-written. Much of the prose dialogue, though not unworthy of its after association with higher matter, might well have been the rapid composition of the young dramatist, while the long pantomimic stage-directions of the fifth act, such as occur in no other of Shakespeare's tragedies, are remarked by some critics, the most conversant with the early English drama, as belonging to the taste and usages of the old stage. Supposing, as is very probable, that the first showy sketch of the play, like the early Hamlet, had become popular and familiar to the public, when its author turned to it again to enlarge and improve it, he may well have found that he could not wholly reject what had been relished by the public, and was obliged to content himself with merely enriching the work of his youth with the "mellow haugings" of his now ripened intellect. This theory concurs in substance with that of Tieck and other critics, whose opinions are entitled to great consideration, and appears to me highly probable, though the argument is not so conclusive as to shut out future inquiry or evidence. But it would not be difficult to form a still more minute (and by no means improbable) conjectural theory of the plan, and design, and date of this drama.

The antiquarian critic, Rymer, was indignant at the want of poetical justice in Othello, and proposed as an improvement that the fatal magic "napkin" should be found in Desdemona's bed, and thus her life preserved, and her honour vindicated. The critic, in the plenitude of his conceit, did not perceive that the Poet had himself in Cymbeline provided this very variation of his tale of bloody jealousy for the gratification of those who, like Rymer and Johnson, shrunk from the deep horrors of Othello's closing scenes. We may accordingly assume it as probable that some years after the production of Othello, in 1603–4, when the Poet had passed the middle stage of life, and when the darker views of man and society, which seem from some personal reasons to have saddened a period of his mature years, and for a time to have made him (to use Mr. Hallam's words) "the stern censurer of man"—when these had been dispelled by the mild and cheerful rays of his descending sun—when, according to Coleridge's theory, "his celebrity as a poet, and his interest no less than his influence as a manager, enabled him to bring forward the laid-by labours of his youth," he then resumed the melodramatic Cymbeline of his early days, containing the outline of the plot, the incidents of stage-effect, and the mythological pageant, and employed these as a fit canvass on which to pourtray a second Desdemona, with a happier fate. In Imogen, he has given us a Desdemona transplanted from comparatively modern times and the aristocratic retirement of Venetian society, to the dim regions of old romance, and the mountains and forests of ancient England. With a love as deep, as pure, as devoted as Desdemona's, and with the same singleness of heart and resolve of purpose, Imogen has received besides, from the Poet, a high imaginative grace, fitted for the wilder and more romantic character of her story. Posthumus is a less terrible Othello, deceived like him, and erring, but penitent, sorrowing, and at last forgiven and forgiving. Cloten is another Roderigo, differing not only in rank and station, but so different in character as to mark the whimsical diversity which may be found in vanity and folly. The Poet's milder mood sheds its kindness even over the villain of the plot, and the malignant revenge of Iago is softened in Iachimo into a more pardonable selfish vanity, hazarding the most fatal results, not from deliberate intent, but from thoughtless indifference to the happiness of others; so that at last, when we find him weighed down by "the guilt and heaviness within his bosom," for having "belied a lady of that land," we assent with all our hearts to the Poet's own good nature, speaking through the generous Posthumus, who, when the penitent Iachimo sinks before him, borne down by the weight of his "heavy conscience," punishes him only with forgiveness.

This theory may derive some support from the first editors having, in the folio of 1623, placed Cymbeline at the end of the volume, as being the last of the tragedies (which are arranged together in the latter part of the volume) if not the last of the author's works. No objection to the theory occurs to me which cannot be met by the supposition, highly probable on other grounds, and as such received by the best critics, that there had been an earlier and popular outline of the same play by the same author, which had become so familiar that he did not care to remove parts which the public taste had approved, though not quite in unison with the nobler products of his own matured and disciplined mind.

Nevertheless, I must confess, in despite of all these probabilities, the discovery of another buried authority like Dr. Forman's, might annihilate them all. But in the absence of any such opposing proof, this theory seems quite as worthy of being received as matter-of-fact literary history as most of the modern philosophical versions of ancient history, by Niebuhr and other ingenious scholars, are to take the place of the old and beautiful traditions of Plutarch and Livy.

But, independently of this question, in whatever period of Shakespeare's intellectual progress Cymbeline may have been written, it is in no respect unworthy of being associated with the best productions of his genius. If it is inferior to Lear, to Hamlet, or to Macbeth, its inferiority is that of a less lofty object and design, not that of feebler power. It has been very happily distinguished from them, (by Hazlitt, I believe, originally,) as being not a tragedy, but a dramatic romance. The author did not attempt to stir the deeper emotions of pity or terror, but merely to excite and keep up a lively interest of romantic narrative, decorated with varied imagery of grace and beauty, and moralized with a liberal and practical philosophy. We do not in it, as in the greater tragedies, behold the impetuous flood of dark passion sweeping onward irresistibly to its dread conclusion; but we cheerfully

follow the Poet's guidance, along the course of his swift mountain-stream foaming along over many a rock, or winding through dell and forest, or cultured field, and at every turn opening to us some new and surprising beauty. If I may borrow an image from the poetic scenery of our own land, I would say, that though Othello, Macbeth, and Lear produce on our minds an effect like that of the terrible beauty and overwhelming power of Niagara, yet his must be a wayward and capricious taste which these noblest works of Nature and of Genius could render insensible to the long and varied succession of romantic and picturesque beauties that open unexpectedly upon us as we thread the devious plot of Cymbeline or the rocky and time-worn glens of the Trenton Falls.

The only original edition, that in the first folio, is printed with much care, and is accurately divided into acts and scenes, which is not the case with some other of the plays. Yet, as it was printed from manuscript, long after the author's day, and very probably from a manuscript copy of a copy for theatrical use, there are several unintelligible readings, which are certainly either errors of the press, or of the copyist; and there are others again, involving difficulties of construction or of sense, affording opportunity for critical sagacity and discussion in their removal or elucidation. But, on the whole, there is no great room for discrepancy in the text in different editions, and there is less than the usual amount of verbal controversy among commentators.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

Shakespeare found in Hollingshed the name and reign of Cymbeline as an ancient English king, the names of his sons, and the demand of tribute from him by the Roman emperor; but, beyond this, neither Hollingshed nor any of the other chroniclers afforded him any historical materials. The carrying off the two young princes by Belarius, their education by him, and their restoration to their father, as well as the Roman invasion, the battle, &c., are all of the Poet's own invention. The incidents of that part of the plot relating to Imogen are drawn from an ancient popular tale, which, like many others, afforded amusement to our ancestors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in various shapes, forms, and languages. Mr. Collier, in his "Introduction" to Cymbeline, thus sums up briefly the account of the several French, Italian, and English versions of the story, which may also be found more in full in the last number of his "Shakespeare's Library:"—

"They had been employed for a dramatic purpose in France at an early date, in a miracle-play, printed in 1639, by Messrs. Monmerqué & Michel, in their *Théatre François au Moyen-age*, from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi. In that piece, mixed up with many romantic circumstances, we find the wager on the chastity of the heroine, her flight in the disguise of a page, the proof of her innocence, and her final restoration to her husband. There also we meet with two circumstances introduced into Cymbeline, but not contained in any other version of the story with which we are acquainted: we allude to the boast of Berengier (the Iachimo of the French drama) that if he were allowed the opportunity of speaking to the heroine but twice, he should be able to accomplish his design: Iachimo makes the same declaration. Again, in the French miracle-play, Berengier takes exactly Shakespeare's mode of assailing the virtue of Imogen, by exciting her anger and jealousy by pretending that her husband, in Rome, had set her the example of infidelity. Incidents somewhat similar are narrated in the French romances of '*La Violette*,' and '*Flore et Jehanne*;' in the latter, the villain, being secretly admitted by an old woman into the bedroom of the heroine, has the means of ascertaining a particular mark upon her person while she is bathing.

"The novel by Boccaccio has many corresponding features: it is the ninth of Giornata II., and bears the following title:—'*Bernabo da Genova, da Ambrogiulo ingannato, perde il suo, e comanda che la moglie innocente sia uccisa. Ella scampa, et in habito di huomo serve il Soldano; ritrova l'ingannatore, e Bernabo conduce in Alessandria, dove l'ingannatore punito, ripreso habito feminile col marito ricchi si tornano a Genova.*' This tale includes one circumstance only found there and in Shakespeare's play: we allude to the mole which Iachimo saw on the breast of Imogen. The parties are all merchants in Boccaccio, excepting towards the close of his novel, where the Soldan is introduced: the villain, instead of being forgiven, is punished by being anointed with honey, and exposed in the sun to flies, wasps, and mosquitoes, which eat the flesh from his bones.

"A modification of this production seems to have found its way into our language at the commencement of the seventeenth century. Stevens states that it was printed in 1603, and again in 1620, in a tract called 'Westward for Smelts.' If there be no error as to the date, the edition of 1603 has been lost, for no copy of that year now seems to exist in any public or private collection. Mr. Halliwell, in his reprint of 'The First Sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor,' has expressed his opinion that Stevens must have been mistaken, and that 'Westward for Smelts' was not published until 1620: only one copy even of this impression is known; and if, in fact, it were not, as Stevens supposes, a reprint, of course Shakespeare could not have resorted to it: however, he might, without much difficulty, have gone to the original; or some version may then have been in existence, of which he availed himself, but which has not come down to our day."—Collier.

Halliwell and Knight are clearly right in the opinion that the English version of this story was not printed until long after Cymbeline had been written, and that Shakespeare's obligation to it is one of Stevens's random assertions. Boccaccio's tale, as they and Malone observe, appears to have furnished the general scheme of this part of the drama, and Shakespeare has taken from it, or from the French, at least one circumstance not found in the English version. To any one who has as much elementary knowledge of Latin as Shakespeare certainly had, the acquiring of so much Italian as to make out the plot of a prose story is so easy, and in his day must have been so useful to a prolific dramatic author when Italian was the only vehicle of the lighter literature of Europe, that there would be the highest probability of his reading Boccaccio in the original, even if there were not various other more positive indications of his acquaintance with the language to be traced in his works.

Yet it is worthy remark that in one striking particular,—the description of the mole on Imogen's breast,—the play corresponds not so much with the Italian tale as with the more poetical description in one of the old French

romances, "*De la Violette*," (republished in Paris, 1834,) in which the young and handsome Gerard de Nevers, the "false Paridel" of French romance, is the Iachimo of the plot. He, like "the yellow Iachimo," obtains by a stealthy glance the knowledge of a private mark—

Et vit sur sa destre mamele
Une violete novele
Ynde parut sous la char blanche;—

resembling the English Poet's—

—— On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip.

This looks like direct imitation, or rather adaptation; yet the French romance has otherwise small resemblance to the story of Imogen, and, as it was written in the thirteenth century, was not at all likely to have been known to Shakespeare. The coincidence is remarkable.

Nevertheless, from whatever source the idea of the plot might have been immediately drawn, the Poet owes to his predecessors nothing more than the bare outline of two or three leading incidents. These he has raised, refined, and elevated into a higher sphere; while the characters, dialogue, circumstances, details, descriptions,—the lively interest of the plot, its artful involution and skilful development,—are entirely his own. He has given to what were originally scenes of coarse and tavern-like profligacy, a dignity suited to the state and character of his personages, and has poured over the whole, the golden light, the rainbow hues of imaginative poetry.

(Stonehenge.)

COSTUME, MANNERS, AND SCENERY.

The costume of Cymbeline has, in one sense, reference to the author only; that is, so far it relates to the manners, descriptions of artificial objects, names, and all the incidents of social habits interwoven with the plot or dialogue. In the other and more restricted sense of the term, it relates only to the external embellishments of dress and scenery, to be studied by actors and artists, and by no means without their use in aiding the imagination of the closet-reader, and enabling him to paint far more vividly and gracefully to "his mind's eye" the fleeting creations of the Poet's fancy.

On the first point, the author's own alleged anachronisms of costume, in its broader sense, several editors and critics have been most stern and authoritative in unmitigated censure. Johnson, after denouncing "the folly of the fiction and the absurdity of the conduct," (in which opinion few will be found to agree with him,) proceeds to reprimand "the confusion of names and manners of different periods." Malone grieves that "Shakespeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians, Philario and Iachimo, &c.;" while Douce is equally offended at the "three thousand pounds" of tribute, and other similar un-Roman anachronisms.

These learned censurers are not a little too confident and authoritative, even considered on the plain ground of antiquarian accuracy. The notion of the last century that the ancient Gauls, Britons, and Germans of the age of the Cæsars, the barbarians of old Rome, were mere savages, resembling our less civilized Indians, has been rejected by more modern inquirers, who have assigned to them a knowledge of the useful arts of life and habits of domestic comfort at least equal to those of the mass of the Roman people. Niebuhr, in his last lectures, does not hesitate to pronounce the ancient Germans of the time of Tiberius to have been wanting only in the arts and elegances of city life, but that otherwise they were a pastoral and agricultural people, whose houses and modes of life did not differ very much from those of the rural population of parts of Germany at the present day. The Britons of the south of England, over whom Cymbeline reigned, are known to have been from the continent, (Belgians,) and had the same manners with the Gauls, whose chiefs and princes were often men of great wealth and cultivation.

Again, Iachimo and Philario, though not classical Roman names, might well be those of distinguished Italians resident at Rome, of Etruscan or Greek descent, and as well entitled to a place in the city directory of old Rome as Pollio, or Lucumo, or even Piso.

Douce is particularly unlucky in his criticism. The "three thousand pounds" of tribute that displease him as "a modern computation," happen to be strictly classical, and the very computation which an old Roman would have used when he spoke of foreign moneys. Thus, Cicero says "*Decem millia* pondo *auri*,"—"ten thousand pounds of gold;" and Livy uses *pondo* in the same way. It would not be difficult, on this ground alone, to rebuke the hasty arrogance of criticism, and vindicate the Poet. But, in fact, this is not the true ground of his defence, for it would pre-suppose in him a minute knowledge of antiquity above the level of scholarship in his own age.

Still, it is equally absurd to charge the author of Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar with gross ignorance of the common-place matters of Roman history, names, and manners. He was at least too familiar with North's "Plutarch" to authorize such a charge. The fact seems to be that the Italianized names of Iachimo and Philario are simply popular modern adaptations of Latin appellatives, such as were universal in France and England at the revival of letters; as, for instance, Livy, Horace, Mark Antony,—Quinte-Curce, Pline, Pompee, Jules César, &c. Horace, Pliny, Antony and others have, from frequent use, become incorporated into modern usage, and may be employed without offence as Roman names in English history or the drama, as Pompee, Jules César and others are by the French poets. Philario and Iachimo, for Philarius and Iachimus, are read only in Shakespeare; and his critics, therefore, charge him with peopling old Rome with modern Italians.

On some of the other minor points of costume, Shakespeare may have erred here and there, (as, for instance, the clock,) but more from carelessness and indifference to such details than from positive ignorance. But, in the main, all these details of his drama seem framed with deliberate choice, to suit a dim period of legendary story which he had selected as most appropriate to the character and style of his poem, and affording the widest field for his imagination. For this reason he might well choose a period where there was nothing certain or familiar to bind him down to any conventional system of life or manners; where something of primitive simplicity might easily be blended with chivalric grace or Roman dignity; where the vernal freshness of early pastoral and forest life might be contrasted with something of the refinement and elegance of the court of a powerful prince, who, whatever were the habits of his people, had himself been familiar with the splendour of imperial Rome.

Shakespeare accordingly takes much the same liberty with the reign of Cymbeline that Ariosto has done with Charlemagne and his contemporaries, who were much more near in time and more definitely marked in real history. The alleged offences of both poets against historical accuracy, whatever they may be, are to be tried only upon legendary or poetic evidence, and therefore according to other rules of critical decision than those of Johnson or Malone.

Thus much for what may be termed the poetic and literary costume of Cymbeline. For the material and artistic portion of this inquiry we must rely upon the Pictorial edition:—

"For the dress of our ancient British ancestors of the time of Cymbeline, or Cunobelin, we have no pictorial authority, and the notices of ancient British costume which we find scattered among the classical historians are exceedingly scanty and indefinite. That the chiefs and the superior classes among them, however, were clothed *completely* and with barbaric splendour, there exists at present little doubt; and the naked savages, with painted skins, whose imaginary effigies adorned the 'Pictorial Historics' of our childhood, are now considered to convey a

better idea of the more remote and barbarous tribes of the Mæatæ than of the inhabitants of Cantium or Kent, ('the most civilized of all the Britons' as early as the time of Cæsar,) and even to represent those only when, in accordance with a Celtic custom, they had thrown off their garments of skin or dyed cloths to rush upon an invading enemy.

"That the Britons stained themselves with woad, which gave a blueish cast to the skin, and made them look dreadful in battle, is distinctly stated by Cæsar: but he also assures us expressly that the inhabitants of the southern coasts differed but little in their manners from the Gauls; an assertion which is confirmed by the testimony of Strabo, Tacitus, and Pomponius Mela; the latter of whom says, 'the Britons fought armed after the Gaulish manner.'

"The following description therefore of the Gauls, by Diodorus Siculus, becomes an authority for the arms and dress of the Britons, particularly as in many parts it corresponds with such evideuce as exists in other contemporaneous writers respecting the dress of the Britons themselves:—

"'The Gauls wear bracelets about their wrists and arms, and massy chains of pure and beaten gold about their necks, and weighty rings upon their fingers, and corslets of gold upon their breasts. For stature they are tall, of a pale complexion, and red-haired, not only naturally, but they endeavour all they can to make it redder by art. They often wash their hair in a water boiled with lime, aud turn it backwards from the forehead to the crown of the head, and thence to their very necks, that their faces may be fully seen. . . . . Some of them shave their beards, others let them grow a little. Persons of quality shave their chins close, but their moustaches they let fall so low that they even cover their mouths. . . . Their garments are very strange, for they wear party-coloured tunics (flowered with various colours in divisions) and hose which they call Bracæ.* They likewise wear chequered sagas (cloaks.) Those they wear in winter are thick, those in summer more slender. Upou their heads they wear helmets of brass with large appendages, made for ostentation's sake, to be admired by the beholders. . . . They have trumpets after the barbarian manner, which in sounding make a horrid noise. . . . . For swords they use a broad weapon called Spatha, which they hang across their right thigh by iron or brazen chains. Some gird themselves with belts of gold or silver.'

"Iu elucidation of the particular expression made use of by Diodorus in describing the variegated tissues of the Gauls, and which has been translated 'flowered wtth various colours in divisions,' we have the account of Pliuy, who, after telling us that both the Gauls and Britons excelled in the art of making and dyeing cloth, and enumerating several herbs used for dyeing purple, scarlet, and other colours, says that they spin their fine wool, so dyed, into yarn, which was woven chequerwise so as to form small squares, some of one colour and some of another. Sometimes it was woven in stripes instead of chequers; and we cannot hesitate in believing that the tartan of the Highlanders, (to this day called 'the garb of old Gaul,') and the chequered petticoats and aprons of the modern Welsh peasantry, are the *lineal* descendants of this ancient and picturesque manufacture. .With respect to their ornaments of gold, we may add, in addition to the classical authorities, the testimony of the Welsh bards. In the Welsh Triads, Cadwaladyr, son of Cadwallon ab Cadwan, the last who bore the title of King of Britain, is styled one of the three princes who wore the golden bands, being emblems of supreme authority, and which, according to Turner, were worn round the neck, arms, and knees.

"The Druids were divided into three classes. The sacerdotal order wore white; the bards blue; and the third order, the Ovates or Obydds, who professed letters, medicine, and astronomy, wore green.

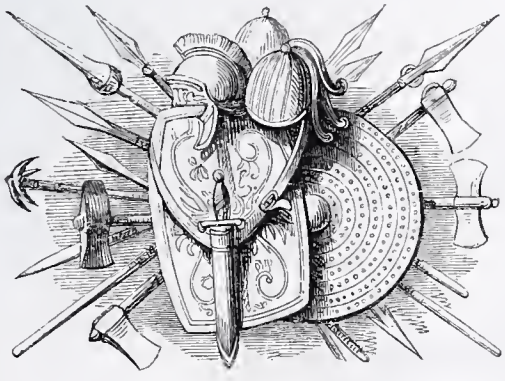
"Dion Cassius describes the dress of a British queen in the person of the famous Bonduca or Boadicea. He tells us that she wore a torque of gold, a tunic of several colours all in folds, and over it a robe of coarse stuff. Her light hair fell down her shoulders far below the waist.

"'The people of Britain,' says Strabo, 'are generally ignorant of the art of cultivating gardeus.' By the 'garden behind Cymbeline's palace' we should perhaps, therefore, in the spirit of minute antiquarianism, understand 'a grove.' But it is by no means clear that the Romans had not introduced their arts to an extent that might have made Cymbeline's palace bear some of the characteristics of a Roman villa. A highly civilized people very quickly impart the external forms of their civilization to those whom they have colonized. We do not therefore object, even in a prosaic view of the matter, that the garden, as the artist has represented it, has more of ornament than belongs to the Druidical grove. The houses of the inhabitants in general might retain in a great degree their primitive rudeness. When Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, the people of the southern coasts had already learned to build houses a little more substantial and convenient than those of the inland inhabitants. 'The country,' he remarks, 'abounds in houses, which very much resemble those of Gaul.' Now those of Gaul are thus described by Strabo:—'They build their houses of wood, in the form of a circle, with lofty tapering roofs,' Lib. v. The foundations of some of the most substantial of these circular houses were of stone, of which there are still some remains iu Cornwall, Anglesey, and other places. Strabo says 'The forests of the Britons are their cities; for, when they have inclosed a very large circuit with felled trees, they build within it houses for themselves and hovels for their cattle,' Lib. iv. But Cymbeline was one of the most wealthy and powerful of the ancient British kings. His capital was Camulodunum, supposed to be Maldon or Colchester. It was the first Roman colony in this island, and a place of great magnificence. We have not therefore to assume that ornament would be misplaced in it. Though the walls of Imogen's chamber, still subjecting the poetical to the exact, might by some

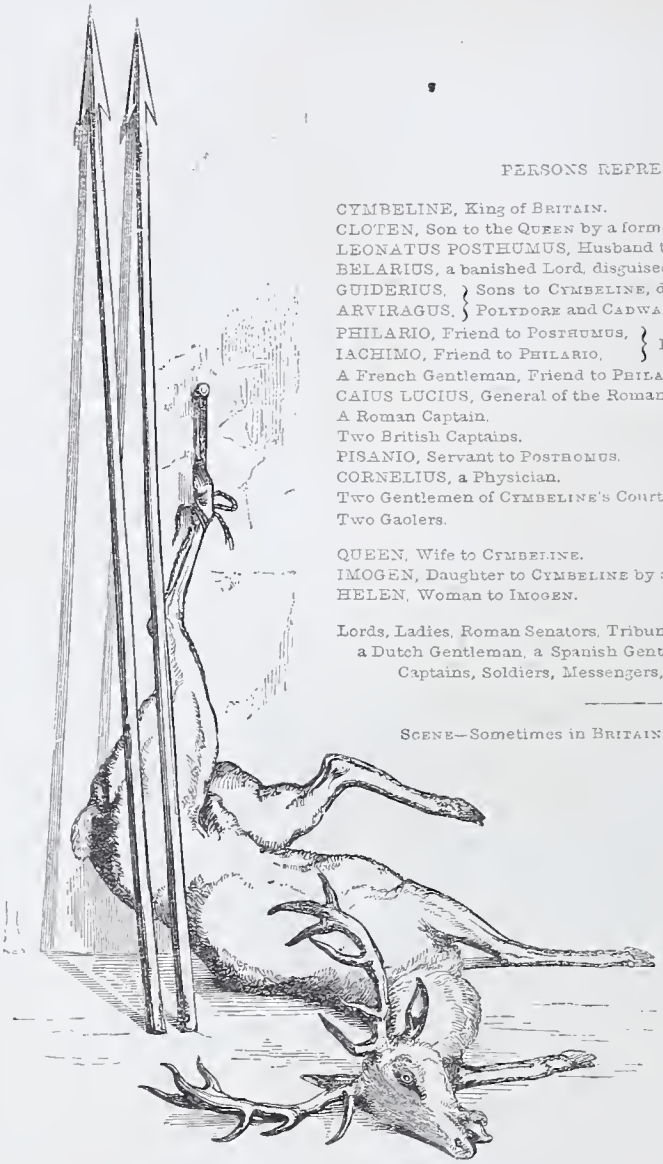
* "Martial has a line,—'Like the old brachæ of a needy Briton.'—*Epig.* ix. 21. They appear on the legs of the Gaulish figures in many Roman sculptures to have been a sort of loose pantaloon, terminating at the ankle, where they were met by a high shoe or brogue. There can be little doubt that the Highland *truis* is a modification of this ancient trouser, if not the identical thing itself."

be considered as proper to be of rude stone or wood, it may very fairly be supposed that it was decorated with the rich hangings and the other tasteful appendages described by Iachimo;* the presents of the Roman emperors with whom Cymbeline and his ancestors had been in amity, or procured from the Greek and Phœnician merchants who were constantly in commercial intercourse with Britain. (See, for fuller information on this subject, 'The Costume of the Original Inhabitants of the British Isles,' by S. R. Meyrick, and Chas. Hamilton Smith; fol. Lond. 1821.) But, after all, a play such as CYMBELINE is not to be viewed through the medium only of the literal and the probable. In its poetical aspect it essentially disregards the few facts respecting the condition of the Britons delivered down by the classic historians. Shakespeare, in this, followed the practice of every writer of the romantic school. The costume (including scenery) had better want conformity with Strabo than be out of harmony with Shakespeare."

* "The 'andirons' and 'chimney-piece' belong to the age of Elizabeth. But Shakespeare, when he commits what we call anachronisms, uses what is familiar to render intelligible what would otherwise be obscure and remote."



(Roman and British Weapons.)



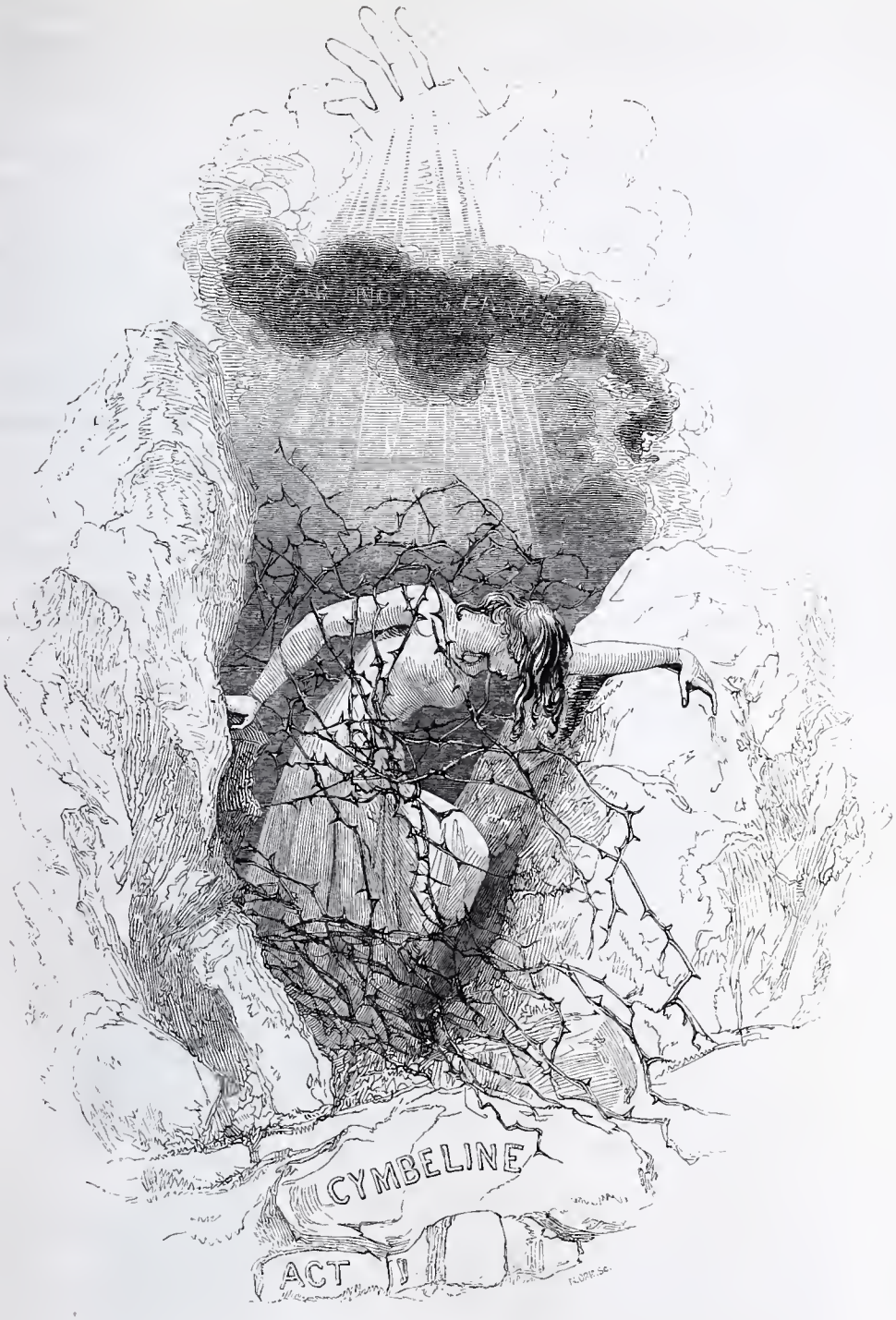
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, Husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan
GUIDERIUS, } Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of
ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.
PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, } Romans.
IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, }
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
PISANIO, Servant to Posthomus.
CORNELIUS, a Physician.
Two Gentlemen of Cymbeline's Court.
Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, Wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen
HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene—Sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.



SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden behind* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.
2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?
1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?
1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
2 *Gent.* And why so?
1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.
1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself·
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.
2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?
1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered,
And in his spring became a harvest; liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd;
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature,
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.
2 *Gent.* I honour him,
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me
Is she sole child to the king?
1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?
1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.
2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

(The Garden.)

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying

The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[*Exit* QUEEN.
Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady! weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter, Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;

But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on. And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake, wear this:
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and Lords.*

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing!
That should'st repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me.
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen.
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What! art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up. [*To the* QUEEN.
Queen. Beseech your patience.—Peace!
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on't
Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About some half hour hence,
Pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and Two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt: the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.
Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt him?
2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.
1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.
2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.
Clo. The villain would not stand me.
2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.
1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.
2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies!
Clo. I would they had not come between us.
2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.
Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!
2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.
1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.
2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.
Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!
2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] I wish not so: unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.
Clo. You'll go with us?
1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.
Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.
2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was, "his Queen, his Queen!"
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!—
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rome. *An Apartment in* PHILARIO'S *House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And, then, his banishment.—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.——

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly: let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match. Here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* IACHIMO.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Britain. *A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, *Ladies, and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:
Make haste. Who has the note of them?
1 *Lady.* I, madam.
Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?
Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,
(My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But though slow, deadly?
Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.
Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.
Queen. O! content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended:
Take your own way.
Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.
Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To* PISANIO.
Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.
Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art, then,
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name

Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new-built; nor has no friends,
[*The* QUEEN *drops a box:* PISANIO *takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him.—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her: do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit* PISANIO.]—A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, *and Ladies.*

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do;
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

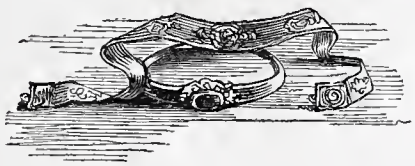
Imo. [*Reads.*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust— "LEONATUS."
So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the unnumber'd beach; and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam, well.—Beseech you, sir, desire [*To* PISANIO.
My man's abode where I did leave him; he
Is strange and peevish.
Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit* PISANIO.
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, "O!
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?"
Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.

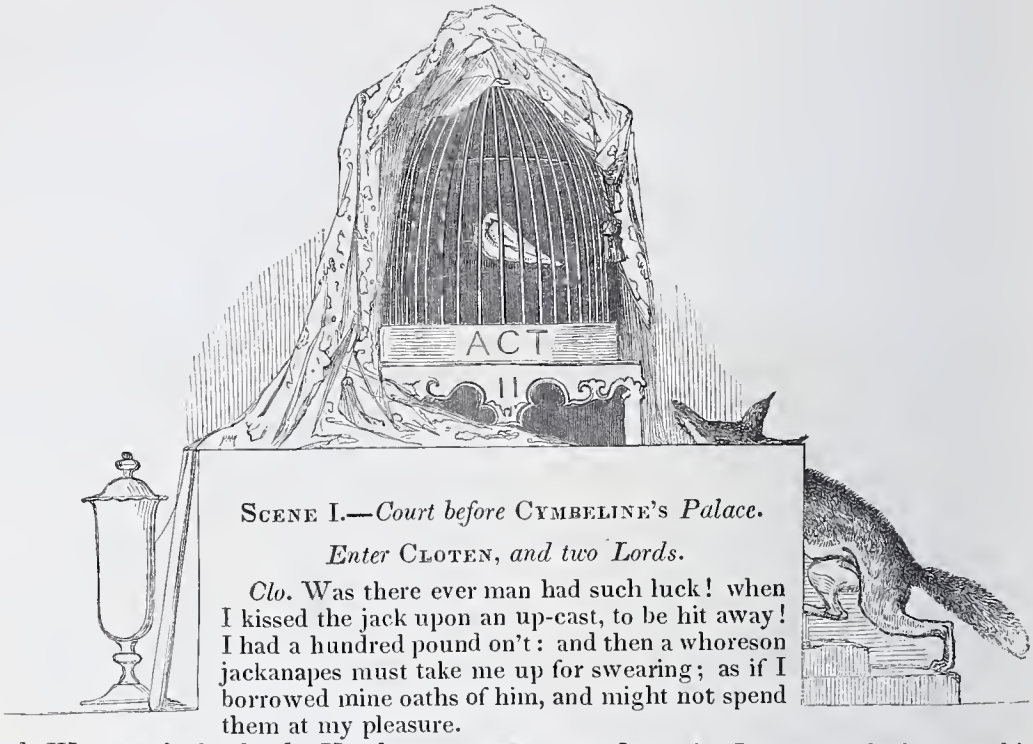
Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as
With labour) then by-peeping in an eye,
Base and illustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow, it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Let me my service tender on your lips.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,

As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.
Imo. What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court
for yours.
Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.
Imo. Pray, what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form. Their values great,
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?
Imo. Willingly,
And pawn mine honour for their safety; since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night,
I must aboard to-morrow.
Imo. O! no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?
Iach. O! I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.
Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—*Court before* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and two Lords.*

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; [*Aside.*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth.—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted; therefore, your issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN *and* 1 *Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess!
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber; in one part of it a trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman, Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then. Mine eyes are weak;

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO *comes from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows; white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design.
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—there the window;—such
Th' adornment of her bed:—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such;—and the contents o' the story.—
Ah! but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end,
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three,—time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*An Ante-chamber adjoining* IMOGEN'S *Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

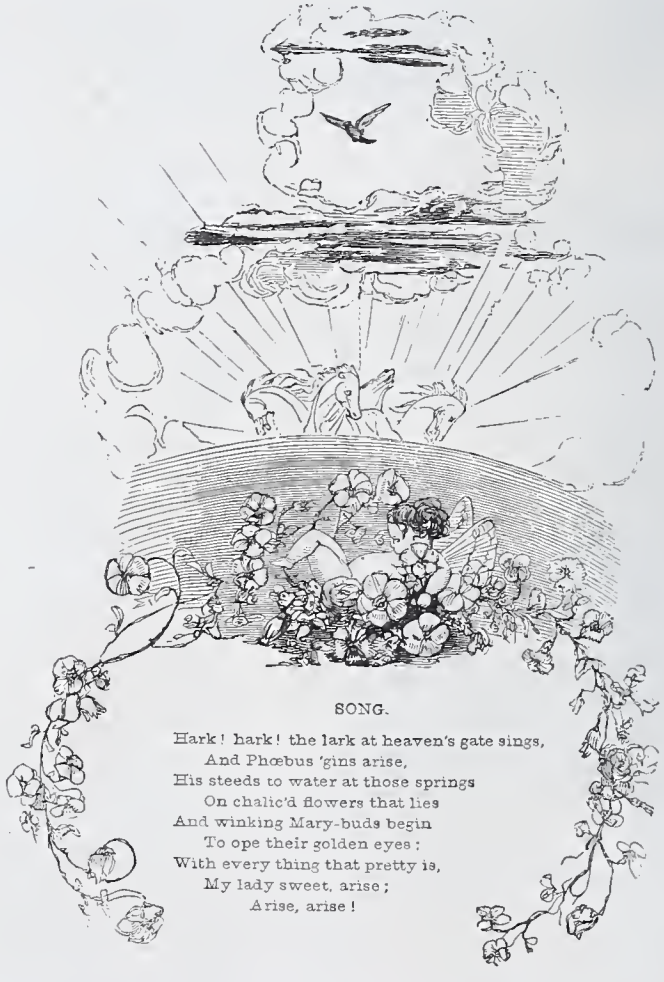
Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.



So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter Cymbeline *and* Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but

take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome:
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* CYM., QUEEN, *Lords, and Mess.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself,) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman

Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it.
I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go, and search.
[*Exit* PISANIO.

Clo. You have abus'd me.—
His meanest garment?
Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clo. I'll be reveng'd.—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in* PHILARIO'S *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly; and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legion, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo?
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,

To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenor good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not, but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. This is her honour.—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
[*Producing the bracelet.*
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O! no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Giving the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one, her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring.—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her!
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this:—she hath bought the name of whore, thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient.
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—
Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud

Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't, i' the court; before
Her father.—I'll do something— [*Exit.*

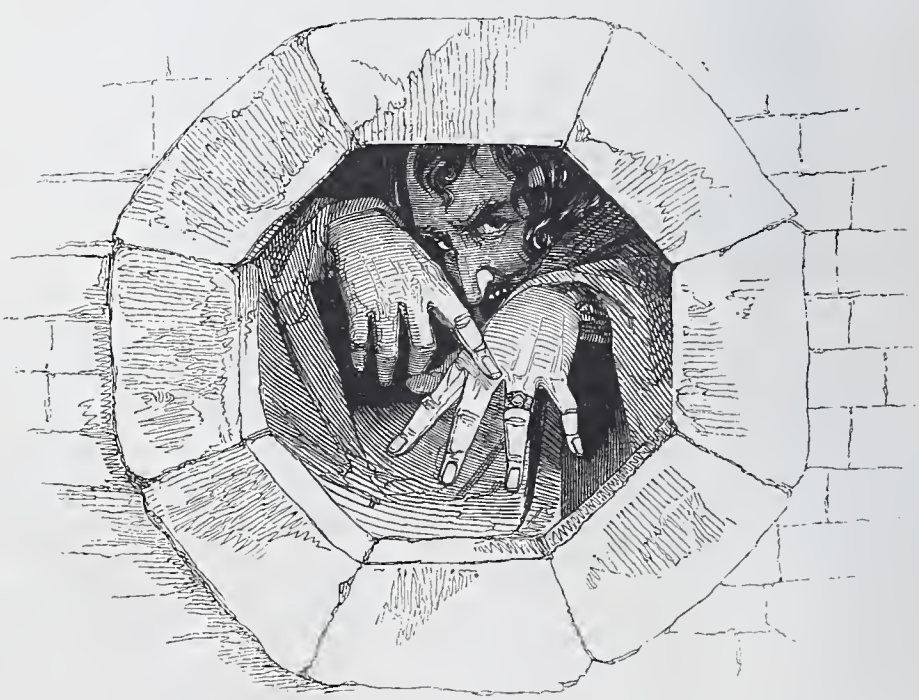
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

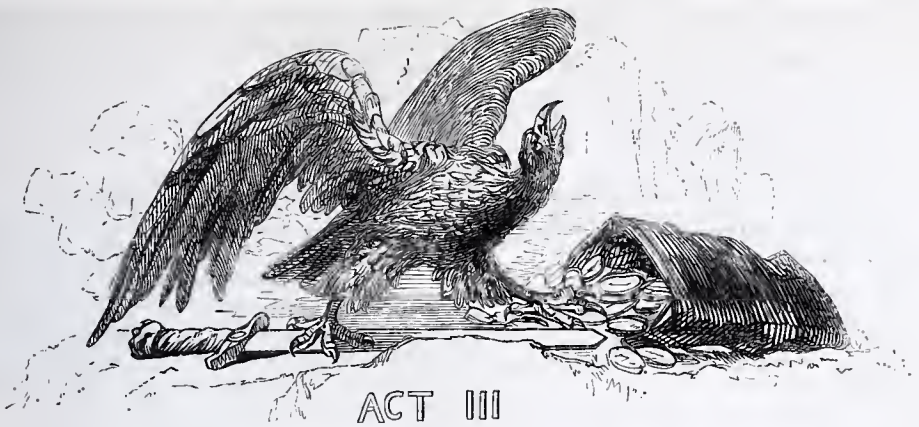
Iach. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. *Another Room in the Same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd "oh!" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd; nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all: but, rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them.—Yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*





ACT III

SCENE I.—Britain. *A Room of State in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and Lords, at one door; and at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "came," and "saw," and "overcame:" with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides of the world,) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then.—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monsters her accuse?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? "Do't. The letter
[*Reading.*
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:"—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.
O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!
[*Reads.*

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

"LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me 'bate!—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O! not like me,
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much, too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf.—But this is foolery.—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yond' hill:
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gains the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse

The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly: subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art of the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure.—O, boys! this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then, was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Hail, thou fair heaven!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunter's language.—He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord of the feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* Gui. *and* Arv.
How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story, say,—"Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on 's neck:" even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd.—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.—The game is up.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand.—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now,—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads.*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No; 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed:
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady?

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O!
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men:
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tirs't on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed, then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time,
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That, which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point.
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly,
Woman it pretty self,) into a waggish courage:
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget

Well, madam, we must take a short farewell.

Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you will make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd, but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood.—May the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo. Amen. I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *Lucius, and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir. I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and Lords.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'Tis all the better:
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I
Fear prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit* CLOTEN.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!
Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better: may
This night forestal him of the coming day!
[*Exit* QUEEN.
Clo. I love, and hate her, for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts, more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her; nay, indeed,

To be reveng'd upon her: for, when fools shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.
Pis. O, good my lord!
Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Pis. Alas, my lord!
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.
Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her?
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!
Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*
Clo. Let's see't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.
Clo. Humph!
Pis. [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!
Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly. I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldest neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.
Pis. Well, my good lord.
Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?
Pis. Sir, I will.
Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.
Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.
Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven.—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?
Pis. Ay, my noble lord.
Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?
Pis. She can scarce be there yet.
Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it.—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*
Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his meed!
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Before the Cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! Who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then, I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She enters the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,

But for the end it works to. Come; our stomaehs
Will make what's homely, savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peaee be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!
Gui. I am thoroughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
Gui. There is eold meat i' the eave: we'll browze on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be eook'd.
Bel. Stay: eome not in. [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our vietuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
Gui. What's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

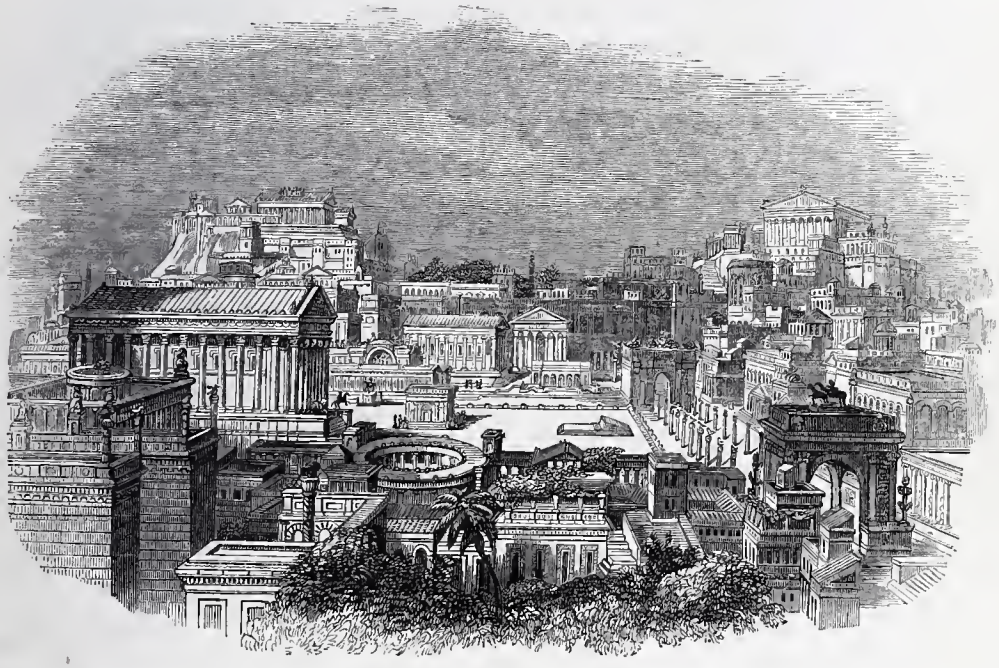
Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took. Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reekon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see, you are angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.
Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no ehurls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude plaee we live in. Well encounter'd.
'Tis almost night: you shall have better eheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I do buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome.
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—[*Aside.*]—Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons: then, had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.
Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Gui. Would I eould free't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it eost, what danger. Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this eave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue

Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.
Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!
Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.
Tri. We will discharge our duty.
[*Exeunt.*



(Restoration of the Roman Forum.)

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not to be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber,) I mean, the lines of my body are as well-drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*To* IMOGEN.]—remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To* IMOGEN.
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it: pray you, trust me here;
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What! how? how?
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. [*Aside.*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.
Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.
Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court:
Experience, O! thou disprov'st report.
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick.—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.
Gui. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field!—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit* IMOGEN.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings.
Gui. But his neat cookery: he cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come; away!—
Who's there?

(The Cave.)

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws:—hence.
Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.
Gui. To whom? to thee? What art thou?
Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.
Gui. I am sorry for't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic, mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,

But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *Head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; then, why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then, on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't, though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me.—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done.
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock:
You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*
Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN, *as dead, in his arms.*

Bel. Look! here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou diedst a most rare boy, of melancholy.—
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.
Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;

And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.
Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?
Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother: use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll speak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit* BELARIUS.
Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So.—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. { *Quiet consummation have;*
{ *And renowned be thy grave!*

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strew.—
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond' bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—
I have gone all night:—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow.—O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream,
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garment of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh:
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven!—How!—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio!
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O! 'tis pregnant, pregnant.
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You, here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service, and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside.*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,

Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, *Lords, and* PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger.—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars points at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.
Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.
1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.
Cym. The time is troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To* PISANIO.
Does yet depend.
1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.
1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us: we fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!
[*Exeunt.*
Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

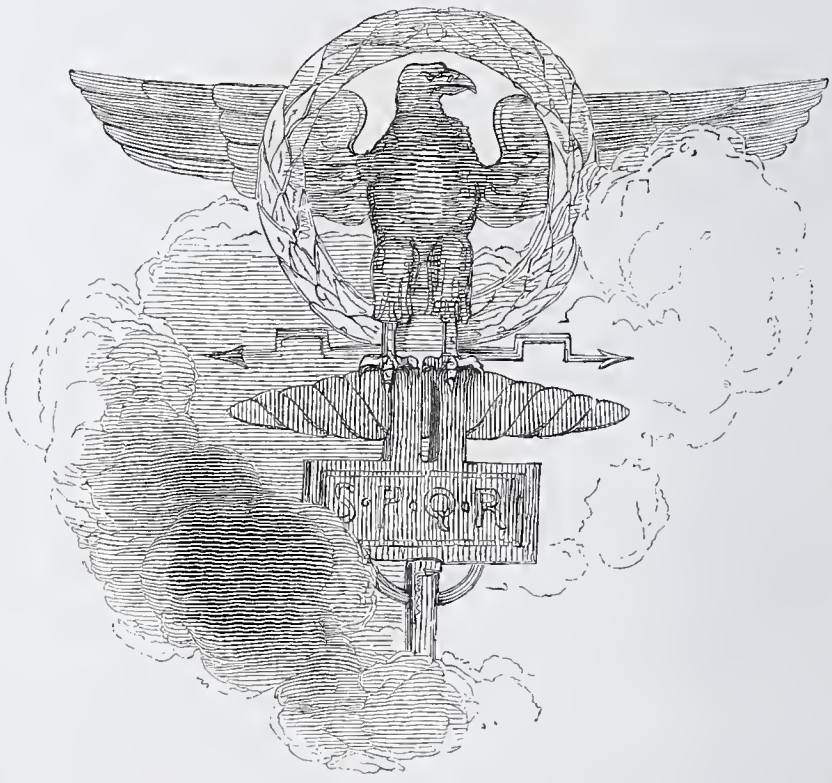
Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O! I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance: and, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is't, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron, on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

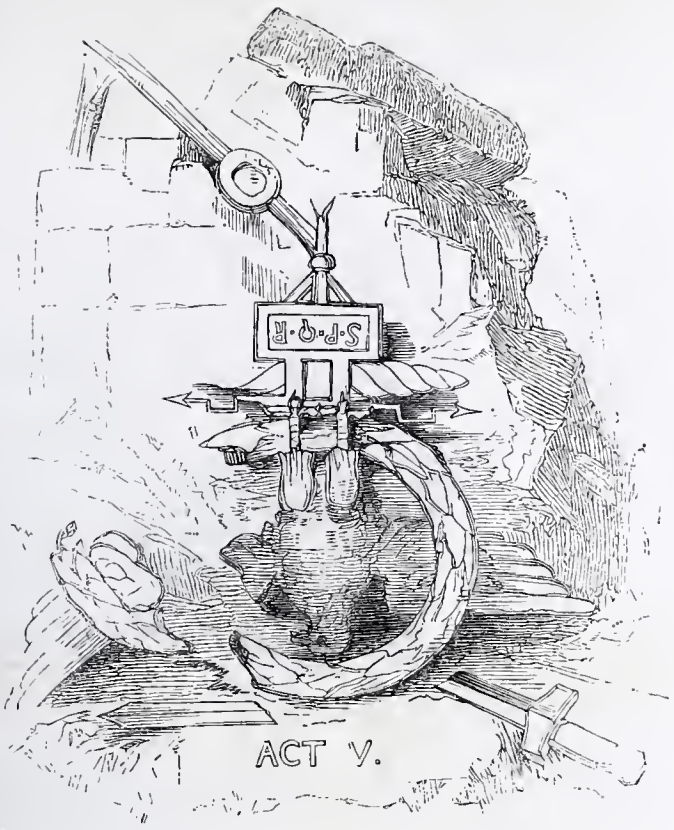
Gui. By heavens, I'll go.
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I. Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—[*Aside.*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*





SCENE I.—*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack!
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the Roman Army: at the other side, the British Army;* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this earl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.
[*Exit.*

The Battle continues: the Britons fly; CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons; they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt: then, enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a British Lord.*

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did;

(Combat of Posthumus and Iachimo.)

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane: the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country: athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!"—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, "stand, stand!"
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly,
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some, their friends,
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.
Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*
Post. Still going?—This is a lord. O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me.
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcases? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him;
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; for me, my ransom's death:
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?
Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and Roman Captives. The Captains present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a Jailer; after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.—*A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and two Jailers.*

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen; you have locks upon you:
So, graze as you find pasture.
2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Jailers.*
Post. Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *Father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his Wife and Mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with music before them: then, after other music follow the two young Leonati, Brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well?
Whose face I never saw;
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law.
Whose father, then, (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he,
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,

That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look, look out:
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry,
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt; the Ghosts fall upon their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields. His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter.

Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers. But, (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born,
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Jailers.

Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted, rather; ready long ago.

Jail. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir; but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Jail. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles: bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be made free.

Jail. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and Messenger.*

Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too, that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of goalers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—CYMBELINE'S *Tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one, that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise, my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

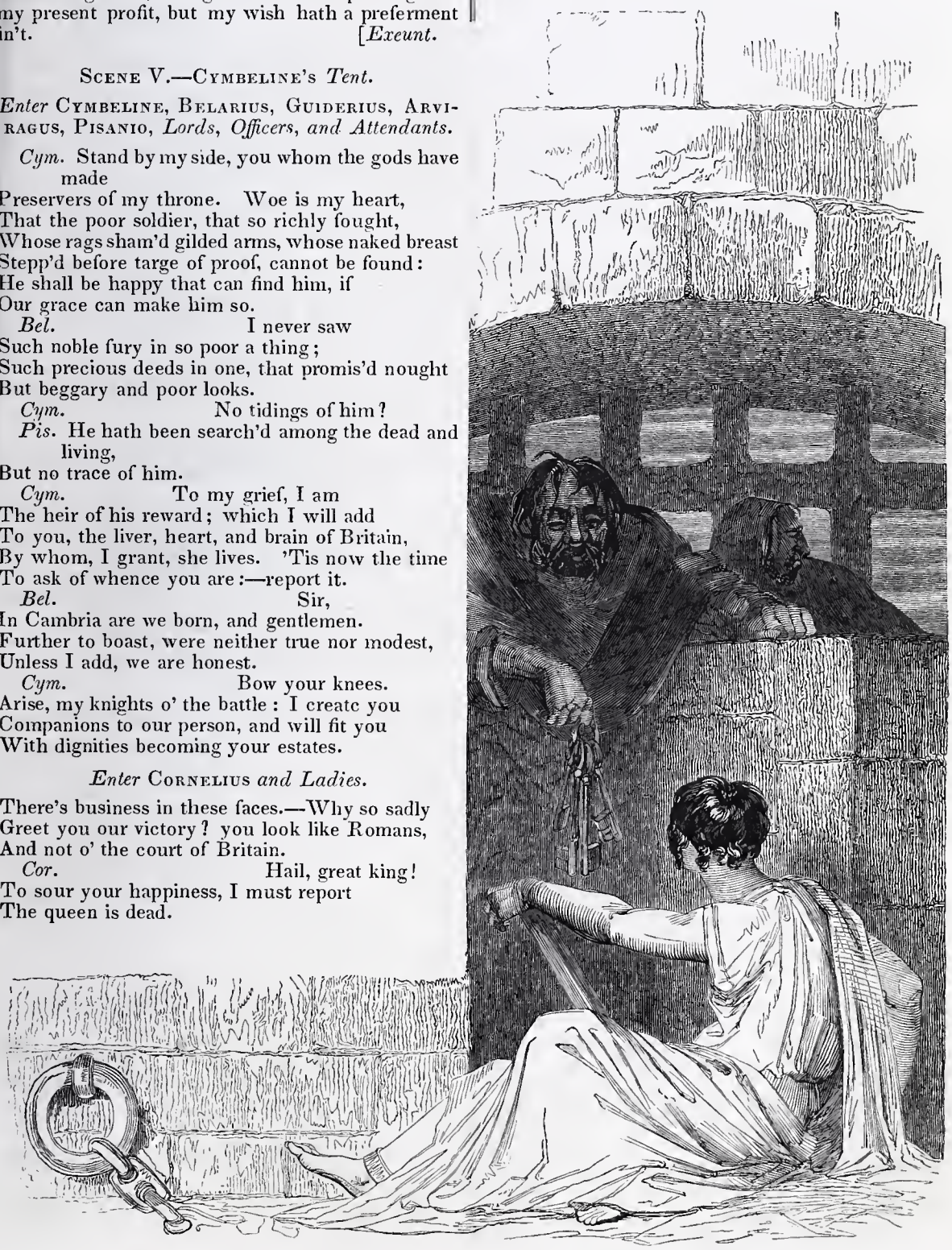
Enter CORNELIUS *and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.



Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.
Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did so, please your highness.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say.
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded;* Posthumus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.
Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast looked thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live,
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.
Imo. I humbly thank your highness.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no; alack!
There's other work in hand.—I see a thing
Bitter to me as death.—Your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?
Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak;
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness, who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[Cymbeline *and* Imogen *converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not: forbear.
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see further.
Pis. [*Aside.*] It is my mistress!
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad.
[Cymbeline *and* Imogen *come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side:
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To* Iachimo.] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*Aside.*] What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour,) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where,) 'twas at a feast, (O! would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head,) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:——
Cym. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat, I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By her's and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—
Post. Ay, so thou dost,
[*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me! most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she:—yea, and she herself
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me; set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo. Peace, my lord! hear, hear!—
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her; she falls.*
Pis. O, gentlemen! help,
Mine, and your mistress.—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O! get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: if Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now! my flesh, my child?
What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.
[*To* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. O! she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story.
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law. Thou art dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king.
This is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it, then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence.
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine:
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue?
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as your's is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O! what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Bless'd pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now.—O Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter.
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting lov'd
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* Belarius.
Imo. You are my father, too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.
Cym. All o'erjoyed,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.
Iach. I am down again;
[*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.
Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd.
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You holp us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord. [*Coming forward.*

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which being dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* CYMBELINE.
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Bellarius stolen,
For many years thought dead are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

View near Milford.

NOTES ON CYMBELINE.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"— *our bloods*
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king."

The passage in the original edition (of 1623) stands thus:—

You do not meet a man but frowns.
Our bloods no more obey the heavens
Then our courtiers:
Still seem, as do's the king's.

This being clearly erroneous, successive editors proposed various emendations, which may be found in different editions. The present text is that proposed by Tyrwhitt, and adopted by the later editors, which gives a good sense, though in harsh and abrupt language, such as Shakespeare's desire of condensing his meaning often leads him to use. By reading *king*, for *king's*, all other alteration is avoided. The meaning then is—Our natural feelings are not more influenced by the heavens, than our courtiers are by the king's humour, seeming like him, and frowning when he frowns; or, as it is afterwards expressed:—

— they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks.

"— *His father*
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour," etc.

"Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of Cassibelan's elder brother Lud, on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. He repulsed the Romans on their first attack; but, being vanquished on Cæsar's second invasion, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son, (the elder brother, Androgeus, having fled to Rome,) was established on the throne, of which they had been deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan: according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakespeare supposes the last account to be the true one."—Malone.

"— *who did join his* honour"—I do not (says Stevens) understand what can be meant by "joining his *honour* against, etc., with, etc." Perhaps Shakespeare wrote—

— did join his *banner*.

In the last scene of the play, Cymbeline proposes that "a Roman and a British ensign" should wave together.

"*To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus.*"

"So the folio. The modern editors have rejected the second name, reading—

To his protection; calls him Posthumus.

This appears to have been done to make a line of ten syllables—as if dramatic rhythm had no irregularities—they have destroyed the sense. The name of Posthumus Leonatus was given to connect the child with the memory of his father, and to mark the circumstance of his being born after his father's death."—Knight.

"*A glass that* feated *them*"—The adjective "feat" was in common use for *neat, fine, elegant;* whence Shakespeare seems to have made for his own use the verb *to feat*, which is found in no other author. "He was a glass that gave elegance to the maturer persons who used it:" as Hotspur, in Henry IV., is said to be—

— the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

"*Here comes the gentleman*"—The most important person (as to this conversation) who was coming, is Posthumus, "the gentleman." Some editors, however, drop him, reading—

We must forbear; here comes the queen, and princess.

With Mr. Knight, we can find no justification for "such capricious alterations of the text."

Scene II.

"*Enter the* Queen, Posthumus, *and* Imogen."

"Hollingshed's 'Chronicle' probably supplied Shakespeare with the beautiful name 'Imogen.' In the old black letter, it is scarcely distinguishable from 'Innogen,' the wife of Brute, King of Britain. From the same source, the Poet may have derived the name of Cloten, who, when the line of Brute became extinct, was one

of the five kings that governed Britain. Cloten, or Cloton, was King of Cornwall. Leonatus is a name in Sydney's 'Arcadia.' It is that of the legitimate son of the blind King of Paphlagonia, on whose story is formed the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund, in LEAR."—*Illust. Shak.*

"*I'll feteh a turn*"—This is a pure and usual old English phrase, now, like mueh more of the old Saxon part of our language, banished from polite use. It is retained only in cockney or London dialect, in whieh *fetch a walk* is universal. Yet Milton has in poetry, "fetch a round."

"*But he does buy my injuries to be friends.*"

"This sentenee is obscure; but the meaning of the crafty Queen appears to be, that the kindness of her husband, even when she is doing him wrong, purchases injuries as if they were benefits."—KNIGHT.

"—*sear up my embraeements*"—Shakespeare poetically calls the *cere-cloths*, in which the dead are wrapped, the *bonds of death*. There was no distinetion in ancient orthography between *seare*, to dry, to wither; and *seare*, to dress or cover with wax. *Cere-cloth* is most frequently spelled *seare-cloth*. In HAMLET we have—

> Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
> Have burst their *cerements?*

"*While sense can keep it on*"—i. e. while I have sensation to retain it. There can be no doubt that *it* refers to the ring, and it is equally obvious that *thee* would have been more proper. Whether this error is to be laid to the Poet's charge or to that of careless printing, it would not be easy to decide. Malone, however, has shown that there are many passages in these plays of equally loose eonstruction.—SINGER.

"*A year's age on me*"—The sense seems clear enough. The aged king, to whom every added year is a serious burden, tells his daughter that in her present act of fond sorrow, she takes away a year of his life. The editors are not satisfied with this, and Warburton proposes, with his accustomed fertility—A *yare* (speedy) age upon me. Hanmer reads—*Many a year's* age, which Stevens prefers. Johnson prefers—Years, ages, on me.

"*And did avoid a* PUTTOCK"—"A puttock" is a kite or a hawk of a worthless breed.

> "*A man worth any woman; overbuys me*
> *Almost the sum he pays.*"

That is—the most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has purchased by paying himself to her.

SCENE IV.

"—*if he should write,*
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost," ete.

The meaning (says Stevens) is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her (Imogen) as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal. A thought resembling this occurs in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL:—

> Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried.

"—*with* THIS *eye or ear*"—In the folios, "with *his* eye or ear;" but the eye or ear which was to distinguish Posthumus was that of Pisanio. It was, doubtless, an error of the press. Coleridge recommends the substitution of *the* for *his;* but it seems more likely that the letter *t* had dropped out.

"*With his next* VANTAGE"—i. e. opportunity.

"*Betwixt two* CHARMING *words*"—The old meaning of to "charm" was to *enchant*, and in this sense was used by Imogen in this passage: she would have set the kiss "betwixt two charming words," in order to seeure "her interest" from "the shes of Italy."

SCENE V.

"*Enter* PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard."

This is the original stage-direction, though some of the characters are mute: it is meant to show that this eonversation oeeurs among strangers casually met at Rome. It has been observed that the behaviour of the Spaniard and the Dutchman, who are stated to be present during this animated seene, is in humorous accordance with the apathy and taciturnity usually attributed to their countrymen. Neither the Don or Mynheer utters a syllable. "What was Imogen to them, or they to Imogen," that they should speak of her?

"—*words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter*"—Makes the description of him very distant from the truth.—SINGER.

"—*taking a beggar without* LESS *quality*"—This is the reading of all the old copies, from the first, until Rowe altered it to *more*. But the old reading is one of those double negatives, so common in old English authors, and still used intelligibly enough colloquially, and understood as merely strengthening the affirmation. Posthumus, he says, is rated above his true worth, to vindicate Imogen's choice, which would otherwise be held in eontempt, for taking a beggar with any less quality than that thus kindly ascribed to Posthumus.

"— OR *if there were wealth enough*"—So all the folios: "or" is here obviously to be taken in the sense of *either*—"either if there were," &e. The use of "or" in this manner is seriptural, and it is also that of some of the best writers of the time.

"—*on the* APPROBATION *of what I have spoke*"—i. e. On the *proof*. As in HENRY V.:—

> — how many now in health
> Shall drop their blood in *approbation*
> Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

SCENE VII.

"*Which* SEASONS *comfort*"—"Seasons" is a verb, and used as in HAMLET, "My blessing *season* this, i. e. give it added zest or relish. The mean have their honest, homely wills—opposed to the desire that's glorious—and that eircumstance gives a relish to comfort.

"—*your* TRUST"—"Imogen here breaks off in reading the letter of Leonatus. That whieh is addressed to her in the tenderness of affection is not 'read aloud.' Unmindful of this, the passage has been altered into 'Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your *truest* Leonatus.' The signature is separated from the word which has been changed to *truest*, by the passage which Imogen glances at in thankful silence."—KNIGHT.

"—*the* UNNUMBER'D *beach*"—The old editors from the first all read the *number'd* beach—which gives no probable sense, even allowing that *numbered* may mean, as Johnson suggested, *numerous*, a meaning of which I know no other example. Warburton proposes *humbled*, and Coleridge *umbred*, from the brown colour. Theobald's correction of "unnumber'd" seems to me so elearly the word, that I have not hesitated to substitute it in the text, which none of the later editors have done, though several have allowed its probability. The error is precisely such a one as a printer or a copyist of manuscript might most easily fall into, and the phrase in this application derives support from its use in the same way in LEAR:—

> — the surge
> That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chases.

Twinned is a bold but not unexampled phrase, to express close resemblance, as in Beaumont and Fletcher:—

> — is it possible that two faces
> Should be so twinned in form, complexion?

The whole passage, then, may be thus paraphrased—Can men's eyes distinguish between the fiery orbs above and the pebbles of the shore, so mueh resembling each

other, and so numerous that no one counts or discriminates them? and can we not, etc.

"*Not so allur'd to feed*"—Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shown how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the supposed mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object.—JOHNSON.

"*Thus* RAPS *you*"—i. e. Absorbs and carries away your thoughts: a word familiar to the older poets, but now obsolete except in the participle, which is still used in poetic and oratorical language; as, in Pope, "*Rapt* into future times, the bard began," and "the *rapt* seraph."

"—*then* BY-PEEPING *in an eye*"—This is the original reading of the folios, and seems a bold and not inexpressive phrase for sideway or clandestine glances: it is a compound, resembling "under-peep," in act ii. scene 2, though of another meaning. Nearly all the ordinary editions follow Johnson, who changed it to *lie peeping*.

"*Base and* ILLUSTROUS *as the smoky light*"—We have not hesitated to accept Collier's restoration of this word "illustrous," which, on Rowe's authority, all modern editors change to *unlustrous;* but the word is "illustrous" (misprinted *illustrious*) in all the folios, and it ought on every account to be preferred, as that which came from the author's pen, being the phrase of his age; while *unlustrous* has never been found in any author until conjecturally manufactured by the Poet's editors. The prefix *il* or *in* is of course here used in its negative sense, as in *illiterate, illiberal*, &c.

"—*and fasten'd to an empery*"—*Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command: now obsolete. Shakespeare uses it in RICHARD III.:—

> Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"*Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-east, to be hit away!*"

"Cloten is here describing his fate at bowls. It is objected by Stevens to the character of Cloten, that 'he is represented as at once brave and dastardly, civil and brutish, sagacious and cruel, without that subtlety of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in HAMLET, and the Nurse in ROMEO AND JULIET.' Such inconsistency is, however, far more puzzling than unnatural. Miss Seward assures us, in one of her letters, that singular as the character of Cloten may appear, it is the exact prototype of a being she once knew:—'The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of voice; the bustling insignificance; the fever-and-ague fits of valour; the froward tetchiness; the unprincipled malice; and, what is most curious, those occasional gleams of good sense amid the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain, and which, in the character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity of character; but in the some time Captain C——n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature.'"—*Illust. Shak.*

"—*undertake every* COMPANION"—This is used here, and in other passages by Shakespeare, in the same sense as *fellow* is at present. Sir Hugh Evans denounces the host of the Garter as a "scurvy, cogging *companion*."

"*More hateful than the foul expulsion*," etc.

The reading of the original is in the following manner:—

> —A wooer,
> More hateful than the foul expulsion is
> Of thy dear husband. Then that horrid act
> Of the divorce heel'd make the heavens hold firm
> The walls of thy dear honour, etc.

This is manifestly incorrect, and the conjectural correction which the present text retains has been preferred by all the editors since Theobald, except Knight, who proposes to read—

> —A wooer,
> More hateful than the foul expulsion is
> Of thy dear husband. From that horrid act
> Of the divorce he'd make, the heavens hold firm
> The walls of thy dear honour, etc.

Thus, a clear sense is attained. The 2 *Lord* implores that the honour of Imogen may be held firm, to resist the horrid act of the divorce from her husband which Cloten would make.

SCENE II.

"—*our Tarquin thus*
Did softly press the rushes," etc.

"The whole of this scene in its delicacy and beauty has some resemblance to the night-scene in Shakespeare's TARQUIN AND LUCRECE. Indeed, Shakespeare, in one or two expressions, seems to have had his own poem distinctly present to his mind. For example:—

> —By the light he spies
> Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
> He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies.

"Again: Iachimo says of Imogen—

> O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
> And be her sense but as a monument,
> Thus in a chapel lying!

"Lucretia is in the same way described as a monumental figure reposing upon a pillow:—

> Where, like a virtuous monument she lies.

"The best illustration of this beautiful image is presented by Chantrey's exquisite monument of 'The Sleeping Children.'"—KNIGHT.

We may add, with Judge Blackstone, that this phrase, of Tarquin's "softly" treading, shows the author's meaning, in MACBETH, of "Tarquin's ravishing strides."

"*To see the enclosed lights, now canopied*
Under these windows; white and azure," etc.

"This celebrated passage has produced differences of opinion among the commentators. Capell says, of the word *windows*, 'the Poet's meaning is *shutters*.' Hanmer changed the word to *curtains*. The *window* is the aperture through which light and air are admitted to a room—sometimes closed, at other times opened. It is the *wind-door*. We have the word in ROMEO AND JULIET, similarly applied—

> —Thy eye's *windows* fall
> Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.

"Capel then says that the "white and azure" refer to the white skin, generally, laced with blue veins. Secondly, Malone thinks that the epithets apply to the 'enclosed lights,' the eyes. Lastly, Warburton decides that the eye*lids* were intended. The eyelid of an extremely fair young woman is often of a tint that may be properly called 'white and azure;' which is produced by the net-work of exceedingly fine veins that runs through and colours that beautiful structure. Shakespeare has described this peculiarity in his VENUS AND ADONIS—

> Her two *blue windows* faintly she upheaveth.

And in the WINTER'S TALE, we have—

> —*Violets* dim,
> But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's eyes.

But in the text before us, the eyelids are not only of a 'white and azure' hue, but they are also 'lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct,' marked with the deeper blue of the larger veins. The description is here as accurate as it is beautiful. It cannot apply with such propriety to the eye, which certainly is not *lac'd* with blue; nor to the skin generally, which would not be beautiful as 'white and azure.' It is, to our minds, one

of the many examples of Shakespeare's extreme accuracy of observation, and of his transcendent power of making the exact and the poetical blend with and support each other."—KNIGHT.

"*Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!*"—"The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions 'the dragon yoke of night,' and 'the dragon womb of Stygian darkness.'"—*Illust. Shak.*

"*May* BARE *the raven's eye*"—The folios have "*beare* the raven's eye," which Theobald corrected to *bare*: the raven being a very early bird, the wish is that the dawn may awaken him. Knight prefers the original, as meaning that there may be light enough to sustain that acute vision. The reading of the text, followed by all other editors, strikes me as clear, and the sense just stated as correct and poetical; but Mr. Barron Field thinks that this expression has been understood too literally, as meaning that the "raven's eye" is *bared* or *opened* by the "dawning:" he apprehends that night is here poetically described as "the raven."

SCENE III.

"*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings*"—The same hyperbole occurs in Miltou's "Paradise Lost," book v.:—

> —ye birds
> That singing up to heaven's gate aseend.

And in Shakespeare's twenty-ninth Sonnet:—

> Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, *sings* hymns at *heaven's gate.*

And again in VENUS AND ADONIS:—

> Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
> From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
> And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
> The sun ariseth in his majesty.

Perhaps Lily's "Alexander and Campaspe" suggested this song:—

> What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
> O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
> Jug, jug, jug, jug, teureu, she cries,
> And still her woes at midnight rise.
> Brave prick song! who is't now we hear?
> None but the *lark* so shrill and clear;
> Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
> The morn not waking till she sings.
> *Hark, hark*, with what a pretty throat
> Poor robin-red-breast tunes his note;
> Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing,
> Cuckoo to welcome in the spring,
> Cuckoo to welcome in the spring.

Passages in Chaucer, Spenser, Skelton, etc., have been pointed out by Mr. Douce, which have parallel thoughts.

"*On chalic'd flowers that* LIES"—This apparently false concord is in truth a touch of old English idiom. See note in ROMEO AND JULIET, act ii.

"*With every thing that pretty* IS"—So all the old copies, and not "pretty *bin*," as Hanmer altered the text. In this kind of ballad-measure, it was not required that each line should have its rhyme; the more usual practice was the reverse.

"*Diana's rangers* FALSE *themselves*"—In this instance, *false* is not an adjective, but a verb; and as such is also used in the COMEDY OF ERRORS, "Nay, not sure, in a thing *falsing*:" act ii. scene 2. Spenser often has it:—

> Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury.

"— *and must not* FOIL"—The modern reading has been *soil* for "foil," as it is printed in all the old editions: to "foil the precious note of it" is as intelligible as to *soil*, and no change seems required. In ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA the same word occurs, and the same needless alteration was made.

"*A* HILDING *for a livery*"—A "hilding" or *hinderling*, means a low wretch. Horne Tooke derives it from *hyldan*, Sax. to crouch.

> "— *Your mother too:*
> *She's my good lady.*"

"This is said ironically. 'My good lady' is equivalent to 'my good friend.' So in HENRY IV., Part II., Falstaff says to Prince John:—'And when you come to court, stand, my good lord, pray, in your good report.'" *Illust. Shak.*

SCENE IV.

"(*Now* MINGLED *with their courages*)"—In the folio, 1623, the word is *wing-led*, but altered to "mingled" in the folio, 1632, and adopted by Rowe and most modern editors. Stevens, Knight, and the German translator Tieck, prefer the compound word, as a bold Shakespearian image, descriptive of borrowing wings from courage.

"*Was Caius Lucius,*" etc.—In the folios, and the editions before Stevens, this speech is given to Posthumus, but by a mistake, owing to the same initial belonging to Philario. Philario takes up the conversation, while Posthumus is employed in eagerly reading his letters.

> "— *the story,*
> *Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,*" etc.

Johnson observes, that "Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use,—a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gayety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety; and his seriousness proves his gayety to be without art."

"SINCE *the true life on't was*"—In this edition the original reading is retained, with the dash, added by the editors to signify a broken or interrupted sentence, which is very intelligible. Yet an error of the press is not improbable, and perhaps M. Mason's correction ought to be received into the text:—

> *Such* the true life on't was.

> "— *The roof o' the chamber*
> *With golden cherubins is fretted.*"

Stevens calls this "a tawdry image." Douce justly says, "The Poet has, in this instance, given a faithful description of the mode in which the rooms in great houses were sometimes ornamented."

> "— *her andirons*
> (*I had forgot them*) *were two winking Cupids,*" etc.

The andirons of our ancestors were sometimes not only costly pieces of furniture, but beautiful works of art; the *standards* were often, as here described, of silver, representing some terminal figure or device; the transverse or horizontal pieces, upon which the wood was supported, were what Shakespeare here calls the *brands*, properly *brandirons*. Upon these the Cupids which formed the standards "nicely depended," seeming to stand on one foot.

> "— *Then, if you can*
> *Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!*"—

This passage is usually pointed thus—

> —Then, if you can,
> Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel.

Johnson interprets this reading, "If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage." Boswell says, "if you can restrain yourself within bounds; as *pale* is used for *to confine* or *surround*." With Knight we follow the punctuation of the original, which gives a clear meaning—

> —Then, if you can
> Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel.

Iachimo has produced no effect upon Posthumus as yet, but he now says, "If you *can* be pale, I will see what this jewel will do to make you change countenance."

> "— *her attendants are*
> *All sworn, and honourable.*"

Dr. Percy shows, that it was anciently the custom for attendants on the nobility (as it is now for the servants of the sovereign) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office.

Scene V.

"*Is there no way for men to be,*" etc.—"Milton was very probably indebted to this speech for one of the sentiments which he has imparted to Adam, 'Paradise Lost,' Book x.:—

— O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind?

"See also, Rhodomont's invective against women, in the 'Orlando Furioso,' and, above all, a speech which Euripides has put into the mouth of Hippolytus, in the tragedy bearing his name."—Stevens.

Of these great poets, Milton was the only imitator, and he was familiar alike with Shakespeare, Euripides, and Ariosto, and frequently interwove their thoughts and images with his own solemn lay. It is as unquestionable that the three last named were all equally original in this thought.

"*The very devils cannot plague them better.*"

This is the same idea expressed by Sir Thomas More—"God could not lightly do a man more vengeance than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes."—More's "*Comfort against Tribulation.*"

ACT III.—Scene I.

"*Yearly three thousand pounds*"—The computation of the amounts of plunder, tribute, wealth of conquered kings, &c., not in Roman sesterces, or the foreign money of account, but in pounds of gold or silver, is of such frequent occurrence in ancient writers, that it is not ascribing any great learning or antiquarian accuracy to Shakespeare, who was well read in the translations at least of several of the classics, to understand him here just as we should Knowles or Miss Baillie, in any similar case, as speaking not of pounds sterling but of pounds weight of coin, as a Roman would have estimated the tribute-money of a subject foreign prince.

"*With* rocks *unscaleable*"—The original reads *oaks*. The epithet shows it to be a misprint, and proves the propriety of the correction, which is Hanmer's.

"*O, giglot fortune*"—"Strumpet fortune," as she is called in Hamlet. Thus, young Talbot, in Henry VI., calls Joan of Arc "a giglot wench."

"—*to master Cæsar's sword*"—Shakespeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. "The same historie (says Hollingshed) also make mention of *Nennius*, brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius died within fifteen days after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand, although after he was hurt he slew Labienus, one of the Roman tribunes," book iii. chap. 13. Nennius, we are told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, was buried with great funeral pomp, and Cæsar's sword placed in his tomb.—Malone.

"—*Mulmutius made our laws,*
Who was the first of Britain which did put," etc.

The title of the first chapter of Hollingshed's third book of the "History of England," is:—"Of Mulmutius, the first King of Britain who was crowned with a golden crown, his laws, his foundations," etc.

"Mulmutius, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and, after his father's decease, began to reign over the whole monarchy of Britain, in the year of the world 3529. He made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws, turned out of the British speech into Latin by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English by Alfred, King of England, and mingled in his statutes. After he had established his land, he ordained him, by the advice of his lords, a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned:—and because he was the first that bare a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors. Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and measures, with the which men should buy and sell: and further, he caused sore and strait orders for the punishment of theft."

"— *Thou art welcome, Caius.*
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent," etc.

Hollingshed has thrown light on this passage also:—"Kymbeline (as some write) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not. —Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britons refused to pay that tribute.—But whether the controversy which appeared to fall forth between the Britons and Augustus was occasioned by Kymbeline, I have not a vouch.—Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus."

"*Behoves me keep at* utterance"—i. e. To keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à l'outrance* is a fight that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants. So, in Macbeth:—

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me *to the utterance.*

"*I am* perfect"—i. e. assured. So, in the Winter's Tale—

Thou art *perfect* then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia.

Scene II.

"*What monsters her accuse?*"—So every old copy: every modern edition, except Collier's, "What *monster's* her *accuser?*" I agree with Collier, that no variation from the ancient text is required; though it is maintained on the ground of the single person, the "false Italian," afterwards mentioned.

"*Shall give thee opportunity*"—"The original stage-direction for this scene was—'Enter Pisanio, reading of a letter.' The modern editors, when they come to the passage beginning "Do't," insert another stage-direction of '*Reading.*' Upon this, Malone raises up the following curious theory:—'Our Poet, from negligence sometimes makes words change their form under the eye of the speaker, who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and *actually reads from it* * * * * * The *words* here read by Pisanio from his master's letter (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakespeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader.' Now, we would ask, what can be more natural, what can be more truly in Shakespeare's own manner, which is a reflection of nature, than that a person having been deeply moved by a letter which he has been reading, should comment upon the substance of it *without* repeating the exact words? The very commencement of Pisanio's soliloquy—'How! of adultery?' is an example of this.

"Really, a critic, putting on a pair of spectacles, to compare the recollections of deep feeling with the document which has stirred that feeling, as he would compare the copy of an affidavit with the original, is a ludicrous exhibition."—Knight.

"*Good wax, thy leave.—Blessed be,*
You bees, that make these locks of counsel!" etc.

"The meaning is, that the bees are not blessed by the man who is sent to prison for forfeiting a boud, which

is sealed with their product—wax, as they are by lovers, for whom the same substance performs the more pleasing office of sealing letters."

The allusion shows technical familiarity with the laws of that day. The seal was essential to the boud, though a signature was not; and *forfeiters* is the technical term for the breach of covenant, (by non-payment or otherwise,) by which the penalty became absolute in law.

"*— would even renew me with your eyes*"—It has been usual to vary from the old copies, by reading, "would *not* even renew me;" but this change, as Mr. Amyot remarks, hardly seems required, the sense being, that Justice and the wrath of Cymbeline could not do Posthumus any cruelty, but such as might be remedied by the eyes of Imogen.

"*— say, and speak* THICK"—i. e. Rapidly: as, "My heart beats thicker," in TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

"*— nimbler than the sands*"—It may be necessary to apprise the reader that the *sand of an hour-glass* used to measure time is meant. The figurative meaning is, *swifter* than the flight of time.—SINGER.

"*A* FRANKLIN'S *housewife*"—The *franklin* in Shakespeare's time had, for the most part, gone upward into the squire, or downward into the yeoman; and the name had probably become synonymous with the small freeholder and cultivator. "A franklin's housewife" would wear "no costlier suit" than Imogen desired for concealment. Latimer has described the farmer of the early part of the sixteenth century:—"My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by the year, at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine."

"*Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,*" etc.

We adopt Monck Mason's punctuation and interpretation of this passage. "I see before me, man," is, I see clearly that my course is for Milford. Nor here, nor there, nor what follows—neither this way, nor that way, nor the way behind—*but have a fog in them.*

SCENE III.

"*— that giants may* JET *through*"—To "jet" is to *strut.* Thus, in the next age, Herrick, a short-winged poet, unequal to any long-sustained flight, but of unusual grace and felicity in shorter ones, speaks in his "Noble Numbers"—

> Of those that prank it with their plumes,
> And *jet* it with their choice perfumes.

"*This service is not service*"—In any service done, the advantage rises not from the act, but from the *allowance* (i. e. approval) of it.

"*The* SHARDED *beetle*"—"There is a controversy about the meaning of 'shard' as applied to a beetle. In HAMLET, the Priest says of Ophelia—

> *Shards,* flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her.

A *shard* here is a thing divided; and it is used for something worthless, as fragments. Mr. Tollet says that *shard* signifies *dung;* and that the 'shard-*born* beetle' in MACBETH is the beetle born in dung. This is certainly only a secondary meaning of *shard.* We cannot doubt that Shakespeare, in the passage before us, uses the epithet *sharded* as applied to the flight of the beetle. The sharded beetle,—the beetle whose scaly wing-cases are not formed for a flight above the earth,—is contrasted with the full-winged eagle. The shards support the insect when he rises from the ground; but they do not enable him to cleave the air with a bird-like wing. The 'shard-borne beetle' of MACBETH is, therefore, the beetle supported on its shards."—KNIGHT.

"*— nobler, than attending for a check;*
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe."

"Attending for a check" refers to the courtier's (with whose life that of the free forester is throughout contrasted) attending his prince only to suffer rejection or delay of his suit. He "speeds to-day to be put back to-morrow;" as Spenser in a similar passage has described the life of the "unhappy wight,—that doth his life in so long tendance spend."

The next line is in the original edition (followed by the other folios) printed "Richer than doing nothing for a *babe.*" This hardly gives an intelligible sense; though Stevens thinks that it may allude to the wardship of infants of fortune, given to favourites at court, who enjoyed the revenue of their wards and did nothing for them. This is so obscurely expressed, and alludes to a circumstance so little familiar, that it can hardly have been meant, and an error of the press or copyist seems more likely. Warburton therefore conjectured the true reading to be for "a *bauble;*" i. e. "some empty title gained by court attendance;" and as bauble was anciently spelled *bable,* this is by no means an improbable emendation. Johnson proposed to read *brabe,* (a word of his own coinage from the Latin *brabe-ium,*) a reward or prize. There is no trace of any such English word in this sense; but the same word is found, though rarely, in the meaning of "scornful or contemptuous looks or words." In this sense Singer has adopted it in his text. The objection to this is, that it is but a repetition of the former line,—a waste of words wholly unusual in the condensed and elliptical style in which Shakespeare generally presents his moral reflections. The emendation received in our text is that of Hanmer, which Knight and Collier adopt—"for a *bribe.*" It corresponds better than any other word with the preceding word *richer;* and the mistake might easily have been made even in copying or printing from clearer manuscript than most authors make. The sense is good:—"Such a life of activity is richer than that of the bribed courtier, even though he pocket his bribe without rendering any return." Such a thought is natural in Belarius, who had seen the vices of the great, and was perfectly intelligible to Shakespeare's audience, who lived in those "good old times" when the greatest, and sometimes the wisest, were not only accessible to bribes, but expected them; while every concern of life was dependant upon the caprice or the favour of those in power. A note in Knight's edition deduces the whole passage from some well-known lines of Spenser, in his "Mother Hubbard's Tale," much resembling this train of thought. Our Poet had seen enough of this sort of life not to be obliged to describe it at second-hand; yet he may have had Spenser's verses in his mind, and they certainly throw light on his meaning and corroborate the proposed correction of the text. The "doing nothing for a bribe" corresponds with Spenser's satirical glance at court life:—

> Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
> The simple suitor, and wish him to choose
> His master, being one of great regard
> In court, to compass any suit not hard.
> In case his pains were recompensed with *reason,*
> So would he work the silly man by treason
> To buy his master's frivolous good will,
> *That had not power to do him good or ill.*

"*Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk,*" etc.

"As we have had the *nobler* and *richer* life, we have now the *prouder.* The mountain life is compared with that of—

> Rustling in unpaid-for silk.

The illustrative lines which are added mean that such a one as does rustle in unpaid-for silk receives the courtesy (gains the cap) of him that makes him fine, yet he, the wearer of silk, keeps his, the creditor's, *book uncross'd.* To *cross the book* is, even now, a common expression for obliterating the entry of a debt. It belongs to the rude age of credit. The original reading is

> Such *gain* the cap of him that makes *him* fine.

but the second *him* is generally altered to *them.* We have adopted the slighter alteration of *gains.*"—KNIGHT.

"*Yet keeps his book* UNCROSS'D"—The tradesman's book was *crossed* when the account was paid. The allusions to this circumstance in old writers are frequent.

"—*What should we speak of,*
When we are old as you."

"This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind."—JOHNSON.

"—*they took thee for their mother,*
"*And every day do honour to* HER *grave.*"

Malone pronounces that "the Poet *ought* to have written, to *thy* grave," and Stevens adds that "he probably did write so, but that *her* was a corruption of the priuter." There is no reason for either comment. *Her* grave refers to "their mother," in reverence to whom the sons did every day honour to her supposed grave. *Thy* grave would give a somewhat different, and less full sense.

SCENE IV.

"—*Ne'er longed* MY *mother so*
To see ME *first, as I have now.*"

Southern altered his copy of the folio, 1685, thus:—

Ne'er long'd *his* mother so
To see *him* first, as I have now—

which certainly is more consistent with Imogen's state of mind, aud renders the words "as I have now" more relative. It may have been an original misprint in the folio, 1623.

"*Where is Posthumus*"—Well-educated men in England have an accuracy as to Latin quantity, and lay a stress upon it, such as are elsewhere found only among professed scholars. On this account Stevens, and other critics, have cousidered the erroneous quantity or accentuation of Posthúmus and Arvirágus, as decisive of Shakespeare's want of learning. But the truth is, that in his day, great latitude, in this respect, prevailed among authors; and it is probable that Latin was taught in the schools, as it still is in Scotland and many parts of the United States, without any minute attention to prosody. Stevens himself has shown that the older poets were careless in this matter. Thus the poetical Earl of Stirling has Darius and Euphrates with the penultimate short. Warner, who was, I believe, a scholar, in his "Albion's England," has the same error with Shakespeare, as to both names. Posthumus, in this play, is accented sometimes on the first, aud sometimes on the second syllable.

"—*If it be summer news,*
Smile to't before."

A similar phrase occurs in the Poet's 98th Sonnet:—

Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell.

"—*Some* JAY *of Italy*"—"*Putta*, in Italian, signifies both a *jay* and a *whore*. We have the word again in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR: 'Teach him to know *turtles* from *jays*.' The text continues. 'Some *jay* of Italy, whose *mother* was her *painting*'—i. e. made by art: the creature not of nature. but of *painting*. In this sense *painting* may be said to be her mother. Stevens met with a similar phrase in some old play: 'A parcel of couccited feather-caps, *whose fathers were their garments*.'"—SINGER.

Knight is not satisfied with this sense, and suggests reading, for *mother*, muffler, as referring to the veil or mask worn by courtesans. This one, according to the proposed reading, needed no other mask or covering than her thick painting.

"—RICHER *than to* HANG BY THE WALLS"—"To *hang by the walls*, does not mean, to be converted into *hangings for a room*, but to be *hung up*, as useless, among the neglectcd contents of a *wardrobe*. So, in MEASURE FOR MEASURE:—

That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall.*

"When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half.

"Clothes were not formerly, as at prcsent, made of slight materials, kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung on wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the purpose of receiving them; and though such cast-off things as were composed of *rich* substauces, were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, (viz. mantles for infants, vests for children, aud counterpanes for beds,) articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls*, till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations.

Comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna—

seems not to have beeu customary among our ancestors. When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent-Garden Theatre a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King Jamcs I. When I saw it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger's 'New Way to pay Old Debts.'"—STEVENS.

"—*Come, here's my heart:*
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft! we'll no defence."

"In this passage, we have another of Rowe's happy verbal corrections. The original copy reads, 'Something's *afoot*.'"—*Illust. Shak.*

"*Of princely* FELLOWS"—"Fellows" means the *equals* of Imogen, who sought her hand in marriage.

"*I'll wake mine eye-balls* BLIND *first*"—With all the later editors we adopt Johnson's reading here. In the old copies "blind" is omitted; but that, or some equivalent monosyllable, seems necessary for the sense and metre.

"*Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,*
Are they not but in Britain?"

"It seems probable that here, as also on a similar occasion in RICHARD II., Shakespeare had in his thoughts a passage in Lily's 'Euphues:'—'Nature hath given to no man a country, no more than she hath house, or lauds, or living. Plato would never account him banished that had the sun, air, water, and earth, that he had before: where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sun and the same moon shined: whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.'"—*Illust. Shak.*

"—*now, if you could wear a* MIND,
Dark as your fortune is," etc.

"To wear a *dark mind*, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. You must, says Pisanio, disguise that greatness, which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself."—JOHNSON.

SCENE V.

"—*to the loud noise we make*"—The preposition *of* is inserted after "loud" in the folio, 1623: it is needless to the sense, and injurious to the metre; but modern editors have printed the passage, "to the *loud'st of* noise we make." We are indebted to Mr. Collier for the restoration of the true readmg and improving the metre, without any of the wanton innovation so common in the school of Stevens.

"—FORESTAL *him of the coming day*"—i. e. May his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, hy an anticipated and premature destruction! So, in Milton's 'Masque:'—

Perhaps *forestalling night* prevented them.

"*Or this, or perish*"—Pisanio, in giving Cloten a letter which is to mislead him, means to say—I must either adopt this stratagem or perish by his fury. Johnson thinks that the words should be part of Cloten's speech, and addressed as a threat.

"*To him that is* MOST TRUE"—"Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both."—MALONE.

SCENE VI.

"TAKE, *or* LEND"—I agree with Johnson and Malone, that the sense is—If any one resides here that is accustomed to the modes of civil life, answer me; but if this be the habitation of wild and uncultivated man, or of one banished from society, that will enter into no converse, let him at least *silently* furnish me with enough to support me, accepting a price for it, or giving it to me without a price, in consideration of future recompense. Dr. Johnson's interpretation of the words *take*, or *lend*, is supported by what Imogen says afterwards:—

> Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
> To have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took.

Civil is here used, not in its modern sense, but for *civitized*, and opposed to *savage*, or wild.

"*Gold strew'd i' the floor*"—*O'* the floor, or *on* the floor, as we should now say. In the time of Shakespeare *in* was frequently used as we now use *on*. Thus, in the Lord's Prayer, in the English Liturgy, we have "Thy will be done *in* earth," altered in this country, and in modern use, to "*on* earth." To alter it to "*o'* the floor," with Hanmer, Malone, and others, is to sacrifice the characteristic language of the Poet and his contemporaries.

"*That nothing gift of* DIFFERING *multitudes*"—Some dispute has arisen respecting the word "differing," but no commentator has taken what appears to be the plain sense of the author: "*differing* multitudes" does not mean "*deferring* multitudes," with Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton; nor *many-headed*, with Johnson; nor *unsteady*, with Monck Mason and Stevens; but merely, as it seems to us, *differing in respect of rank* from the persons upon whom the multitudes bestow the "nothing gift" of reputation. The Poet is contrasting the givers with the persons to whom the gift is made.—COLLIER.

We submit Mr. Collier's interpretation to the reader's judgment. But our own opinion is decidedly with M. Mason, Stevens, and others, who understand "differing multitude" here in the same sense as—

> The still discordant, wavering multitude—

in HENRY IV.—the multitude differing from one another and from themselves, neither unanimous nor constant.

"*Since Leonatus false*"—i. e. Since Leonatus *is* false; an unusual, but not an unprecedented form of expression. M. Mason makes an ingenious conjecture, which deserves to be true. He would read, "Since Leonate is false." Leonate might be meant as a tender abbreviation of her husband's name, and such an error of the press might have easily occurred. But as the sense is good as it is, the present text has not been changed upon mere conjecture.

SCENE VII.

"'*Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians*"—The revolt of the Pannonians and Dalmatians has been already mentioned, in act iii. scene 1. Malone correctly observes, that this occurred, not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of his father, Tenantius, whose name was introduced in the beginning of this play. Tenantius was nephew to Cassibelan. These were niceties of history, to which Shakespeare did not think it necessary to attend: he adapted history to his drama, not his drama to history.—COLLIER.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"—*this* IMPERSEVERANT *thing*"—"Imperseverant" must be taken in a more intense sense for *perseverant*, like *impassioned*. Hanmer reads "*ill*-perseverant."

"—*before* THY *face*"—Some would read, before *her* face, Imogen's face; but Cloten, in his brutal way, thinks it a satisfaction that, after he has cut off his rival's head, the face will still be present at the destruction of the garments.

SCENE II.

"*But his neat cookery*"—Mrs. Lennox, a lady educated in New York, under the old colonial system, with very extravagant notions of noble and princely life, has the following very natural but very inaccurate comment upon these lines:—

"This princess, forgetting that she had put on boy's clothes to be a spy upon the actions of her husband, commences cook to two young foresters and their father, who live in a cave; and we are told how nicely she sanced the broths. Certainly this princess had a most economical education."

Douce thus comments upon Mrs. Lennox's criticism:—

"Now what is this but to expose her own ignorance of ancient manners? If she had missed the advantage of qualifying herself as a commentator on Shakespeare's plots by a perusal of our old romances, she ought at least to have remembered (what every well-informed woman of the present age is acquainted with) the education of the princesses in Homer's 'Odyssey.' It is idle to attempt to judge of ancient simplicity by a mere knowledge of modern manners; and such fastidious critics had better close the book of SHAKESPEARE for ever."

"*Mingle their* SPURS *together*"—"Spurs are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. Our Poet has again used the same word in THE TEMPEST:—

> — the strong-bas'd promontory
> Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*
> Pluck'd up the pine and cedar.

Hence, probably, the *spur* of a post; the short wooden buttress affixed to it, to keep it firm in the ground."—MALONE.

"*It is* GREAT *morning*"—An old English phrase, now obsolete, answering to the French one still in use—*Il est grand matin*—The morning is well advanced.

> "—*for* DEFECT *of judgment*
> *Is oft the* CURE *of fear.*"

The original edition has—

> —for *defect* of judgment
> Is oft the *cause* of fear;—

which is evidently wrong, and the question is, whether we shall read "th' effect," with Theobald, or, with Hanmer, *cure* for "cause," in the next line. Johnson preferred Theobald's slight change, giving "the play of *effect* and *cause*, more resembling the manner of Shakespeare." The other emendation gives an equally good sense, with greater probability as to the printer's error.

Knight reads—

> — for *defect* of judgment
> As oft the *cause* of fear.

"—*Though his* HUMOUR"—In the folios, *honour* is evidently misprinted for "humour," meaning disposition. *Honour* and *humour* are several times misprinted for each other in the old folios and quartos.

> "— *The bird is dead,*
> *That we have made so much on.*"

The sweet pathos of this scene has been thus noted by Mrs. Radcliffe:—"No master ever knew how to touch the accordant springs of sympathy by small circumstances, like our own Shakespeare. In CYMBE-

LINE, for instance, how finely such circumstances are made use of to awaken, at once, solemn expectation and tenderness, and, by recalling the softened remembrance of a sorrow long past, to prepare the mind to melt at one that was approaching; mingling at the same time, by means of a mysterious occurrence, a slight tremour of awe with our pity. Thus, when Belarius and Arviragus return to the cave where they had left the unhappy and worn-out Imogen to repose, while they are yet standing before it, and Arviragus—speaking of her with tenderest pity as 'poor sick Fidele'—goes out to inquire for her, solemn music is heard from the cave, sounded by that harp of which Guiderius says, 'Since the death of my dearest mother, it did not speak before. All solemn things should answer solemn accidents.' Immediately, Arviragus enters with Fidele senseless in his arms:—

> The bird is dead that we have made so much on. * * * * *
> *Gui.* Why, he but sleeps. * * * *
> *Arv.* With fairest flowers,
> While summer lasts, AND I LIVE HERE, FIDELE,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave.

Tears alone can speak the touching simplicity of the whole scene."

"*— thy sluggish* CRARE"—The original reads *care;* but the image is incomplete unless we adopt the correction. *Crare* or *crayer* is a small vessel; and the word is often used by Hollingshed, and by Drayton, and other writers of that age; as, in Sir T. North's "Plutarch"—"little fisher-boats and small *crayers.*"

"*Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I, Thou diedst a most rare boy, of melancholy.*"

We print the passage as in the original, as meaning—Jove knows what man thou might'st have made, but I *know* thou diedst, etc. Malone thinks that the pronoun *I* was probably substituted by mistake for the interjection *Ah*, which is commonly printed *ay* in the old copies; *ay* being also as commonly printed *I.*

"*My clouted brogues*" — i. e. My *nailed shoes.* "Brogue" seems to be derived from the Irish *brog*, a shoe; and perhaps because "brogues" were chiefly worn by the Irish, we have, in modern times, applied to their speech what properly belongs to their feet.—COLLIER.

"*And worms will not come to* THEE"—Douce says, "Stevens imputes great violence to this change of person, and would read 'come to *him;*' but there is no impropriety in Guiderius's sudden address to the *body itself.* It might, indeed, be ascribed to our author's careless manner, of which an instance like the present occurs at the beginning of the next act, where Posthumus says—

> — *you* married ones,
> If each of *you* would take this course, how many
> Must murder wives much better than themselves!"

"*— With fairest flowers,*
Whilst summer lasts," etc.

"The White Devil, or *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy by John Webster," is one of the most remarkable productions of Shakespeare's contemporaries. The principal character is a bold and beautiful conception of daring female guilt, which may almost vie with Lady Macbeth, and may have been suggested by her, though in no respect a copy. But the play contains several passages in which the author is certainly indebted to his recollections of "Master Shakespeare," whose "right happy and copieous industry" he commends in his preface. One passage is directly from HAMLET. A lady, resembling Ophelia in her grief and distraction, thus addresses her friends—

> — you're very welcome.
> Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you;
> Heart's-ease for you: I pray you make much of it:
> I have left more for myself.

Imogen's apparent soft and smiling death, as described in the text, has been supposed to be the origin of the following beautiful lines—

> Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint-twin
> To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
> Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
> Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
> Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,
> While horror waits on princes!

Cornelia's distraction over her dead son, again, owes something to the last scene of LEAR; while the funeral dirge for young Marcello, sung by her, is still more directly borrowed from this scene:—

> Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
> Since o'er shady grove they hover,
> And with leaves and flowers do cover
> The friendless bodies of unburied men.
> Call unto his funeral dole,
> The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
> To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
> And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm
> But keep the wolf far hence, that's foe to men,
> For with his nails he'll dig them up again, etc.

The last generation of critics perceived the resemblance, but were perplexed by the fact that Webster's play was printed in 1612, eleven years before the first edition of CYMBELINE; so that it was not quite clear to them whether Shakespeare had not himself borrowed from the two last-quoted passages. But since their day, we have learned from Dr. Forman that CYMBELINE was acted at least one year before Webster's "White Devil," so that Webster, who was originally an actor, was doubtless familiar with its poetry as represented, and had, perhaps, himself delivered the lament of Arviragus. Indeed, his imitations are not direct copies, like those of a plagiarist from the book, but are rather the vivid results of the impression made upon the younger poet, by the other's fancy and feeling thus reproducing themselves, mingled with the new conceptions of a congenial mind.

"*— the ruddock would*"—Percy asks, "Is this an allusion to the babes of the wood? or was the notion of the red-breast covering dead bodies general before the writing of that ballad?" It has been shown that the notion has been found in an earlier book of natural history; and there can be no doubt that it was an old popular belief. The red-breast has always been a favourite with the poets, and—

> Robin the mean, that best of all loves men,—

as Browne sings, was naturally employed in the last offices of love. Drayton says, directly imitating Shakespeare:—

> Covering with *moss* the dead's unclosed eye,
> The red-breast teacheth *charity.*

In the beautiful stanza which Gray has omitted from his "Elegy" the idea is put with his usual exquisite refinement:—

> There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
> The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

"*To* WINTER-GROUND *thy corse*"—"To winter-ground a plant is to protect it from the the winter's cold by straw or other covering, as is done to tender plants." This is Stevens's explanation; and, if he is right as to such a word as *winter-ground*, there can be no doubt as to the text or its meaning. Yet I have not been able to find, either in English authority or in Scotch or American use (where old English, forgotten at home, is sometimes preserved) any such compound. I therefore suspect an early error of the press. Warburton proposed *winter-gown*, as suggested by the "*furred* moss." My own emendation would be—

> — furred moss, when flowers are scarce,
> To *winter-green* thy corse.

"Winter-green" is good colloquial English (just as we say Christmas-greens) for all plants, shrubs, and vines, green in winter, as ever-greens, although it is now specially limited to a particular one.

The conversion of *green* into a verb has high poetical authority, from Chaucer down to Thomson, whose "Spring, *greens* all the year."

From the doubt whether *winter-ground* may not

have been a familiar word, in the sense asserted by Stevens, I have not ventured to insert my conjecture in the text; but if there be no authority for thus explaining the folio reading, I have no doubt that my own conjecture is the true reading.

"— *where* SHALL 's *lay him*"—The use of the accusative instead of the nominative, as here, *us* for *we*, is a frequent usage of old English, to be found not only elsewhere in SHAKESPEARE, (as, in the WINTER'S TALE, "Shall *us* attend you?") but also in King James's English Bible, and even in the writings of educated and correct authors almost a century later. Instances of this use have been collected by Lowth, in his "Grammar," and by Pegge, in his amusing "Anecdotes of the English Language." The idiom, now obsolete among correct writers and speakers, is still retained, with much other idiomatic Saxon, among the vulgarisms of the cockney dialect.

"*As once our mother*"—i. e. As once we sang our mother: the folio, 1623, reads, "*to* our mother;" the preposition having been accidentally introduced from the preceding line.

"*Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages," etc.

"This," says Warburton, "is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian." In the same strain of regret and tender envy, it may be added, Macbeth speaks of the slaughtered Duncan: feeling, at the very instant when he should rejoice in the consummation of his wishes, the utter nothingness of perturbed earthly pleasures, when compared with the peaceful slumbers of the innocent dead.

Collins has given an imitation, rather than a version, of this beautiful dirge. It exhibits his usual exquisite taste and felicity of expression, although inferior to the original in condensation and characteristic simplicity:—

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or, midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell:—

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be truly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead.

"*No exorciser harm thee*"—Monck Mason has shown that Shakespeare invariably uses "exoreiser" to express one who can raise spirits; not in its later sense of one who can lay them, or cast out evil ones.

"—*but his* JOVIAL *face*"—His face like Jove: "Jovial" was not unfrequently used in this manner. We meet with it again in this play, act v. scene 4, where Jupiter says:—

Our *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth.

"Jovial hand" is an expression common in T. Heywood's plays.—COLLIER.

"—*that* IRREGULOUS *devil*"—No other instance has been found of the use of the word "irregulous," which Johnson supposed to be a misprint for *irreligious*. But in another writer of this age we find "*irregulated* lust," and the meaning of "irregulous" in this place is obvious.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"*For* WRYING *but a little*"—The use of *wry* as a verb is not uncommon in old English. Thus, in Sydney's "Arcadia"—"That from the right line of virtue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts."

"*Had liv'd to* PUT ON *this*"—To "put on" is to *incite* or *instigate*. So in HAMLET—

Of deaths *put on* by cunning.

"—*each elder worse;*
And make them DREAD IT, *to the doer's* THRIFT," etc.

Shakespeare, Johnson well explains, calls the deeds of an *elder* man an *elder deed;* as it might be paraphrased in modern language—Our corruptions grow with our years.

Many commentators believe that there is a misprint somewhere near this "dread." Theobald would read *dreaded;* Johnson *deeded*. Stevens interprets—To make them "dread it" is to make them persevere in the commission of *dreadful* action. "Dread it" being here used in the same manner as Pope has "to *sinner* it" or "to *saint* it."

Knight proposes—

And make them do *each* to the doer's thrift,—

referring *each* to the successive crimes or "ills" of the preceding line.

Singer conjectures that it should be—

And make them *dread* it to the doer's *shrift.*

Shrift is the old word for *confession* and *repentance*. Yet, the old reading may well be understood as expressing (harshly, it is true, from Shakespeare's usual effort to compress his weighty moralities into the shortest and most sententious form) the idea explained by M. Mason—Some, you snatch hence for small faults; this is done in love, that they may sin no more. Others you suffer to follow up one sin with another, each increasing in guilt with years, and then you make them *dread it*, i. e. make them fear the consequences; and this dread is for the sinners' welfare.

"Thrift" is here used for future and eternal advantage, in the same scriptural figure by which "to die" is called by the apostle his "gain." This understanding of the passage also applies equally well to the several emendations of Singer, and of Knight.

"It" in "dread it" is used absolutely, according to a common idiomatic use now employed only colloquially, as we find in LEAR, to "monster it," for being monstrous. So, "to walk it," "to fight it out," "to saint it," "to coy it," may all be found in old authors, though now rarely used except in the language of conversation.

SCENE II.

Throughout this act the stage-directions are extremely full, and the action of the drama at the close of the third scene is entirely dumb-show. The drama, preceding Shakespeare's time, was full of such examples. But he rejected the practice, except in this instance. Knight expresses the opinion that this, combined with other circumstances, presents some evidence that CYMBELINE was a *rifacciamento* of an early play. Pope, Malone, Ritson, and Stevens, however, all insist upon this masque or vision being interpolated by the players. Coleridge and the later critics incline to the other opinion, that this is a remnant of Shakespeare's juvenile drama.

SCENE III.

"—*athwart the lane,*
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run," etc.

Shakespeare, who, like Scott, knew the superior effect of actual historical incident, interwoven in narrative, to give the character of truth and nature, has here adapted to his purpose a well-known incident of old Scotch history, which he found in his favourite Hollingshed's "History of Scotland:"—

"There was, near to the place of the battle, a long lane, fenced on the sides with ditches and walls made of turf, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten down by the enemies on heaps. Here Hay, with his sons, supposing they might best stay the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them back whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor foe, but down they went all such as came within their reach; wherewith divers hardy personages cried unto their fellows to return back unto the battle."

"*The country* BASE"—i. e. The rustic game of prison-*base*, or prison-*bars*, mentioned by many old writers by the name of *base*; but by Drayton in his "Polyolbion," song 30, called "prison-base."

"*The mortal* BUGS *o' the field*"—i. e. The mortal *terrors* of the field. In HAMLET, "bugs" and "goblins" are coupled.

"*I, in mine own woe* CHARM'D"—Warburton remarks that this alludes to the common superstition of charms having power to keep men unhurt in battle. Macbeth says "I bear a *charmed* life;" Posthumus, "I, in mine own woe *charm'd*," etc.

"— *Well, I will find him;*
For being now a favourer to the Briton," etc.

We give the original reading, which, on the recommendation of Hanmer, has been changed in most editions to—

For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton.

This alters the sense. In the original reading, I understand Posthumus as continuing his figurative search of Death. As a Briton, he could not find Death where he "did hear him groan," etc. But, he "will find him," for he (Death) is now a favourer of the Britons, and therefore Posthumus, "no more a Briton," resumes again his Roman character, in order thus to reach his wished-for death.

SCENE IV.

"— *to satisfy,*
If of my freedom 'tis the main part," etc.

Malone and others think there is some line or word wanting. The meaning to me seems not to demand any change of the text. Posthumus sighs for freedom, but it is freedom from his fettered conscience. He pleads sorrow and repentance; and then adds—If satisfaction to heaven for my crime is the main part or condition of my freedom, then, take in satisfaction my all, my life.

"*And to become the* GECK *and scorn*"—"Geck" is *fool*; and is used by Shakespeare in TWELFTH NIGHT.

"— *as to* FOOT *us*"—i. e. To grasp us in his talons. Herbert says—

And till they *foot* and touch their prey.

"— *as is our* FANGLED *world*"—"Fangled" is now invariably found with *new* before it, and only in this instance, as far as discoveries of the kind have gone, without it: the meaning seems to be the same as new-fangled, and it has been derived from *fengan*, Saxon, to undertake or attempt. The substantive *fangle* was in use by Shakespeare's contemporaries, meaning trifles, new toys, or follies; as, in Drayton—

What *fangle* now thy thronged guests to win?

"— *or* JUMP *the after-inquiry on your own peril*"—i. e. *risk* the after-inquiry; like Macbeth's "We'd *jump* the life to come."

SCENE V.

"Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakespeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice and yet a less degree of dramatic violence than this. In the scene before us all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expense of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature."—STEVENS.

"— *whom she* BORE IN HAND *to love*"—i. e. Whom she *pretended* to love, or *led to believe* that she loved. In MEASURE FOR MEASURE, we have the expression—

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action.

Macbeth uses the same words in his scene with the Murderers.

"*So* FEAT"—So neat, ready, clever, in this instance: it also sometimes means fine or brave, according to Minshew.

"—*straight*-PIGHT *Minerva*"—"Pight" is *pitched* or *fixed*. "Straight-pight" therefore seems to mean, standing upright in a fixed posture, and with this sense the compound epithet has great appropriateness.—COLLIER.

"*Some upright* JUSTICER"—Is a word found in ancient law-books, which have "justicers of the peace," "justicers of the king's courts," etc. It had become nearly obsolete in ordinary use in Shakespeare's time, who has preserved an excellent word for poetry and eloquence.

"*Your pleasure was my* MERE *offence*"—The meaning of "mere" in this place is, the mere offence I committed was what your pleasure considered a crime: the first folio having misprinted it *neere*, it became *near* in the later folios, and Johnson proposed to substitute *dear*. The reading of the text has the sanction of all the editors since the time of Tyrwhitt, who suggested the emendation.

"*Bless'd* PRAY *you be*"—i. e. I pray that you may be blessed. Rowe and most later editors needlessly change "pray" of the old copies into *may*.

"*This* FIERCE *abridgment*"—Shakespeare as well as Ben Jonson sometimes uses "fierce" for *vehement*, *rapid*, excessive in any way. In LOVE'S LABOUR LOST we have "*fierce* endeavour;" and in TIMON OF ATHENS, "*fierce* wretchedness:" and Jonson, in his "Poetaster," has "*fierce* credulity."

"*Will serve our long* INTER'GATORIES"—Apparently so pronounced in the time of Shakespeare, and sometimes so printed; as in the MERCHANT OF VENICE, where the word occurs in verse twice.

"— *upon his eagle* BACK'D"—So all the folios; but modern editors strangely prefer "upon his eagle *back*:" if they thought fit to make this change in the text, they ought to have printed "upon his eagle's back."—COLLIER.

Schlegel pronounces CYMBELINE to be "one of Shakespeare's most wonderful compositions, in which the Poet has contrived to blend together, into one harmonious whole, the social manners of the latest times with heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen not a feature of female excellence is forgotten:—her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride; her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband, by whom she is unjustly persecuted; her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery,—form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting.

"The two princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. In these two young men, to whom the chase has imparted vigour and hardihood, but who are

unacquainted with their high destination, and have always been kept far from human society, we are enchanted by a *naïve* heroism, which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are irresistibly impelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship, with all the innocence of childhood, for the tender boy, (in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister;) when, on returning from the chase, they find her dead, sing her to the ground, and cover the grave with flowers;—these scenes might give a new life for poetry to the most deadened imagination.

"The wise and virtuous Belarius, who, after living long as a hermit, again becomes a hero, is a venerable figure;—the dexterous dissimulation and quick presence of mind of the Italian, Iachimo, is quite suitable to the bold treachery he plays;—Cymbeline, the father of Imogen, (and even her husband, Posthumus,) during the first half of the piece, are somewhat sacrificed, but this could not be otherwise;—the false and wicked Queen is merely an instrument of the plot; she and her stupid son Cloten, whose rude arrogance is pourtrayed with much humour, are got rid of, by merited punishment, before the conclusion."

Dr. Johnson has dismissed this play with brief and dogmatic censure on "the improbability of the plot, the folly of the fiction, the confusion of names and manners," etc., such as shows that he had but little comprehension of its character, spirit, and peculiar beauties. This great critic, (for with all his defects I cannot deny him that title,) was at once the ablest in some respects, and in others among the most incompetent of Shakespeare's commentators. Admirable in vigorous common-sense, in sagacity, in mastery of the language, alive to his author's moral feeling, his pathos, his wit, his humour, his true painting of social life, he was by nature and habits incapacitated to judge of the more delicate beauties of imaginative poetry—whether of description, of invention, or of wilder passion. His own poetry, and that of others which he chiefly relished, is noble and animating versified declamation, but not poetry in the sense of CYMBELINE or the TEMPEST.

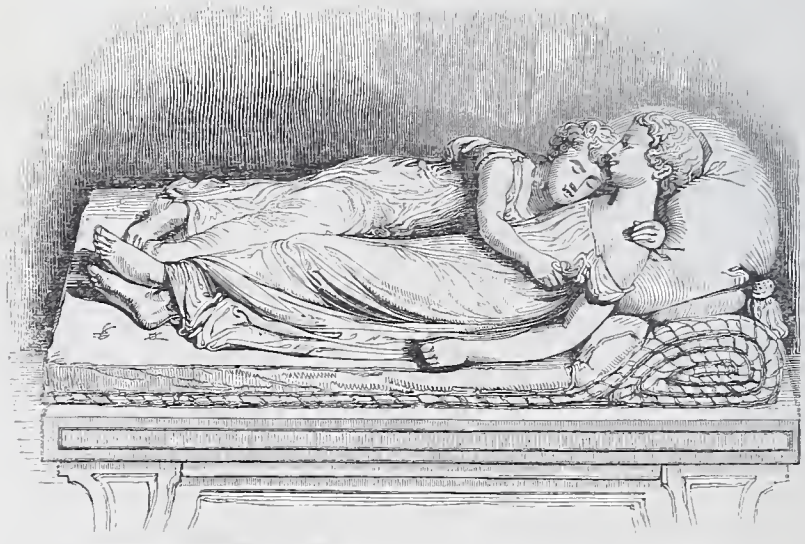
Johnson has found more than one congenial critic upon CYMBELINE. Thomas Campbell, after answering all these objections, in two or three brief sentences, which contain a volume of philosophical criticism, pours out his own admiration in the true spirit of a poet:—

"In order to enjoy the romantic drama, we must accept of the terms on which the romantic poet offers us enjoyment. The outline of his piece, in such a poem as CYMBELINE, will at once show that the scene is placed remotely as to time, in order to soften its improbabilities to the imagination by the effect of distance. We all know that in landscapes and landscape-painting the undefined appearance of objects resulting from distance has a charm different from that of their distinctness in the foreground; and the same principle holds true in the romantic drama, when the poet avowedly leaves the scenes open to the objection of improbability, owing to the very nature of romantic fiction.

"Of all plays in the world, I think these remarks are particularly applicable to Shakespeare's CYMBELINE. With my heart open to romantic belief, I conscientiously suppose all the boldly imagined events of the drama—I am rewarded with the delightful conceptions of Imogen, of her arrival at the cave of her banished brothers, with its innumerable beauties, and with its happy conclusion.

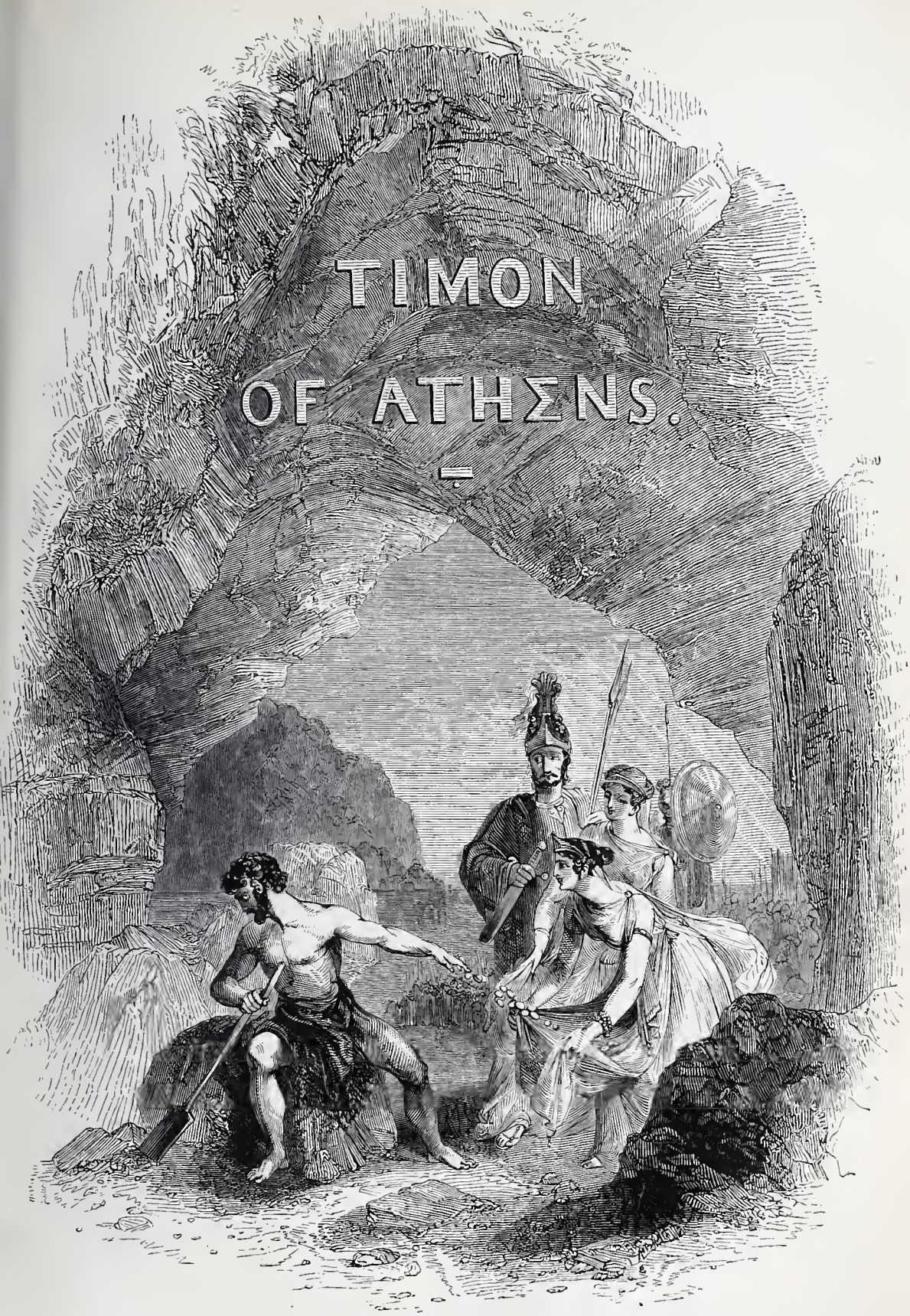
"This play is perhaps the fittest in Shakespeare's whole theatre to illustrate the principle, that great dramatic genius can occasionally venture on bold improbabilities, and yet not only shrive the offence, but leave us enchanted with the offender. The wager of Posthumus, in CYMBELINE, is a very unlikely one. But let us deal honestly with this objection, and admit the wager to be improbable; still we have enough in the play to make us forget it, and more than forgive it. Shakespeare foresaw that from this license he could deduce delightful scenes and situations, and he scrupled not to hazard it. The faulty incident may thus be compared to a little fountain, which, though impregnated with some unpalatable mineral, gives birth to a large stream; and that stream, as it proceeds, soon loses its taint of taste in the sweet and many waters that join its course.

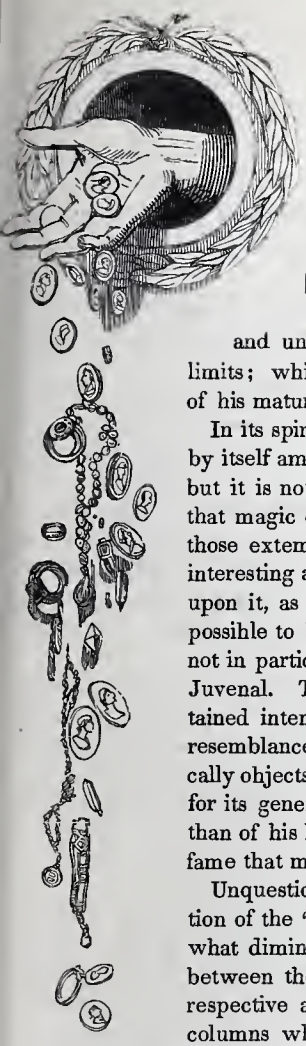
"Be the wager what it may, it gives birth to charming incidents. It introduces us to a feast of the chastest luxury, in the sleeping-scene, when we gaze on the shut eyelids of Imogen; and that scene (how ineffably rich as well as modest!) is followed by others that swell our interest to enchantment. Imogen hallows to the imagination every thing that loves her, and that she loves in return; and when she forgives Posthumus, who may dare to refuse him pardon? Then, in her friendship with her unconscious brothers of the mountain-cave, what delicious touches of romance! I think I exaggerate not, in saying that Shakespeare has nowhere breathed more pleasurable feelings over the mind, as an antidote to tragic pain, than in CYMBELINE."—T. CAMPBELL.



(Sleeping Children. From Chantrey's Monument in Lichfield Cathedral.)

TIMON OF ATHENS


TIMON
OF ATHENS.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

CHARACTERISTICS AND RELATIVE RANK OF THE PLAY—DOUBTS AND VARYING OPINIONS UPON THE AUTHORSHIP OF PARTS—STATE OF THE TEXT, ETC.

TIMON OF ATHENS is one of several dramas, which add very much to the general admiration of their author's genius, hy exhihiting it as exerted in a new and unexpected direction, and thus displaying a variety and fertility apparently without limits; while yet, as compared either with his exquisite poetical comedies or the tragedies of his matured strength, they must be consigned, hy the general suffrage, to a secondary class.

In its spirit, its object, and the style of its execution, TIMON OF ATHENS is as much of a class by itself among the wide variety of its author's works, as even the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM; but it is not, like that, of a class created by and belonging to himself alone, or in the bounds of that magic circle wherein "none durst walk but he." It was well described by Coleridge, (in those extemporary and unpuhlished lectures of 1818, of which Mr. Collier has preserved many interesting and precious fragments,) as heing "a bitter dramatized satire." Hazlitt too remarks upon it, as heing "as much a satire as a play, containing some of the finest pieces of invective possihle to he conceived;" and several of the critics have pointed out its frequent resemblance, not in particular thoughts, but in general spirit, to the vehement and impetuous denunciations of Juvenal. This pervading spirit of hitter indignation is carried throughout the piece, with sustained intensity of purpose, and unhroken unity of effect. Yet Mr. Campbell, admitting the resemblance pointed out, by Schlegel and others, to the great Roman satirist, somewhat splenetically ohjects that "a tragedy has no husiness to resemhle a hiting satire;" and for this reason, and for its general tone of caustic severity, regarding it as the production of its author's spleen rather than of his heart, decides that "altogether TIMON OF ATHENS is a pillar in Shakespeare's dramatic fame that might be removed without endangering the edifice."

Unquestionahly it might he removed without endangering the solidity or diminishing the elevation of the "live-long monument" of the great Poet's glory, yet most certainly not without somewhat diminishing its variety and extent. To horrow an illustration from the often used parallel between the Shakespearian and the Greek drama, and the admirahle architectural works of their respective ages, I would say that TIMON is not, indeed, like one of the massive yet graceful columns which give support and solidity, as well as heauty and proportion, to the classic portico, but rather resemhles one of those grand adjuncts—cloister, or chapel, or chapter-house—attached to the magnificent cathedrals of the middle ages, and, like one of them, might he removed without impairing the solemn suhlimity of the sacred edifice, or rohhing it of many of its daring lighter graces;—yet not without the loss of a portion of the pile, majestic and striking in itself, and by its very contrast adding to the nobler and more impressive heauty of the rest, an effect of indefinite and apparently boundless grandeur and extent. Coleridge, ("Literary Remains,") in an early attempt (1802) at arranging the chronological order of Shakespeare's works, designates TIMON as helonging, with LEAR and MACBETH, to the last epoch of the Poet's life, when the period of heauty was past, and "that of *deinotés* and grandeur succeeds." In this view of the subject, he designates TIMON as "an after-vibration of HAMLET." It has indeed no little resemhlance, both in its poetical and its reflective tone, to the gloomier and meditative passages of HAMLET, especially those which may he attributed to the enlarged and more philosophical HAMLET of 1604; while with the pathos, the tenderness, and the dramatic interest of the tragedy, it has very slight affinity. Yet the sad morality of HAMLET is, like the countenance of the Royal Dane, "more in sorrow than in anger;" while that of Timon is fierce, angry, caustic, and vindictive. It is, therefore, that, instead of being considered as an after-vibration of HAMLET, it would he more appropriately described as a solemn prelude, or a lingering echo, to the wild passion of LEAR. But without immediately connecting its date with that of any other particular drama, it may he remarked that it bears all the indications, literary and moral, in its modes of expression, and prevailing taste in language and imagery, in its colour of thought and sentiment, and tone of temper and feeling, that it helongs to that period of the author's life when he appeared chiefly (to use Mr. Hallam's words) "as the stern censurer of mankind."

In LEAR, as in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, the stern, vehement rebuke of frailty and vice is emhodied in characters and incidents of high dramatic interest, and made living and individual by hecoming the natural outpourings of personal emotions and passions. In TIMON the plot is made to turn upon a single incident, and is used merely as a vehicle for the author's own caustic satire, or wrathful denunciation of general vice. A sudden change of fortune, from houndless prosperity to ruin and heggary, is used to teach the principal character the ingratitude of hase mankind, and to convert his indiscriminating hounty and overflowing kindness into as indiscriminate a loathing for man and all his concerns. When that was done, and his character created, all further effect at dramatic interest was neglected, and Timon hecomes the mouth-piece of the Poet himself, who probably, without any

acquaintance with Juvenal—certainly without the slightest direct imitation of him—becomes his unconscious rival, reminding the reader alike of the splendid and impassioned declamation, the bitter sneer, and the lofty, stoical morality of the great Roman satirist, and occasionally too of his revolting and cynical coarseness.

Among these foaming torrents of acrimonious invective, are images and expressions—such for instance as the

> —— planetary plague, when Jove
> Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
> In the sick air—

which seem afterwards to have expanded themselves into the most magnificent passages of Milton; while the fiery imprecations may again be traced, as having lent energy and inteusity to similar outpourings of rage and hatred in the most effective scenes of Otway, Lee, and Byron.

The inferior characters and the dialogue are sketched with much spirit and truth, yet not in the light-hearted mood of pure comedy, mingling the author's own gayety with that of his audience, but in the sarcastic vein of the satirist, more intent on truth of portraiture than on comic enjoyment.

All this still leaves Timon far below the rank of Othello or Macbeth, nor does it vie, either in poetry or philosophy, with the milder wisdom of As You Like It or the Tempest; yet it must surely add not a little even to the fame of the author of those matchless dramas, that he had for a season also wielded the satirist's "horrible scourge," (as Horace calls it,) with an energy as terrible as any of those whose fame rests upon that alone.

The idea of employing a frame-work of dramatic story and dialogue merely for satirical purposes was not new in England, for it had been frequently employed at an early period of English dramatic literature, in dramatized eclogues, or allegories; rather, however, as attacks upon individuals, or classes of men, than for the purposes of moral satire. Ben Jonson has something of the same idea in his "Poetaster," which is also a personal dramatic satire. This very subject of Timon too had been employed for a purpose like that of Shakespeare; with feeble power, indeed, though with more scholarship than he possessed.

Satirical poetry, in its more restricted sense, as we now commonly use the term, and as implying moral censure or ridicule, clothed in poetic language and ornament, and directed at popular errors or vices, first appeared in England and became familiar there in the later years of the sixteenth century, during the very years when Shakespeare was chiefly employed in his brilliant series of poetic comedies. The satires of Gascoigne, of Marston and of Hall, appeared successively, from 1576 to 1598. The first of these in the order of merit, as he claimed to be in order of time, was Joseph Hall:—

> I *first* adventure—follow me who list,
> And be the *second* English satirist.

His satires were about contemporary, in composition and publication, with the Merchant of Venice, and the First Part of Henry IV., and he was no unworthy rival, in a different walk of the poet's art, to the great dramatist; for though his poetical reputation has been merged in the holier fame which, as Bishop Hall, he afterwards gained, and still retains, as a divine of singular and original powers of eloquence and thought, he deserves an honourable memory of his youthful satires, as distinguished for humour, force, and pungency of expression, discriminating censure, and well-directed indignation. His chief defect is one which he shared with the author of Timon and Measure for Measure, in a frequent turbid obscurity of language, overcharged with varied allusion, and imperfectly developed or over-compressed thought.

That Shakespeare had read Hall's satires is not only probable in itself, as he could not well have been ignorant of the works of a popular contemporary, who was soon after making his way to the higher honours of the church and the state, but is corroborated by several resemblances of imagery, which might well have been suggested by the satires. (See note on act iv. scene 3.) It is on that account worthy of remark that Hall, in his satires, had expressed contempt for that dramatic blank-verse which Shakespeare was then forming, and for which he had just thrown aside the artificial metrical construction upon which Hall prided himself:—

> Too popular is tragic poesie,
> Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
> And doth besides in nameless numbers tread;
> Unbid iambics flow from careless head.

It is a singular fact, and it may possibly have arisen from this very challenge, that the spirited rhyming satirist was soon after eclipsed, in his own walk of moral satire, by the "rhymeless iambics" of Timon, gushing with spontaneous impetuosity from a tragic source.

But whatever may have been the connection between the writings of the early English satirists and Shakespeare's essay in dramatic satire—which I mention rather as a point overlooked by the critics, and deserving more examination, than as carrying with it any conclusive proof—it is certain that he did not carry the experiment any further; whether it was that he felt its manifold inferiority, in every higher attribute of poetry, to the true drama of character and passion evolved in action or suffering, or whether it was that the indignant soreness of spirit which is the readiest prompter of such verses, soon passed off, and the morbid rage of Timon, "stung to the quick with high wrongs," gave way for ever to the nobler reason of the "kindlier-moved" Prospero.

That Timon of Athens, as to all its higher and more characteristic portions, was written about the period to which Hallam and Coleridge assign it, there can be no reasonable doubt. The extrinsic evidence is indeed negative; but it shows, by the absence of all such references to this play, as are to be traced in respect to almost all Shakespeare's works, and to all those of his youth, that this one had not been very long known before his death; thus corroborating the internal indications that it was written a few years before or after Lear. We find no evidence that it was ever played at all, and it is certain that it could not have been very often represented, or the

diligence of the Shakespeare Society and its indefatigable associates would have afforded us some record of its performance. It was published only in the folio of 1623, and the manner in which it there appears, strangely and variously distorted and confused, raises some of the most curious and doubtful questions of critical theory and discussion.

In the text, as originally printed, the reader is startled, at first sight, by frequent successions of very short lines or half lines, metrically looking like lyrical blank verse; but which no art of good reading, or of editorial ingenuity, can bring to any thing like harmony or regularity, even of that careless and rugged tone in which Shakespeare at times thought fit to clothe his severer poetry. Stevens, as is his wont, applied himself boldly to bring the lines into regular metre; but, with all his editorial skill of patching and mending, altering and transposing, he succeeded only in arranging the intractable words in lines of ten syllables, which no ear can recognise as verse, though they look like it. There are again passages, printed as prose, that seem to contain the mutilated elements of rhythmical melody, and may have been intended for such. We find, moreover, much more than the ordinary difficulties of obscured or ambiguous meaning. These arise partially from manifest errors of the printer or the copyist, and some of these the acuteness of various critics has been able to clear up, while others still remain unexplained; appearing as if the author had not paused to develope his own idea, but had contented himself with an indication of his general sense, such as is often employed by persons not writing immediately for the press, or for any eye but their own.

But more especially, in addition to all these causes of perplexity, there is a most strongly marked difference of manner between the truly Shakespearian rhythm and diction and imagery of the principal scenes and soliloquies, which give to the drama its poetic character, and the tamer and uncharacteristic style of much of the detail of the story and dialogue, and the accessories of the main interest. This is as marked as the contrast in the author's juvenile dramas, between the original ground-work and the occasional enlargements and additions of his ripening taste, such as the passages in Love's Labour's Lost, which can be confidently ascribed to the period of that comedy's being "corrected and augmented." We might be disposed to offer the same explanation of the cause of difference in this case as that ascertained in the other instances, were it not that the inferior portion of Timon has scarcely any of the peculiar character of the author's more youthful manner, which was as distinguishable as that of any other period of his intellectual progress, and almost always more finished and polished in its peculiar way.

Several theories have been proposed for the elucidation of these doubts. The first is that of the English commentators, of the age and school of Stevens and Malone, who think that every thing is accounted for by the general allegation that the text is uncommonly corrupt. But these errors and confusion of sense or metre, even where they appear to be past remedy, yet affect only the several passages where they are found, and influence but little the general spirit and tone of the dialogue. They are of the same sort with those found in Coriolanus, All's Well that Ends Well, etc.; and like them may be struck out of the context, without essential change in its sense or style. This, therefore, cannot account for such marked discrepancy of execution, where the meaning is clear.

The next solution, in order of time, is that of Coleridge, which however first appeared in print in 1842, in Collier's Introduction to his edition of Timon of Athens. Mr. Collier there says:—

"There is an apparent want of finish about some portions of Timon of Athens, while others are elaborately wrought. In his lectures, in 1815, Coleridge dwelt upon this discordance of style at considerable length, but we find no trace of it in the published fragments of his lectures in 1818. Coleridge said, in 1815, that he saw the same vigorous hand at work throughout, and gave no countenance to the notion that any parts of a previously existing play had been retained in Timon of Athens, as it had come down to us. It was Shakespeare's throughout; and, as originally written, he apprehended that it was one of the author's most complete performances: the players, however, he felt convinced, had done the Poet much injustice; and he especially instanced (as indeed he did in 1818) the clumsy, 'clap-trap' blow at the Puritans, in act iii. scene 3, as an interpolation by the actor of the part of Timon's servant. Coleridge accounted for the ruggedness and inequality of the versification upon the same principle, and he was persuaded that only a corrupt and imperfect copy had come to the hands of the player-editors of the folio of 1623. Why the manuscript of Timon of Athens should have been more mutilated than that from which other dramas were printed, for the first time, in the same volume, was a question into which he did not enter. His admiration of some parts of the tragedy was unbounded; but he maintained that it was, on the whole, a painful and disagreeable production, because it gave only a disadvantageous picture of human nature, very inconsistent with what, he firmly believed, was our great Poet's real view of the characters of his fellow creatures. He said that the whole piece was a bitter dramatic satire—a species of writing in which Shakespeare had shown, as in all other kinds, that he could reach the very highest point of excellence. Coleridge could not help suspecting that the subject might have been taken up under some temporary feeling of vexation and disappointment."

To this theory the same answer may be given as to the preceding, with the additional improbability that (as we know from the antiquarian inquiries published since Coleridge's lectures) Timon was much less exposed to such corruption than other more popular dramas; for we cannot find, from the lists of plays performed at court, the manuscripts of critical dramatists, like Dr. Forman, or the theatrical barrister, who fixed the date of Twelfth Night, that Shakespeare's Timon was ever acted at all before it was printed; and the strong probability is that it was never what is called a stock-piece, for repeated representation. There was, therefore, but little likelihood of any great and frequent alterations or interpolations of this play, if it had been originally a complete and finished performance; though some particular passages, such as the sneer at the Puritans, insisted upon by Coleridge, might have thus crept into the dialogue.

We have next the theory of Mr. Knight, who, assuming a theory first suggested by Dr. Farmer, that there

existed some earlier popular play of which Timon was the hero, thence maintains, from the contrast of style exhibited throughout the drama, between the free and flowing grace, the condensation of poetical imagery, the tremendous vigour of moral satire, in its nobler parts, and the poverty of thought, meagreness of diction, and barrenness of fancy of large portions of the remainder, that "TIMON OF ATHENS was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakespeare, which probably retained possession of the stage, for some time, in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly re-written, but so far remodelled, that entire scenes of Shakespeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play; and, lastly, that this substitution has been almost wholly confined to the character of Timon, and that in the development of that character alone, with the exception of some few occasional touches here and there, we must look for the unity of the Shakespearian conception of the Greek Misanthropos—the Timon of Aristophanes and Lucian and Plutarch—the 'enemy to mankind' of the popular story-books, of the 'pleasant Histories and excellent Novels' which were greedily devoured by the contemporaries of the boyish Shakespeare."

We must refer the reader of this edition to the remarks prefixed to TIMON in Mr. Knight's edition, for the very ingenious and eloquent detail of argument with which he supports his conviction that Shakespeare, when he remodelled the character of the Misanthropist, "left it standing apart, in its naked power and majesty, without much regard to what surrounded it. It might have been a hasty experiment to produce a new character for Burbage, the greatest of Elizabethan actors. That Timon is so all in all in the play is, to our minds, much better explained by the belief that Shakespeare engrafted it upon the feebler Timon of a feeble drama, that held possession of the stage, than by the common opinion that he, having written the play entirely, had left us only a corrupt text, or left it unfinished, with parts not only out of harmony with the drama as a whole, in action, in sentiment, in versification, but altogether different from any thing he had himself produced in his early, his mature, or his later years."

The theory has much to give it probability, and may possibly give the true solution of the question. Yet there are some weighty reasons that may be opposed to it.

We have lately been made acquainted, through Mr. Dyce's edition of 1842, with the original drama of TIMON, referred to by Stevens, and other editors, who had seen or heard of it in manuscript. This is certainly anterior to Shakespeare's TIMON, and the manuscript transcript is believed to have been made before 1600. It is the work of a scholar, and it appears to have been acted. But to this Timon, it is apparent that Shakespeare was under no obligation of the kind required by Mr. Knight's theory, although it may possibly have been the medium through which he derived one or two incidents from Lucian. We must then presume the existence of another and more popular drama, on the same subject, of which all other trace is lost, and of a piece which, if it even existed, could not have been from any despicable hand; for the portions of the Shakespearian drama ascribed to it, however inferior to the glow and vigour of the rest, are yet otherwise, as compared with the writings of preceding dramatists, written with no little dramatic spirit and satiric humour. This is surely a somewhat unlikely presumption.

But what weighs most with me is this: that, great as the discrepancy of style and execution may be, yet in the characters, and the whole plot, incidents, and adjuncts required to develope them, there is an entire unison of thought, as if proceeding from a single mind; much more so, for instance, than in the TAMING OF THE SHREW, where the materials may be distinctly assigned to different workmen, as well as the taste and fashion of the decoration.

Another theory is patronized by Ulrici, and is said to be the opinion commonly received in Germany, where Shakespeare has of late years found so many ardent admirers and acute critics. It is that TIMON is one of Shakespeare's very latest works, and has come down to us unfinished.

To the theory as thus stated I must object. that so far as we can apply to a great author any thing resembling those rules whereby the criticism of art is enabled so unerringly to divide the works of great painters into their several successive "manners," and to appropriate particular works of Raphael or Titian to their youth, or their improved taste and talent in their several changes until maturity; we must assign TIMON, not to the latest era of Shakespeare's style and fancy, as shown in the TEMPEST and the WINTER'S TALE, but to the period where it is placed by Hallam and Coleridge, as of the epoch of MEASURE FOR MEASURE, the revised HAMLET, and LEAR.

But the conclusive argument against this opinion is, that the play does not, except in a very few insulated passages, resemble the unfinished work of a great master, where parts are finished, and the rest marked out only by the outline, or still more imperfect hints. On the contrary, it is like such a work left incomplete and finished by another hand, inferior, though not without skill, and working on the conceptions of the greater master.

This is precisely the hypothesis to which the examination of the other theories has brought my own mind. The hypothesis which I should offer—certainly with no triumphant confidence of its being the truth, but as more probable than any other—is this: Shakespeare, at some time during that period when his temper, state of health, or inclination of mind, from whatever external cause, strongly prompted him to a severe judgment of human nature, and acrimonious moral censure, adopted the canvass of TIMON'S story as a fit vehicle for poetic satire, in the highest sense of the term, as distinguished alike from personal lampoons and from the playful exhibition of transient follies. In this he poured forth his soul in those scenes and soliloquies, the idea of which had invited him to the subject; while, as to the rest, he contented himself with a rapid and careless composition of some scenes, and probably on others, (such as that of Alcibiades with the Senate,) contenting himself with simply sketching out the substance of an intended dialogue to be afterwards elaborated. In this there is no improbability, for literary history has preserved the evidence of such a mode of composition in Milton and others. The absence of all trace

of the piece from this time till it was printed in 1623, induces the supposition that in this state the author threw aside his unfinished work, perhaps deterred by its want of promise of stage effect and interest, perhaps invited by some more congenial theme. When, therefore, it was wanted by his friends and "fellows," Heminge & Condell, after his death, for the press and the stage, some literary artist like Heywood was invited to fill up the accessory and subordinate parts of the play upon the author's own outline; and this was done, or attempted to be done, in the manner of the great original, as far as possible, but with little distinction of his varieties of style.

Upon this hypothesis, I suppose the play to be mainly and substantially Shakespeare's, filled up indeed by an inferior hand, but not interpolated in the manner of Tate, Davenant, or Dryden, with the rejection and adulteration of parts of the original; so that its history would be nearly that of many of the admired paintings of Rubens and Murillo, and other prolific artists, who often left the details and accessories of their work to be completed by pupils or dependents.

The reader must decide for himself among these contending conjectures, where nothing is certain but the fact of a singular discrepancy of taste, style, and power of execution in the same piece, combined with a perfect unity of plot, purpose, and intent.

Temple of Theseus.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

The historical Timon was popularly known, in Shakespeare's age, merely as the cynical misanthropist described by Plutarch, and made familiar to the common English reader by numerous allusions to him in the dramatists and poets of their times, or by such versions of his story as that contained in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure." (See note on act v. scene 3.) But the Poet has engrafted upon this popular notion of Timon's story the additional idea of a man of overflowing kindness and bounty, made savage by the ingratitude of his friends and his country; and this, as well as the most marked incidents of the plot, came unquestionably, either directly or indirectly, from the dialogue of the Greek satirist Lucian. The poetical colouring and all the filling up of the picture are his own. The following abridgment of Lucian's dialogue, as given by Skottowe, shows the amount of the Poet's obligation to the old satirist, as well as the difference between the same subject and topics when viewed under the dry light of sarcastic worldly wit, and when expanded and illustrated by poetical philosophy:—

"'Timon, or the Misanthrope,' opens with an address of Timon to Jupiter—the protector of friendship and of hospitality. The misanthrope asks what has become of the god's thunderbolt, that he no longer revenges the wickedness of men? He then describes his own calamities. After having enriched a crowd of Athenians that he had rescued from misery—after having profusely distributed his riches among his friends—those ungrateful men despise him because he has become poor. Timon speaks from the desert, where he is clothed with skins, and labours with the spade. Jupiter inquires of Mercury, who it is cries so loud from the depth of the valley near Mount Hymettus; and Mercury answers that he is Timon—that rich man who so frequently offered whole hecatombs to the gods; and adds, that it was at first thought that he was the victim of his goodness, his philanthropy, and his compassion for the unfortunate, but that he ought to attribute his fall to the bad choice which he made of his friends, and to the want of discernment, which prevented him seeing that he was heaping benefits upon wolves and ravens. 'While these vultures were preying upon his liver, he thought them his best friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. After they had gnawed him all round, ate his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, sucked it carefully out, they left him, cut down to the roots and withered: and so far from relieving or assisting him in their turns, would not so much as know or look upon him. This has made him turn digger: and here, in his skin-garment, he tills the earth for hire; ashamed to show himself in the city, and venting his rage against the ingratitude of those who, enriched as they had been by him, now proudly pass along, and know not whether his name is Timon.' Jupiter resolves to despatch Mercury and Plutus to bestow new wealth upon Timon, and the god of riches very reluctantly consents to go, because, if he return to Timon, he should again become the prey of parasites and courtesans. The gods, upon approaching Timon, descry him working with his spade, in company with Labour, Poverty, Wisdom, Courage, and all the virtues that are in the train of indigence. Poverty thus addresses Plutus:—'You come to find Timon; and as to me who have received him enervated by luxury, he would forsake me when I have rendered him virtuous: you come to enrich him anew, which will render him as before, idle, effeminate, and besotted.' Timon rejects the offer which Plutus makes him; and the gods leave him, desiring him to continue digging. He then finds gold, and apostrophizes it. (See note on act iv. scene 3.) But the Timon of Lucian has other uses for his riches than Plutus anticipated; he will guard them without employing them. He will, as he says, 'purchase some retired spot, there build a tower to keep my gold in, and live for myself alone. This shall be my habitation; and, when I am dead, my sepulchre also. From this time forth it is my fixed resolution to have no commerce or connection with mankind, but to despise and avoid it. I will pay no regard to acquaintance, friendship, pity, or compassion: to pity the distressed or to relieve the indigent I shall consider as a weakness—nay, as a crime; my life, like the beasts of the field, shall be spent in solitude; and Timon alone shall be Timon's friend. I will treat all beside as enemies and betrayers; to converse with them were profanation; to herd with them, impiety. Accursed be the day that brings them to my sight!' The most agreeable name to me (he adds) shall be that of Misanthrope. A crowd approach who have heard of his good fortune; and first comes Gnathon, a parasite, who brings him a new poem—a dithyrambe. Timon strikes him down with his spade. Another, and another, succeeds; and one comes from the senate to hail him as the safeguard of the Athenians. Each in his turn is welcomed with blows. The dialogue concludes with Timon's determination to mount upon a rock, and to receive every man with a shower of stones."

It is very possible that Shakespeare may have drawn the points of character and incidents, peculiar to Lucian, from the piece on the same subject since printed by Mr. Dyce, if he had happened to have seen it performed; where the author, a scholar and probably a university man, follows Lucian in making Timon, at the commencement, rich, liberal, and surrounded by parasites, and then overwhelmed by adversity, and deserted by all except his steward. To some such preceding drama, Malone and the English critics generally insist that he must have been indebted for the faithful steward, the banquet scene, and the gold dug up in the woods; "they being circumstances which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no English translation of the dialogue on this subject."

It may have been so: yet from the close verbal resemblance of the apostrophe to the gold, and some slighter points of similitude, it seems to me more probable that Shakespeare did get his idea of Timon immediately from Lucian's dialogue—though certainly not from the Greek original;—for I see no reason whatever to suppose that he had any acquaintance with the Greek language, or with its literature, except through translation. But in that way Lucian was very accessible to him. We have had repeated occasions to show that he probably drew several of his dramatic plots directly from the Italian, and that at the period when he wrote TIMON, (which is clearly not a juvenile work, if not precisely of the date assigned it in the preceding remarks,) he understood at least enough of the Italian language to read it prose authors. Now we learn from the bibliographers, Brunet and Ebberts, that there was an Italian translation of most of Lucian, and including the Timon, by Lonigo, which had passed through three or more editions, between 1528 and 1551.

Besides this there was a Latin translation of all Lucian, printed in various forms, both separately and accompanying the Greek in several editions; and this a very slight and schoolboy knowledge of the language, not exceed-

ing that modicum of "small Latin" allowed him by Ben Jonson, would enable him to make out. This seems to have been no unusual mode of becoming acquainted with Greek authors in that age, when many of them were still without English translations; for I have been surprised to observe how often even the learned authors of the age of Elizabeth and James, such as Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," Jeremy Taylor, and others, refer to and quote the latin versions of Greek fathers and philosophers.

COSTUME, ETC.

In the literary costume of this drama, the congruity of its details with ancient manners, there are no striking deviations from historical probability, except in the odd transference of such names as Lucullus, Ventidius, etc., to Athens. These, so diligent a reader of North's "Plutarch" as Shakespeare was could not but have known to belong to Rome alone, and could have used them only from haste and inadvertence. This is, then, either an additional mark of the careless haste with which the subordinate parts of the play were sketched out, or else, if there be any ground for the theory of its authorship above suggested, it is an error of the dramatist who filled up the chasms of the original work.

The localities, etc., represented in the illustrations of this play, and transferred from the illustrated English editions, are chiefly of such Athenian remains as belong to the historical period of Alcibiades.

For the other costume, Mr. Planché of course recommends to the artist the "Elgiu marbles" as the principal authorities. "The age of Pericles, (he adds,) rich in art, as well as luxurious and magnificent, was the period which immediately preceded that of Timon; and it would of course suggest the employment, in the representation of the drama, of great scenic splendour."

PERICLES

PERSONS REPRESENTED

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } Lords, and flatterers of TIMON.

VENTIDIUS, one of TIMON's false Friends.
APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General
FLAVIUS, Steward to TIMON

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } TIMON's Servants.

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS, } Servants to TIMON's Creditors

Two Servants of VARRO
The Servant of ISIDORE.
Two of TIMON's Creditors
Cupid, and Maskers
Three Strangers.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
An Old Athenian.
A Page.
A Fool

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to ALCIBIADES.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants

---

SCENE—ATHENS, and the Woods adjoining

Scene I.—Athens. *A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad y'are well.
Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known;
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both: th' other's a jeweller.
Mer. O! 'tis a worthy lord.
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mer. O! pray, let's see't. For the lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that—
Poet. "When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."
Mer. 'Tis a good form.
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! How this grace
Speaks his own standing; what a mental power
This eye shoots forth; how big imagination
Moves in this lip; to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, who pass over the stage.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have in this rough work shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame;
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the Servant of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:

Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I; no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.
Tim. [*To* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS, *and old Athenian.*
Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The gods preserve you!
Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.
Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters. Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.
Apem. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apemantus.
Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.
Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apem. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. Y'are a dog.
Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.
Apem. O! they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!
Poet. How now, philosopher!
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then, thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd; he is so.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?
Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir!
Apem. So, so, there.—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy!—The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.
Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.
1 *Lord.* That time serves still.
Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.
2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.
Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
2 *Lord.* Fare thee well; fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?
Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.
2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll spurn thee hence.
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.
2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.
1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.
2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Room of State in* TIMON'S *House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending: then, enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other Athenian Senators, with* VENTIDIUS, *whom* TIMON *redeemed from prison, and Attendants: then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.
Tim. O! by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit.
[*They all stand looking ceremoniously at* TIMON.
Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*
1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.
Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not!
Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.
Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie! thou'rt a churl: you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,
But yond' man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore, welcome. I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat: 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way? A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no odds,
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O! no doubt, my good friends: but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have

much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes. O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all. Let them have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome. [*Exit* CUPID.

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample y'are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done.
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; *and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
You have added worth unto't, and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us e'en at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.
[*Exeunt* CUPID, *and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—[*Aside.*]—More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour;
Else I should tell him,—well,—i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
[*Exit, and returns with the Casket.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses!

Tim. O, my friends!
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much,
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour.
Vouchsafe me a word: it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, lord Lucius.
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now! what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong: you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O! he's the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* O! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O! none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations,
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:
It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd.—

Tim. All to you.—Lights! more lights!

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *Lords, etc.*

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So;—thou wilt not hear me now;—
Thou shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ANCIENT TRICLINIUM.

SCENE I.—The Same. *A Room in a Senator's house.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus;—but tell him,
My uses cry to me. I must serve my turn
Out of mine own: his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love, and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. Ay, go, sir.—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop: so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue. Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the Servants of* ISIDORE, *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What!
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is.—And yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords, etc.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me! what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore:
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *and Lords.*
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither: pray you, [*To* FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* TIMON.

Flav. Pray, draw near.
[*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS, *and a Fool.*

Caph. Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.
[*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*To* VAR. *Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men; bawds between gold and want.

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good: gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not; I'm gone.
[*Exit Page.*

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

VIEW OF ATHENS.

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. I would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON, *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come, with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS, *and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Serv.*

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O, my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, (too late,) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O, my good lord! the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants.
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise.
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers.
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other Servants.*

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius;—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day:—you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph!

Tim. Go you, sir,—[*To another Serv.*]—to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature

May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*]—'Pr'ythee,—[*To* FLAVIUS,]—be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest: ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee.—[*To Serv.*]—Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had,—[*To* FLAV.]—give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II SCENE 2.—'Pr'ythee, be not sad, thou art true, and honest.

ACT III

SCENE I.—The Same. *A Room in* LUCULLUS's *house.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir. —Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*]—And how does that honourable complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master.

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I have told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.
[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.
[*Exit* LUCULLUS.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave,
Unto this hour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

Athens. The Pnyx.

Scene II.—The Same. *A Public Place.*

Enter Lucius, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[*To* Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord, he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me: He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast, I say.—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit* Lucius.

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.
3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.
1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Room in* SEMPRONIUS's *house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a Servant of* TIMON's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!
'Bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.
Serv. My lord,

My lord, they have all been touch'd, and found base metal.

They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;
For they have all denied him.
Sem. How! have they denied him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over! must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in't: I am angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords I be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*
Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master:
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *A Hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter two Servants of VARRO, *and the Servant of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other Servants to* TIMON'S *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?
Luc. Serv. Ay; and, I think,
One business does command us all, for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And, sir,
Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on't: he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear, 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns; what's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—
Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters ate of my lord's meat?
Then, they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 'twill not serve,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*
1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?
2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what: he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O! here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.
Ser. If I might besecch you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him: he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.
Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.
Serv. Good gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.
Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS, *following.*

Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart!
Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here's mine.
Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?
1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—
2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
Creditors?—devils!
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; Ullorxa, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord!
You only speak from your distracted soul:
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be't not in thy care: go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. *The Senate-House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't: the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.
Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
1 *Sen.* Now, captain?
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?
Alcib. My lord,—
1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion; the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords!
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
1 *Sen.* What's that?
Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin, that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1 *Sen.* He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And for, I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
1 *Sen.* We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.
Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
2 *Sen.* How!
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
3 *Sen.* What!
Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts:—all those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Banquet-hall in* TIMON'S *House.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.
2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.
1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.
2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.
1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.
2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.
1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.
2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?
1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.
2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!
1 *Lord.* What of you?
3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?
1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.
2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.
Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—[*To them.*]—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.
1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.
Tim. O, sir! let it not trouble you.
2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—
Tim. Ah! my good friend, what cheer?
[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.
Tim. Think not on't, sir.
2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—
Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in altogether.
2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!
1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.
3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.
1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?
3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?
1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!
3 *Lord.* 'Tis so; be sure of it.
1 *Lord.* How? how?
2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?
Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?
3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.
2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.
3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?
2 *Lord.* It does; but time will—and so—
3 *Lord.* I do conceive.
Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

"You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves

praised, but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods!—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these, my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome."

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears:
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What! dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou:—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords!

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in* TIMON's *house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward! where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone, and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*They embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnished friends?
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends;
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Woods.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O, blessed breeding sun! draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
(To whom all sores lay siege,) can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer?" if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha! you gods, why this? What this, you gods! Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum?—Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
[*Reserving some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner; and* PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? Speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then, the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then, renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee:
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth.
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and thee after, when thou hast conquered.
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword, for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects:
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.
Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.
Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!
Phry. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade.
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,

Timon's Cave.

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath secks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead:—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phry. & Timan. Well, more gold.—What then?—
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoarse the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phry. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O! a root,—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips——

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee.
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete,
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugges of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast. [*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest; For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity: in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it to the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!
Apem. Would 'twere so;
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou'st gold:
Thou will be throng'd to shortly.
Tim. Throng'd to?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.
Apem. Live, and love thy misery!
Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—
[*Exit* APEMANTUS.
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Band.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.
2 *Band.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.
3 *Band.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?
2 *Band.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.
1 *Band.* Is not this he?
All. Where?
2 *Band.* 'Tis his description.
3 *Band.* He; I know him.
All. Save thee, Timon.

We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Now, thieves?
All. Soldiers, not thieves.
Tim. Both too; and women's sons.
All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?
1 *Band.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.
Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away!
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go:
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less for this

I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'r!
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*

3 *Band.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Band.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Band.* Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.
[*Exeunt Banditti.*

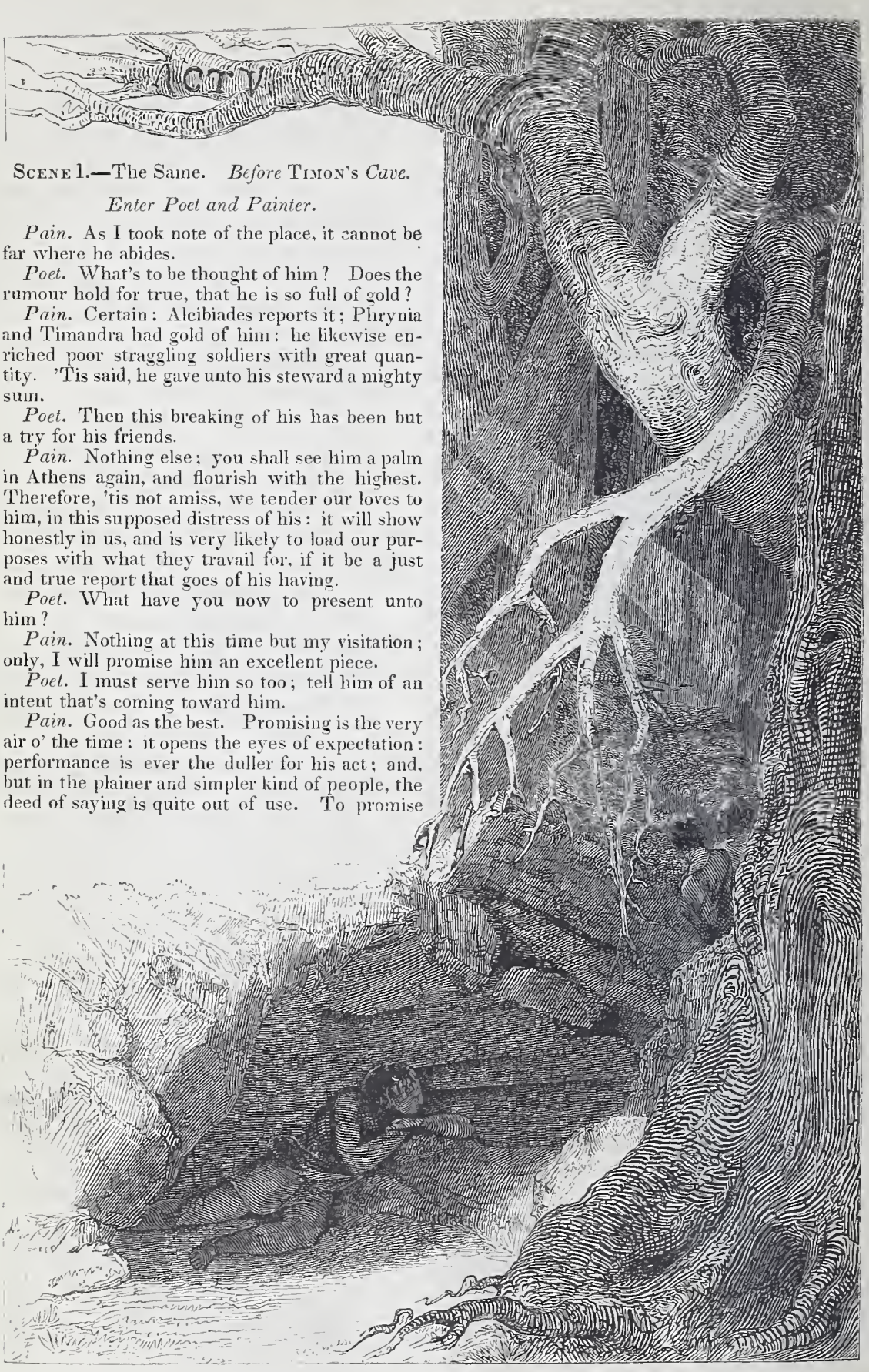
Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument,
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?
Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then, I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I;
All I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.
Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What! dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—then, I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.
Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service,
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?
Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.
Tim. Look thee, 'tis so.—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy;
But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.
Flav. O! let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.
Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not: fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*



Scene 1.—The Same. *Before* Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise

is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Enter TIMON, *from his cave.*

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offered light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O, abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; but two in company:—
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company,
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating them out.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter FLAVIUS, *and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same. 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends. Th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:

Act V. Scene 2.—Here is his cave

For each true word, a blister; and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 *Sen.* O! forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
2 *Sen.* They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense, more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.
1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.
2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.
1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.
Flav. Stay not: all's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go; live still:
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!
1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.
1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.
2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.
Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
2 *Sen.* I like this well; he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.
Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.
Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.
Sun, hide thy beams: Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit* TIMON.

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably coupled to nature.
2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.
1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?
Mess. I have spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.
2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.
3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.
[*Exeunt.*

THE PARTHENON.

SCENE IV.—*The Woods.* TIMON's *Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave.—What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

WALLS OF ATHENS, (restored.)

SCENE V.—*Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, *and Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice: till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.
1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.
2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.
1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.
2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.
1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenge: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,

Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.
2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.
1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.
2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.
Alcib. Then, there's my glove:
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be rendered to your public laws
At heaviest answer.
Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.
Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.
[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.
Alcib. [*Reads.*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war: make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

TIMON'S GRAVE.

ATHENS, from the Pnyx.

NOTES ON TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

"— BREATH'D, *as it were*"—"Breath'd" is *inured by constant practice;* so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course. So in HAMLET:—

> It is the *breathing* time of day with me.

"*He* PASSES"—As we now say—He *surpasses*. Thus, in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, we have—"Why this *passes*, Master Ford."

"*When we for recompense have prais'd the vile*"—"We must here suppose (says Warburton) the Poet busy in reading in his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the Painter an account of."

"*Our poesy is as a gum, which* OOZES"—The reading of the original is:—

> Our poesie is as a *gowne* which *uses*
> From whence 'tis nourisht.

Pope changed this to—

> Our poesie is as a *gum* which *issues*.

The reading "oozes" is Johnson's. Tieck maintains that the passage should stand as in the original. He says, "The act, the flattery of this poet of occasions, which is useful to those who pay for it. The expression is hard, forced, and obscure, but yet to be understood." We agree with Knight, that "we cannot see how the construction of the sentence can support this interpretation," and retain the reading of Pope and Johnson.

"*Each bound it* CHAFES"—It is doubtful whether the old copy has *chafes*, or *chases;* the long *ſ* and *f* being not very distinguishable from each other, in ordinary Old-English printing. Either reading may be justified in the freedom of poetical diction, but "chafes" appears more like the Shakespearian usage; as in JULIUS CÆSAR:—

> The troubled Tiber *chafing* with its shores.

And, in the same age, Drayton has precisely the phrase in question:—

> Like as the ocean *chafing* with his bounds,
> With raging billow flies against the rocks.

Johnson thinks the whole so obscure that some line must have been lost in the manuscript. Yet we are not to take the Poet here as Shakespeare's own representative; on the contrary, as Henley well remarks:—"This jumble of incongruous images seems to have been designed, and put into the mouth of the poetaster, that the reader might appreciate his talents: his language, therefore, should not be cousidered in the abstract."

"*Upon the* HEELS *of my presentmcnt*"—"As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon."—JOHNSON.

"*Speaks his own* STANDING"—The context shows that the Painter had with him a portrait of Timon, in which the grace of the attitude spoke "his own standing,"—the habitual *carriage* of the original.

"— *artificial* STRIFE"—i. e. The contest of art with nature. So in VENUS AND ADONIS:—

> Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
> In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
> His art with nature's workmanship at *strife*,
> As if the dead the living should exceed.

The allusion was so frequent that it was probably sufficiently intelligible in this brief phrase. Ben Jonson, in his verses prefixed to the first folio, speaks of the head of Shakespeare there engraved as one—

> Wherein the graver had a *strife*
> With nature to outdo the life.

"*In a wide* SEA OF WAX"—The practice of writing with an iron *style*, upon table-books covered with wax, prevailed at an early date in England, as well as in

Greece and Rome. But it had gone quite out of use two centuries before the date of this play, while the classic custom was well known to any reader of Golding's "Ovid," or North's "Plutarch;" and this it is that the Poet refers to.

"— *no* LEVELL'D *malice*"—"To *level* is to *aim;* to point the shot at a mark. Shakespeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or 'levell'd' at any single person: I fly, like an eagle, into a general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage."—JOHNSON.

"*I will* UNBOLT *to you*"—i. e. I will *open, explain.*

"— *from the* GLASS-FAC'D *flatterer*"—"That shows in his *look*, as by *reflection*, the looks of his patron."—JOHNSON.

"— *even he drops down*
The knee before him," etc.

Stevens remarks upon this passage, that either Shakespeare meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of the Poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for, in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. It is answered that the Poet, seeing that Apemautus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with other guests.

"*To* PROPAGATE *their states*"—i. e. To *advance* or *improve* their various conditious of life.

"— *conceiv'd to* SCOPE"—i. e. Properly *imagined*, appositely, to the *purpose.*

"*In our* CONDITION"—"Condition" is here used for *art*, or *profession.* The Painter has formed a picture in his mind according to the description of the Poet, and he says that it was a subject fitted for the painter as well as the poet.

"*Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendance*"—"One of the earliest and noblest enjoyments I had when a boy was in the contemplation of those capital prints by Hogarth, the 'Harlot's, and Rake's Progresses,' which, along with some others, hung upon the walls of a great hall, in an old-fashioned house in —— shire, and seemed the solitary tenants (with myself) of that antiquated and life-deserted apartment.

"Recollection of the manner in which those prints used to affect me has often made me wonder, when I have heard Hogarth described as a mere comic painter, as one whose chief ambition was to *raise a laugh.* To deny that there are throughout the prints which I have mentioned circumstances introduced of a laughable tendency, would be to run counter to the common notions of mankind; but to suppose that in their *ruling character* they appeal chiefly to the risible faculty, and not first and foremost to the very heart of man, its best and most serious feelings, would be to mistake no less grossly their aim and purpose. A set of severer satires, (for they are not so much comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine satires,) less mingled with any thing of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal, or the satiric touches in TIMON OF ATHENS.

"I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who, being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered, 'SHAKESPEARE;' being asked which book he esteemed the next best, replied, 'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books; they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words.* Others' pictures we look at—his prints we read.

"In pursuance of this parallel, I have sometimes entertained myself with comparing the TIMON OF ATHENS of Shakespeare (which I have just mentioned) and Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' together. The story, the moral, in both, is nearly the same. The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts, and in the other with conducting the Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature. The 'Levee of the Rake,' which forms the subject of the second plate in the series, is almost a transcript of Timon's Levee, in the opening scene of that play. We find a dedicating poet, and other similar characters, in both. The coucluding sceue in the 'Rake's Progress' is perhaps superior to the last scenes of Timon."—CH. LAMB.

"This delightful writer has not observed that, in another of Hogarth's admirable transcripts of human life, the 'Marriage à-la-Mode,' the painter has also exhibited an idea which is found in the TIMON OF ATHENS—the faithful steward vainly endeavouring to present a warning of the approach of debt and dishonour, in his neglected accounts:—

—— O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off."

KNIGHT.

"DRINK *the free air*"—"To *drink* the air, like the *haustus ætherios* of Virgil, is merely a poetical phrase for *draw* the air, or *breathe.* To 'drink the free air,' therefore, through another, is to breathe freely at his will only."—G. WAKEFIELD.

"*A thousand moral paintings I can show*"—"Shakespeare seems to intend, in this dialogue, to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the Poet declares himself to have shown, the Painter thinks he could have shown better."—JOHNSON.

"*His honesty rewards him in itself*"—"The meaniug of the first line the Poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest.' 'True: and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its own rewards.'"—COLERIDGE.

"— *Never may*
That state or fortune fall into my keeping," etc.

That is, "Let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess but as owed or due to you: held for your service, and at your disposal." In the same sense, Lady Macbeth says to Duncan:—

—— Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

"*Well fare you*, GENTLEMAN"—Timon is addressing the Painter, and, taking leave of him for the present, he says, "Well fare you, *gentleman*," and not *gentlemen*, as is usually printed, abaudoning the old copy.

"— UNCLEW *me quite*"—"To 'unclew' is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To 'unclew' a man, is to *draw out* the whole mass of his fortunes."—JOHNSON.

"*That I had no angry wit to be a lord*"—The meaning is so obscure, that I can offer no satisfactory explanation; and the reader must take his choice of conjectural corrections. The best, I think, is that of Judge Blackstone, who supposes the common typographical error of a transposition—"Angry that I had no wit—to be a lord." Heath would read, "That I had *so wrong'd my* wit to be a lord;" and M. Mason, more plausibly, "That I had *an* angry *wish* to be a lord."

"ACHES *contract and starve your supple joints*"—"Aches" is here, as in act v. scene 2, and in the TEMPEST, (act i. scene 2,) to be pronounced as a dissyllable.

"— *no* MEED, *but he repays*"—i. e. No *desert;* a frequent old use of the word, though it generally signifies *reward.* In this, Shakespeare was not peculiar: it was the language of his time. T. Heywood, in his "Silver Age," (1613,) employs *to meed* as *to deserve*:—

And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave.

"*All* USE *of quittance*"—"Use" is, I think, here employed for *usury*, in its ancient sense—i. e. *interest*, whether high or low. "It exceeds all interest ever paid in acquittal of a debt."

SCENE II.

"*But 'yond man is* EVER *angry*"—Knight retains and defends the original *very;* but the antithesis of the *brief fury* with "ever angry" seems necessary, and the typographical change of *very* for "ever" is of the most common occurrence.

"— *at thine* APPERIL"—Stevens and others, not understanding this, have altered it to *our peril;* but "apperil," in the same sense, occurs three times in Ben Jonson, and is also used by Middleton.

"— *I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent*"—"Timon (says Tyrwhitt) like a polite landlord, disclaims all power over his guests. His meaning is, 'I myself would have no power to make thee silent; but, pr'ythee, let my meat perform that office.'"

"— *they should invite them without* KNIVES"—Every guest in our author's time brought his own *knife*, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door.

"*My lord,* IN HEART"—We must suppose Timon here pledging one of his guests. "In heart" is a very old English phrase for *heartily, sincerely.*

"*Much good* DICH *thy good heart*"—So printed in all the old copies; an apparent corruption of *d'it*, for *do it.* It is remarkable that "dich" has been found in no other writer, nor is it traced in any provincial dialect.

"— *we should think ourselves for ever* PERFECT"—Not meaning in *moral excellence*, but in secure happiness; as Macbeth uses the word—"I had been *perfect* else."

"— THE EAR,
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise," etc.

This is Warburton's ingenious emendation of a difficult passage, which in the old copies runs thus:—

There taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy table rise.

Warburton's restoration of the text makes four of the senses to be gratified at Timon's table, while the sight is to be delighted by the coming mask. Coleridge, (in his "Literary Remains,") adverting to Warburton's change, says, "This is indeed an excellent emendation."

"— *he'd be* CROSS'D *then*"—Theobald and Stevens say, that "an equivoque is here intended, in which "cross'd" means having his hand crossed with money, or having money in his possession, and to be crossed, or *thwarted.* So in AS YOU LIKE IT:—"Yet I should bear no *cross*, if I did bear you;" many coins being marked with a cross on the reverse.

"— *wretched for his* MIND"—Johnson and others say this means "for his nobleness of soul." It rather seems to convey the sense of "for having his mind on any thing."

"— *I'll call* TO *you*"—The modern reading is, "I'll call *on* you." The old reading is retained, as the ancient idiomatic phrase for *call on.*

"— DEFIL'D *land, my lord*"—Alcibiades plays upon the word *pitch'd*, used by Timon.

"*I doubt whether their* LEGS *be worth the sums*"—i. e. Their *bows:* to make a *leg* was formerly to make a *bow.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"*And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore*"—This is ordinarily pointed thus:—

And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand.

We follow Knight in retaining the punctuation of the original. The Senator is recapitulating what Timon owes himself—"And late five thousand;"—"besides my former sum, which makes it five-and-twenty." The mention of what Timon owes to Varro and Isidore is parenthetical.

"— *it foals me* STRAIGHT"—i. e. *Immediately.*

"— *No porter at his gate*"—i. e. No one to keep out intruders; as we now say, "He keeps open house."

"*Can* SOUND *his state in safety*"—So the old copies; the meaning being, that no reason can sound Timon's state and find it in safety. The usual reading has been *found*, which is not more intelligible than "sound." Thus Collier, with whose text I concur, but not with his explanation. "Sound" rather seems to be taken as in HENRY VIII., for *proclaim*—"Pray Heaven he *sound* not my disgrace."

"— *his* FRACTED DATES"—i. e. His *bonds*, or *obligations, broken* by not being paid at the *date* when due.

SCENE II.

"*Was to be so unwise, to be so kind*"—This is elliptically expressed:—

——— Never mind
Was [*made*] to be unwise, [*in order*] to be so kind.

Conversation (as Johnson observes) affords many examples of similar lax expression.

"*Good even,* VARRO"—The old stage-direction is, "Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro." Caphis we know, was the servant of the senator who was Timon's creditor, and the other two appear to have been servants of Isidore and Varro, although addressed by the names of their respective masters, and so designated in the prefixes of all the folios. "Good even," or *good den* was the usual salutation from noon, the moment that "good morrow" became improper.

"*With clamorous demands of* DEBT, *broken bonds*"—So the old copies uniformly. Malone altered the text to "*date-broken* bonds," which agrees with the "fracted dates" of the preceding scene. Yet the old text is well enough as it stands.

"GRAMERCIES, *good fool*"—This word, from the French *grand merci*, is usually employed in the singular; as a little further on in this scene.

"*I have retir'd me to a wasteful* COCK"—This is an obscure and perhaps misprinted phrase, which has divided the commentators. Pope boldly cut the knot by substituting "a lonely room." Hanmer and Warburton explain it to be a *cockloft*, or *garret* lying in *waste*, or put to no use. But, as Johnson well says, "there is no evidence that *cock* was ever used for *cockloft*, or *waste* for *lying in waste.*" Others say that it means what we now call a *waste-pipe;* a pipe continually running, and carrying off superfluous water—a very strange place for the steward to retire to, as he hardly needed the waste-pipe's aid (as the critics say it operated) "to keep the idea of Timon's increasing prodigality in his mind." Nares (Glossary) gives the most intelligible interpretation. He takes "cock" to mean the usual contrivance for drawing liquor from a cask. The preceding lines intimate that many of these were left to run to waste, in the riot of a prodigal house, "with drunken spilth of wine." He retires to one of these scenes of waste, and, stopping the vessel, sets his eyes to flow instead. This is probably the sense intended, the thought being hastily and imperfectly expressed.

"*And try the* ARGUMENT *of hearts by borrowing*"—The contents of a poem or play were formerly called the "argument." "If I would (says Timon) by borrowing try of what men's hearts are composed—what they have in them," etc.

"— INGENIOUSLY *I speak*"—"Ingenious" was anciently used instead of *ingenuous.* So in the TAMING OF THE SHREW:—

A course of learning and *ingenious* studies.

ACT III.—Scene I.

"*Here's three* SOLIDARES *for thee*"—"Where Shakespeare found this odd word (says Mr. Nares) is uncertain. '*Solidata*' is, in low Latin, the word for the daily pay of a common soldier; and '*solidare*' the verb expressing the act of paying it—whence comes the word *soldier* itself. From one or the other of these, some writer had formed the English word. Or the true reading may be *solidate*, which is precisely *solidata* made English."

"*Unto* THIS HOUR"—The old copies read, "Unto *his honour*." As there seems no *honour* in an ingrate in having his benefactor's feast still undigested within him, this appears to be certainly a misprint; and "this hour" is a most probable correction.

Scene II.

"— *had he mistook him, and sent to me*"—i. e. "Had he (Timon) mistaken himself and sent to me, I would ne'er, etc. He means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to a person who had received such trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater; but if Timon had made that mistake, he should not have denied him so many talents."—M. Mason.

"'Had he *mistook* him' means, had he by mistake thought him under less obligations than me, and sent to me accordingly."—Heath.

"— SO MANY *talents*"—i. e. A certain amount of money, referring, it may be presumed, to the letter or note requesting the loan. Some editors have boldly changed it into "*fifty* talents." But Malone has well shown that this use of the indefinite was the phraseology of the age. Similar idioms have not gone out of use in Scotland, as "he sold *so much* of the estate,"—i. e. he sold a *certain part* of the estate.

"— *that I should purchase the day before for a little* PART"—"Part" has been pronounced to be a misprint, as Johnson thinks for *park;* according to Theobald for *dirt*—M. Mason says for *port*, (i. e. for a *little pomp.*) Yet the sense of the old text is well enough. He says he purchased what could give but a small "part" of honour, and lost a *great deal* of it.

"— *every flatterer's* SPIRIT"—The folio has, "every flatterer's *sport.*" But it gives no distinct meaning, while the antithesis of the "world's soul" to the "flatterer's spirit" shows that this was the word meant; and it gives the best sense.

"— *in respect of* HIS"—i. e. "In respect of his *fortune:* what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars."—Johnson.

"*I would have put my wealth into donation,*
And the best half should have return'd to him," etc.

That is, "I would have treated my wealth as if it had been a donation from him, and then returned him half of that for which I thus conceive myself indebted for his bounty." This seems to me very clear, and is the explanation generally received; though Mr. Singer, whose judgment is entitled to great respect, prefers another interpretation, and objects to this. He interprets it, "I would have put my wealth into the form of a gift, and sent him the best half of it." To this the word "return'd" seems irreconcileable.

Scene III.

"*They have all been* TOUCH'D"—i. e. *Tried;* alluding to the *touchstone*. So in King Richard III.:—

> O Buckingham, now do I play the *touch,*
> To try, if thou be current gold, indeed.

"*Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him*"—As the line here halts more than usual, some of the editors have proposed to insert the name of Lucius, and to recast the line:—

> Have Lucius and Ventidius and Lucullus
> Denied him all?

I rather think that the line is as originally written, but that the Poet made an error in his accent, (as he sometimes does, both in foreign and in classical names,) by pronouncing Lucullus with the accent on the first syllable.

"THRICE *give him over*"—The old copies read, "*Thrive* give him over," which Stevens explains to mean, that Timon's friends, who have thriven by him, give him over, like physicians, after they have been enriched by the fees of the patient. The misprint was, however, a very easy one, and "thrice" (which Johnson introduced) is supported by the fact that the *three* friends of Timon, Ventidius, Lucullus, and Lucius, had given him over, and by the *three* of a previous line.

"— *the villainies of man will set him clear*"—"The devil's folly in making man politic is to appear in this; that he will, at the long run, be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thraldom."—Ritson.

This sense appeared to me perfectly obvious till I found a mass of commentary understanding the words otherwise. Servilius is said to mean that "man's villainies are such that they will make the devil seem guiltless in comparison, and so clear him from punishment." But why this should *cross the devil* is uot apparent.

"*Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his* HOUSE"—i. e. Keep *within doors*, for fear of duns. So in Measure for Measure, (act ii. scene 2:)—"You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will *keep the house.*"

Scene IV.

"*Else, surely, his had equall'd*"—i. e. "Your master's confidence exceeded my master's, or my master's demand had been equal to your master's;" as Timon's extravagance had no limits. "Above mine" for *above that of mine* is an inaccuracy justifiable enough colloquially.

"*Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle*"—This is a bitter angry play on the double sense of the word *bill*—the tradesman's account, and the old weapon of that name; and, though a quibble, it is not out of character in the excited mood in which Timon speaks. It may be observed in real life that, in violent anger and vexation, the mind often flies, as if for relief, to a poor joke and a forced laugh.

"*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius;* ULLORXA"—"The folio (1632) omits 'Ullorxa,' and it is certainly superfluous as regards the measure, and a name (as Stevens observes) 'unacknowledged by Athens or Rome.' Nevertheless, it is found in the folio, (1623,) and, as it does not in any way affect the sense, we insert it. Shakespeare has allowed himself great license in the names of many of the characters, which (as Johnson remarks) are Roman, and not Grecian; and in the first scene of this act he has spoken of coins, ('solidares,') of the existence of which we have uo knowledge."—Collier.

Scene V.

"*He did* BEHAVE *his anger*"—There have been doubts as to the reading and sense here, the folio having "*bchoove* his anger." But there seems no reason to doubt that Rowe hit upon the true word in printing *behave*, as used in the transitive sense, found in old poets, for *to manage, to govern, to use;* as iu Spenser, just before our Poet's time:—

> —who his limbs with labours, and his mind
> *Behaves* with cares.

And in Davenant, in 1630:—

> How well my stars *behave* their influence.

We have the evidence of this original sense in the phrase, "behave himself," "behave ourselves," etc.—i. e. govern himself well or ill.

"— *if* BEARING *carry it*"—i. e. If *submission* carry away the prize. "Carry it" was a common idiom in this sense, and it is in this sense that we still speak of *carrying* the day.

"— *by* MERCY"—He attests "mercy" to the justice of a homicide in self-defence.

"— *'Tis* INFERR'D *to us*"—i. e. It is *brought*, or *produced* to us. Shakespeare not unfrequently uses the verb *to infer* in this sense. Thus in HENRY VI. (Part III.:)—

Inferring arguments of mighty force.

"— *and* LAY *for hearts*"—i. e. Lay *out* for hearts, as we now express it. Thus Ben Jonson says, "Lay for some petty principality." To "lay" was of old used for *way-lay*. Thus, in Middleton's "Chaste Maid in Cheapside," we have "*lay* the water-side," and "*lay* the common-stairs." In Mayne's "City Match," Quartfield says:—

The country has been *laid*, and warrants granted
To apprehend him.

SCENE VI.

"*Upon that were my thoughts* TIRING"—To *tire* on is to *fasten* on, like a bird of prey pecking at its victim; and in this sense it is used in the WINTER'S TALE, and VENUS AND ADONIS. Yet it is quite possible that Z. Jackson is right in thinking "tiring" a misprint for *stirring*.

"*Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries*"—This being the reading of all editions, ancient and modern, and giving a fair sense, I have not cared to disturb it, though I incline strongly to believe that the Poet wrote thus:—

Who stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off.

"*Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be*
Of Timon, man, and all humanity!"

Plutarch records the circumstance which converted the generous Timon into a misanthrope. We subjoin, from North's translation, the entire passage relating to Timon:—

"Autonius forsook the city (Alexandria) and company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the isle of Pharos, upon certain forced mounts which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there, as a man that banished himself from all men's company—saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him that was afore offered unto Timon; and that for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man. This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato, and Aristophanes' comedies; in the which they mocked him, calling him a viper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast, and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus pondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others. Timon answered him—'I do it (said he) because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.' This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much like to his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feasts called *Choæ*, at Athens, (to wit, the feasts of the dead, where they made sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead,) and that they two then seated together by themselves, Apemantus said unto the other, 'O, here is a trim banquet, Timon.' Timon answered again, 'Yea, (said he,) so thou wert not here.' It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market-place about despatch of some affairs) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly used to speak unto the people; and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place; at length he began to speak in this manner:—'My lords of Athens, I have a little yard in my house where there groweth a fig-tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and because I mean to make some building upon that place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.' He died in the city of Thales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now it chanced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft,
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left.

It is reported that Timon himself, when he lived, made this epitaph; for that which was commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate,
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."

"*One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones*"—Timon, in his mock banquet, has thrown nothing at his guests but warm water and the dishes that contained it. The mention of "stones," in the passage cited, may be thus plausibly accounted for:—Stevens states that Mr. Strutt, the engraver, was in possession of a manuscript play on this subject, which is supposed to have been an older drama than Shakespeare's. There is a scene in it resembling the banquet given by Timon in the present play. Instead of warm water, he sets before his false friends stones painted like artichokes, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward. In the last act, he is followed by his fickle mistress, etc., after being reported to have discovered a treasure by digging. Stevens pronounces it to be a wretched composition, although apparently the work of an academic. It is possible that this production may have been of some service to Shakespeare. It has since been printed (1842) by the *Shakespeare Society*.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"*And fenee not Athens*"—"This passage is printed, in all modern editions, as follows:—

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens!

We follow the punctuation of the original. When Timon says, "Let me look back upon thee," he apostrophizes the city generally—the seat of his splendour and his misery. To say nothing of the metrical beauty of the pause after *thee*, there is much greater force and propriety in the arrangement which we adopt."—KNIGHT.

"CONVERT *o' the instant*"—"Convert" is here used in the sense of *turn*—turn yourself "green virginity." So in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels:"—

O which way shall I first *convert* myself?

Gifford, in a note on this passage, mentions that the word occurs, in this sense, in the old translation of the Bible:—"Howbeit, after this Jeroboam *converted* not from his wicked ways."

"— CONFOUNDING *contraries*"—i. e. Contrarieties whose nature it is to *waste* or *destroy* each other. So in HENRY V.:—

—— as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his *confounded* base.

"— *with multiplying* BANS"—i. e. *Curses*. To *ban* is to *curse*.

SCENE II.

"*So noble a master fallen*"—"Nothing contributes

more to the exaltation of Timon's character, than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domestics: nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependeuts."—JOHNSON.

"*They embrace, and part several ways*"—We owe to Mr. Collier the restoration of this old expressive stage-direction, instead of "Exeunt Servants," as it stands in modern editions. These explanatory passages, as well as the text, might be by Shakespeare.

"— *Strange, unusual* BLOOD"—"Blood" was anciently used for natural inclination, passion, appetite; for which sense Stevens quotes old Gower, and the "Yorkshire Tragedy," one of the plays of Shakespeare's time ascribed to him; but he might have found in his undoubted productions equally good authority. Thus, in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:—"Wisdom and *blood* combatiug in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one blood hath the mastery."

SCENE III.

"*It is the pasture lards the* ROTHER'S *sides*"—The original reading is thus:—

> It is the *pastour lards* the *brother's* sides;
> The want that makes him leave.

Former commentators have filled many pages in striving to restore the true reading, and to explain not only these lines, but the context. After all their labours, the reader was still left to say, with Johnson, "the obscurity is still great, though we should admit the emendation." But a late happy discovery of Mr. Singer's throws unexpected light on the whole, by restoring the true readiug of a single word, and changing a single letter. The preceding lines are well explained by Knight:—

"Touch the 'twinn'd brothers' with 'several fortunes,' (i. e. with *different* fortunes,) and 'the greater scorus the lesser.' The Poet then interposes a reflection that man's nature, obnoxious as it is to all miseries, cannot bear great fortune without contempt of kindred nature. The greater and the lesser brothers now change places:—

> Raise me this beggar, and 'deny't' that lord.

This word 'deny't' was changed by Warburton into *denude*. Coleridge says, '*Deny* is here clearly equal to *withhold*; and the *it* (quite in the genius of vehement conversation, which a syntaxist explains by ellipses and *subauditurs* in a Greek or Latin classic, yet triumphs over as ignorances in a contemporary) refers to accidental aud artificial rank or elevatiou, implied in the verb *raise*."

We agree with Mr. Collier in inserting "rother," (instead of *brother*, as it stands in the folios, and all other editions,) at the instance of Mr. Singer. The suggestion was made iu a letter published in the "Athenæum," in April, 1842, iu which the writer truly observed, that to change *brother* to "rother" removed the whole difficulty of a passage, regarding which commentators had so much disputed. Warburton recommeuded *wether*, with a near approach to the meaning of the line; but a "rother" is a horned beast, such as oxen or cows; and in Golding's Ovid's "Metamorphoses," (1567,) we meet with the expression of "herds of rother-beasts." But Shakespeare must have been well acquainted with the word from his owu youthful experience, for in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon (as indeed is stated in Holloway's "General Provincial Dictionary") is what is still called a *rother-market*. The word "rother" is also found in the statute-book. (Jacob's "Law Dictionary," stat. 21. Jac. I. chap. 18.)

This reading, and the use and meaning of "rother," is still further confirmed by a discovery of the Shakespeare Society, of an old entry in the original records of Stratford-upon-Avon, directing that "the beast-market be holden in the *Roder* street, and in no other place."

"— *for every* GRISE *of fortune*"—i. e. Every *step* or *degree* of fortune.

"*Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold*"—This whole passage bears too close a resemblance to Lucian to have been accideutal. There was no English translation in Shakespeare's day, nor is there any probability whatever that he was a Greek scholar. My only solution of the mystery, upon which the English critics have thrown no satisfactory light, is, that he must have got at Lucian's general sense through the ordinary Latin trauslation commonly accompanying the original, or through an Italian or French translation. Franklin thus translates the parallel passage of the Greek satirist:—"Timon in digging finds gold, and thus addresses it—'It is, it must be gold; fine, yellow, noble gold, sweet to behold. Burning like fire, thou shinest night aud day: what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover!'" etc.

"*I am no idle* VOTARIST"—i. e. "I am no insincere or inconstant *supplicant*. *Gold* will not serve me instead of *roots*."—JOHNSON.

"*You clear heavens*"—i. e. "Clear" as undarkened by guilt or shame; as opposed to man stained with crime. So in LEAR—"the clearest gods;" and in the RAPE OF LUCRECE:—

> Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
> In her clear bed might have reposed still.

(i. e. her *unpolluted* bed.)

"*Pluck* STOUT *men's pillows from below their heads*"—"Stout" means here *in health*. There was a notion that the departure of the dying was rendered easier by removing the pillow from under their heads.

"*This yellow slave*"—This single eloquent phrase, falling on a poetical mind, brought by personal circumstances into a mood of feeling somewhat like Timon's, kindled into one of the most intensely poetical and beautiful shorter poems of our language—the late Dr. Leyden's address to "the vile yellow slave," the "slave of the dark and dirty mine," for whose vile radiance he had sacrificed health and probably life, and certainly domestic happiness; and who now came to mock with his presence his victim's hours of paiu and disease.

"— *makes the* WAPPEN'D *widow wed again*"—"It is not clear what is meant by 'wappen'd' in this passage; perhaps *worn out, debilitated*. In Fletcher's 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' (which tradition says was written in conjunction with Shakespeare,) we have *unwappered* in a contrary sense:—

> —— we prevent
> The loathsome misery of age, beguile
> The gout, the rheum, that in lag hours attend
> For gray approachers: we come toward the gods
> Young and *unwapper'd*, not halting under crimes
> Many and stale.

Grose, in his provincial 'Glossary,' cites *wappered* as a Gloucestershire word, and explains it 'restless or fatigued, (perhaps worn out with disease,) as spoken of a sick person.' Stevens cites a passage from Middleton's and Decker's 'Roaring Girl,' in which *wappening* and *niggling* are said to be all one. *Niggling*, in cant language, was company-keeping with a womau. 'Wed' is used for *wedded*. 'It is gold that induces some one to accept in marriage this 'wappen'd widow,' that the inhabitants of a spital-house, or those afflicted with ulcerous sores, would cast the gorge at, (i. e. *reject with loathing*,) were she not gilded over by wealth.'"—SINGER.

"*To the* APRIL DAY *again*"—The "April day" is not the *fool's day*, as Johnson imagined; but the springtime of life. Shakespeare himself has, in a sonnet:—

> Calls back the lovely April of her prime.

"*I will not kiss thee*"—"This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal affection transmitted to another left the infecter free. I will not (says Timon) take the rot from thy lips, by kissing thee."—JOHNSON.

"— *through the window-bars bore at men's eyes*"—No satisfactory explanation has beeu given of this liue,

and some as yet incorrigible error of the press appears probable. One of the conjectures is ingenious. Tyrwhitt would read, *widow's barb*—the barb being a common old word for some part of female dress. Chaucer describes Cressida as wearing a *barbe*. Yet this does not well suit the context. Singer explains thus:—

"By 'window-bars' the Poet probably means 'the partlet, gorget, or kerchief, which women put about their neck, and pin down over their paps,' sometimes called a *nicèd*, and translated *mamillare*, or *fascia pectoralis;* and described as made of fine linen. From its semi-transparency arose the simile of 'window-bars.' The younger Boswell thought that *windows* were used to signify a *woman's breasts*, in a passage he has cited from Weaver's 'Plantagenet's Tragical Story;' but it seems doubtful. The passage hardly warrants Johnson's explanation:—'The virgin shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber.'"

"*And mince it sans remorse*"—"An allusion to the tale of 'Œdipus.'"—JOHNSON.

"*I'll trust to your* CONDITIONS"—"You need not swear to continue whores; I will trust to your *inclinations.*"—JOHNSON.

"Conditions" was often used by the older writers, as Bacon, Raleigh, and the contemporary poets, for *qualities*, characteristics, general disposition.

"— *Yet may your pains, six months*"—The meaning of this passage appears to be as Stevens explains it—"Timon had been exhorting them to follow constantly their trade of debauchery, but he interrupts himself, and imprecates upon them that for half the year their pains may be quite contrary—that they may suffer such punishment as is usually inflicted upon harlots. He then continues his exhortations."

"*Be quite* CONTRARY"—The metre shows that "contrary" is to be accented on the second syllable, which was the English pronunciation till the beginning of the last century, since which it has become a vulgarism.

> "— *and thatch your poor thin roofs*
> *With burdens of the dead,*" etc.

The Poet can seldom refrain from enlarging on his especial dislike of wigs, or artificial hair, as common in his day as in this, with both sexes. His own practice was at least consistent. The engraved portraits of him, at different ages, show that, though early bald, he constantly refused to "thatch" his fair high front with artificial youth.

"— HOARSE *the flamen*"—The original reading is, "*hoar* the flamen,"—make the priest gray, or *hoary;* and this, Stevens says, refers to the hoar leprosy previously mentioned. But the whole context refers to the effect of disease upon the voice—("crack the lawyer's voice;")—and then passes to the priest's, "that scolds against" vice, to which his becoming gray has no reference, and administers no rebuke. Though the editors generally, including Messrs. Knight and Collier, retain *hoar*, I have no doubt that the Poet wrote "hoarse,"—a verb formed by himself, and in his own manner. The amendment is that of Upton, a well-known editor of the old English poets.

"— *that his particular to* FORESEE"—"The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To *foresee his particular*, is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good. In hunting, when hares have crossed one another, it is common for some of the hounds to 'smell from the general weal,' and 'foresee' their own 'particular.' Shakespeare, who seems to have been a sportsman, and has often alluded to falconry, perhaps alludes here to hunting."—JOHNSON.

"*And ditches* GRAVE *you all*"—To "grave," and to *ungrave*, were expressive old words for to *bury*, and to *disinter*, frequently used by old poets, which it is to be regretted have become quite obsolete. Thus, in Chapman's "Homer's Iliad:"—

> —— The throats of dogs shall *grave*
> His manly limbs.

The misanthropist imprecates on them all the loss of decent funeral rites, by finding their graves in "ditches."

"*Common mother, thou*"—Was it, as Warburton suggests, from any knowledge of the poetical idea of pagan statuary, or rather from going beyond it to the original poetical idea which gave it birth, that, in his "infinite breast," Shakespeare has addressed the earth with the epithet which the Greeks gave to the Ephesian Diana—the "Many-breasted Diana," considered as "varied nature, the mother of all?" Many coins, medals, etc., have come down to us, thus representing Diana.

"— *below* CRISP *heaven*"—"Crisp," often used for *curled*, or *winding*, in old poetic diction, is here still more boldly employed for *bent, curved, vaulted*—though Stevens refers it to the *curled clouds.*

"*That from it all consideration slips*"—This line, as it is printed in all the folios, indicates that Timon was interrupted by the entrance of Apemantus, which is lost in the punctuation of the ordinary editions.

"— *a nature but* INFECTED"—i. e. Not thy real nature, but one *poisoned* by adversity. It is the original reading, and, I think, both clear and Shakespearian. But very many editions adopt Rowe's alteration—"a nature but *affected;*" which does not agree with the context, for the nature is not falsely assumed. Besides, the word in this sense is hardly of the Elizabethan age. *Affected* would then mean either *loved*, or else *operated upon, influenced;* as the eye is affected by light.

"— *the cunning of a* CARPER"—"The cunning of a *carper*" is the insidious art of a *critic.* Shame not these woods (says Apemantus) by coming here to find fault. Ursula, speaking of the sarcasms of Beatrice, observes:—

> Why sure, such *carping* is not commendable.

"— *like tapsters that bade welcome*"—A similar sneer on tapsters occurs in the Poet's VENUS AND ADONIS:—

> Like shrill-tongued tapsters, answering every call,
> Soothing the humour of fantastic wits.

"— *Will these* MOSS'D *trees*"—The folio has *moist* trees, but the epithet seems so out of place, and "moss'd" so well applies to the trees "that have outliv'd the eagle," and so resembles the Poet's own phrase in AS YOU LIKE IT, ("Under a tree whose boughs were moss'd with age,") that the correction (suggested by Hanmer) seems self-evident. But Collier and Knight both retain *moist*—the latter on the ground of Whiter's ingenious theory of association:—

"Warm and moist were the appropriate terms, in the days of Shakespeare, for what we should now call an *aired* and a *damp* shirt. So John Florio, ('Second Frutes,' 1591,) in a dialogue betweeu the master Torquato and his servant Ruspa:—

> *T.* Dispatch, and give me a shirt!
> *R.* Here is one with ruffs.
> *T.* Thou dolt, seest thou not how *moyst* it is?
> *R.* Pardon me, good sir, I was not aware of it.
> *T.* Go into the kitchen and *warme* it.

Can the reader doubt (though he may perhaps smile at the association) that the image of the chamberlain putting the shirt on *warm*, impressed the opposite word *moist* on the imagination of the Poet?"

"— *is crown'd before*"—i. e. Arrives sooner at the completion of its wishes. So in a former scene of this play:—

> And in some sort these wants of mine are crowned,
> That I account them blessings.

And more appositely in CYMBELINE:—

> My supreme crown of grief.

"*Worse than the worst content*"—i. e. "Best states contentless have a wretched being—a being worse than that of the worst of states that are content."—JOHNSON.

"*Hadst thou, like us*"—There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignaut dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful. There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembliug this, with which, I believe, every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irrevereuce:—

'God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as seamarks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, there is no peace to the ungodly.'"—JOHNSON.

"—*from our first* SWATH"—i. e. From *infancy*. "Swath" is the dress of a new-born child.

"—*all the passive* DRUGGES"—I have here varied from all the modern editions, by retaining the old spelling, for the purpose of distinguishing it from *drugs* in our moderu sense—*drugge* being an ancient variation of *drudge*. I should have preferred modernizing it into *drudges*, but there is so much of harsh and irregular metre in this play, that here, where the author has poured forth a contiuuous strain of animated rhythm, it would be insufferable to vary it for the sake of modernizing a word.

"*Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer*"—"Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the seuse, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble."—JOHNSON.

"—*they mocked thee for too much* CURIOSITY"—The word "curiosity" is here used in the sense of finical *delicacy*. So in Jervas Markham's "English Arcadia," (1606:)—"For all those eye-charming graces, of which with such curiosity she hath boasted." And in Hobby's translation of Castiglione's "Cortegiano," (1556:)—"A waiting-gentlewoman should flee affection or curiosity." "Curiosity" is here inserted as a synonyme to *affection*, which means affectation.

"—*wert thou the unicorn*"—"The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree. The unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him." (Gesner's "History of Animals.")—HANMER.

"—*O thou* TOUCH *of hearts*"—i. e. *Touchstone* of hearts.

"—*you want much of* MEN"—"The old copy reads:—

Your greatest want is, you want much of *meat*.

Theobald proposed 'you want much of *meet*,'—(i. e. much of what you *ought to be*, much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures.) Steveus says, perhaps we should read:—

Your greatest want is, you want much of *me*.

Your greatest want is that you expect supplies from me, of whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, wheu you apply to one in my situation. Dr. Farmer would poiut the passage differently; thus:—

Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat
Why should you want, etc.

Johnson thinks the old reading is the true one, saying that 'Timon tells them their *greatest want* is that, like other men, the waut much of *meat;* then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, 'Want! why want?' I have adopted Hanmer's reading, which is surely the true one, being exactly in the spirit of Timon's sarcastic bitterness, and supported by what he subsequently says. After telling them where food may be had which will sustain nature, the thieves say, 'We cannot live on grass, on berries, and on water.' Timon replies, 'Nor on the beasts, the birds, aud fishes; you must eat *men*.' There is a double meaning implied in 'you want much of men,' which is obvious, and much in Shakespeare's manner."—SINGER.

With Mr. Singer, I have adopted this emendatiou, against the authority of the other editions. "You want much of meat," is very tame in sense, and strange in expression. The other reading is quite in the manner of Timou's bitter pleasantry, the *risus Sardonicus*, playing upon words—"want much of men" being autithetically opposed to "men that much do waut."

"—*the earth hath roots:*"—

"Vile olus, et duris hærentia mora rubetis,
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:
Flumine vicino stultus sitit.

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions."—JOHNSON.

As close a resemblance as this may be traced in some admirable lines, in the beginning of the first satire (book iii.) of Hall's "Satires," which, as they were published iu 1598, Shakespeare could not but have read, as the popular work of a distinguished contemporary, who, at the probable date of the composition of TIMON, was making his way to high honours iu the church. In contrasting modern luxury with ancieut simplicity, Hall says:—

Time was that, whiles the autum-fall did last,
Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast—
Could no unhusked akorne leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be,
And if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desir'd more dainty dish of rare delight,
They scaled the stonied crab with clasped knee,
* * * * * * * * *
Or search'd the hopeful thicks of hedgy rows
For brierie berries. haws, or sourer sloes.
* * * * * * * *
Their only cellar was the neighbour brook,
Nor did for better care—for better look.

The American reader will observe. in these spirited lines, the Old-English use and origin of our Americanisui of *fall* for *autumn*. The thoughts here are too obvious to every poetical mind to have beeu the subject of direct and intentioual imitation; yet the use of the same language and order of images iudicates the probability that the language of the earlier poet had suggested that of the dramatist, while that of Hall agaiu is more immediately amplified from Juvenal.

"—*Yet thanks I must you* CON"—We have this idiomatic expression in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. It is sometimes spelled *cun*, as iu Nash's "Pierce Penniless," (1592:)—"Our lord will *cun* thee little thauk for it."

"*In limited professions*"—i. e. Professions governed by the rules and limits of society.

"—*since you* PROTEST *to do't*"—The ordinary reading is *profess*. There appears no necessity for the change, for either word may be used iu the seuse of to *declare openly*.

"*The moon into* SALT TEARS"—"The moon is called the *moist* star in HAMLET, and the Poet, in the last scene of the TEMPEST, has shown that he was acquainted with her influence on the *tides*. The *watery beams* of the moon are spoken of in ROMEO AND JULIET. The sea is, therefore, said to *resolve* her into 'salt tears,' in allusion to the flow of the tides, and perhaps of her influence upon the weather, which she is said to govern. There is an allusion to the lachrymose nature of the planet in the following apposite passage in KING RICHARD III.:—

> That I, being govern'd by the *wat'ry moon*,
> May bring forth plenteous *tears* to drown the world.

In the play of 'Albumazar,' the original of which is *Lo Astrologo*, by Baptista Porta, (printed at Venice, in 1606,) there is a passage which contains similar examples of thievery, beginning, 'The world's a theatre of theft,' etc. And the ode of Anacreon, which seems to have furnished the first idea of all similar passages, had been Englished by John Southern, from the French of Ronsard, previous to 1589."—SINGER.

"*Have uncheck'd theft*"—i. e. The laws, being powerful, have their theft unchecked.

"'*Tis in the* MALICE OF MANKIND, *that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery*"—The "malice of mankind" means here Timon's malicious *hatred* of mankind. "He does not give us this advice to pursue our trade of stealing, etc., from any good-will to us, or a desire that we should thrive in our profession; but merely from the malicious enmity that he bears to the human race."

"— *there is no time so miserable, but a man may be* TRUE"—The second thief has just said he will give over his trade. It is time enough for that, says the first thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a "true" (i. e. an *honest*) man.

"*How* RARELY *does it meet with this time's guise*"—"Rarely" does not mean *seldom*, in our modern sense, but as anciently used, for *admirably, excellently*.

"*It almost turns my dangerous nature* WILD"—This is the original text. It is like Lear's "This way madness lies." "Dangerous" is used for *unsafe*, subject to danger; as we still say, "a dangerous voyage." Timon, in an excited and half-frantic state of mind, indignant at all mankind, is startled by unexpected kindness, which he says almost makes him mad. It strikes me as a touch of the same discriminating and experienced observation of the "variable weather of the mind,"—the reason goaded by misery, and verging to insanity,—that furnished material for all the great Poet's portraitures of the disturbed or shattered intellect. Warburton proposed, and several of the best critics have approved of, the emendation of *mild* for *wild*, because such unexpected fidelity was likely to soothe and mollify the misanthrope's temper. It is not in unison with the spirit of the passage.

"— *thou shalt build* FROM *men*"—i. e. *Away* from men.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"*Enter Poet and Painter*"—Johnson has truly remarked upon the inconvenience of commencing the fifth act here, as the Poet and Painter were in sight of Apemantus before he quitted the scene. He suspected some transposition of the scenes, as they have come down to us; but the difficulty is to arrange them otherwise than as at present, and to begin act v. at any other point. The divisions are modern, not being marked in the folio of 1623, nor in any subsequent edition in that form.

Enter TIMON, *from his Cave*"—"So the stage-direction in the old copies, from which it seems unnecessary to deviate. Timon is usually represented as in sight during the introductory dialogue between the Poet and Painter: 'Enter Poet and Painter; Timon behind, unseen.' has been the usual modern stage-direction at the opening of the act; but although he may be supposed to have overheard them, it is to be concluded that he here comes forward, and shows himself to the audience, though still unseen by the Poet and Painter. All that Timon says, therefore, in this part of the scene, is *aside*."—COLLIER.

"— *before* BLACK-CORNER'D *night*"—Stevens says that this means only "night which is obscure as a dark corner,"—a meaning the Poet could scarcely have had. The phrase is dark in every sense, being, in all probability, a misprint for some epithet which we cannot certainly ascertain. *Black-coned, black-covered*, and *black-curtained* night, have all been proposed. The last is the most probable, the Poet having elsewhere spoken of "night's black mantle," and "night's pitchy mantle."

"— *Thou draw'st a* COUNTERFEIT"—A "counterfeit" was an old word of frequent use for a *portrait*. Few readers can forget—

> —— fair Portia's *counterfeit*.

"*You have* DONE *work for me*"—"This is the ordinary reading. Malone says, 'For the insertion of the word *done*, which it is manifest was omitted by the negligence of the compositor, I am answerable. Timon in this line addresses the Painter, whom he before called, excellent *workman:* in the next, the Poet.' It appears to us that this is a hasty correction. Timon has overheard both the Poet and the Painter declaring that they have nothing to present to him at that time but promises, and it is with bitter irony that he says, 'excellent workman.' In the same sarcastic spirit he now says, 'You have work for me—there's payment.'"—KNIGHT.

ALCIBIADES.

SCENE II.

"— *hath sense withal*
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon," etc.

That is—Becomes sensible that it is about to fall by withholding aid from Timon.

"— *to make their sorrowed* RENDER"—"Render" is *confession*. So in CYMBELINE, (act iv. scene 4:)—

> —— may drive us to a *render*
> Where we have lived.

"*Together with a recompense more fruitful*"—i. e. A recompense so large that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise it.

"— *My long* SICKNESS"—i. e. "The disease of life begins to promise me a period."—JOHNSON.

"*I have a tree, which grows here in my close*"—The story of Timon was familiar to unlearned readers, in Shakespeare's day, through various popular sources. One of the variations of his story, best known to a popular audience, was that contained in the collection by Paynter, entitled the "Palace of Pleasure," (1575.) It is as follows, which the reader will perceive describes a common-place cynic, very different from the Poet's generous-spirited Timon, driven to misanthropy by base ingratitude:—

"Of the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind, with his death, burial, and epitaph.

"All the beasts of the world do apply themselves to other beasts of their kind, Timon of Athens only excepted: of whose strange nature Plutarch is astonied, in the life of Marcus Antonius. Plato and Aristophanes do report his marvellous nature, because he was a man but by shape only: in qualities he was the capital enemy of mankind, which he confessed frankly utterly to abhor and hate. He dwelt alone in a little cabin, in the fields, not far from Athens, separated from all neighbours and company: he never went to the city, or to any other habitable place, except he was constrained. He could not abide any man's company and conversation: he was never seen to go to any man's house, nor yet would suffer them to come to him. At the same time there was in Athens another of like quality, called Apemantus, of the very same nature, different from the natural kind of man, and lodged likewise in the middle of the fields. On a day they two being alone together at dinner, Apemantus said unto him, 'O, Timon, what a pleasant feast is this! and what a merry company are we, being no more but thou and I!' 'Nay, (quoth Timon,) it would be a merry banquet indeed, if there were none here but myself!' Wherein he showed how like a beast (indeed) he was; for he could not abide any other man, being not able to suffer the company of him which was of like nature. And if by chance he happened to go to Athens, it was only to speak with Alcibiades, who then was an excellent captain there, whereat many did marvel; and therefore Apemantus demanded of him, why he spake to no man but to Alcibiades. 'I speak to him sometimes, (said Timon,) because I know that by his occasion the Athenians shall receive great hurt and trouble.' Which words many times he told to Alcibiades himself.

"He had a garden adjoining to his house in the fields, wherein was a fig-tree, whereupon many desperate men ordinarily did hang themselves; in place whereof he purposed to set up a house, and therefore was forced to cut it down. For which cause he went to Athens, and in the market-place he called the people about him, saying that he had news to tell them. When the people understood that he was about to make a discourse unto them, which was wont to speak to no man, they marvelled, and the citizens on every part of the city ran to hear him; to whom he said, that he purposed to cut down his fig-tree to build a house upon the place where it stood. 'Wherefore, (quoth he,) if there be any man among you all in this company that is disposed to hang himself, let him come betimes before it be cut down.' Having thus bestowed this charity among the people, he returned to his lodging, where he lived a certain time after without alteration of nature; and because that nature changed not in his life-time, he would not suffer that death should alter or vary the same: for like as he lived a beastly and churlish life, even so he required to have his funeral done after that manner. By his last will he ordained himself to be interred upon the seashore, that the waves and surges might beat and vex his dead carcase. Yea, and that if it were possible, his desire was to be buried in the depth of the sea; causing an epitaph to be made, wherein were described the qualities of his brutish life. Plutarch also reporteth another to be made by Callimachus, much like to that which Timon made himself, whose own soundeth to this effect in English verse:—

My wretched catife days,
Expired now and past:
My carren corpse interred here
Is fast in ground:
In waltring waves of swel-
Ling sea, by surges cast:
My name if thou desire,
The gods thee do confound."

"—*with his* EMBOSSED *froth*"—i. e. *Swollen, foaming* froth. As elsewhere noted, "embossed" was a hunting term, applied to the deer when hard run, and foaming; and this might have been in the Poet's mind. But a *boss*, or bubble of water, as "when it raineth, or the pot seetheth," was familiar Old-English. It, therefore, refers to the sea's swelling foam.

Scene IV.

"*Some beast* REAR'D *this*"—The old copies have *read* for "rear'd." Johnson was in favour of *read*, instead of "rear'd," which was substituted by Theobald. It would, however, be strange for the Soldier to call upon a beast to *read* that which, he tells us just afterwards, he could not read himself.

Scene V.

"—*with our* TRAVERS'D *arms*"—i. e. Arms *across*. The same image occurs in the TEMPEST:—

His arms in this sad *knot*.

"—*that they wanted* CUNNING"—i. e. *Knowledge;* the etymological meaning of the word, and used as in the liturgical version of the Psalms—Saxon, *connan*, (to know.) The line, like many others, is wrongly printed in parenthesis, in the old copies.

"—RENDERED *to your public laws*"—The original folio reads, and the modern editions retain, "but shall be *remedied;*" the second folio has "remedied by,"—neither of which gives any determinate sense. I have no doubt that it is an error of the printer of the old manuscript, as "rendered" is the most probable word. *Remitted*, and *remanded*, have been proposed by others, giving the same sense; but the words are less in the manner of the Poet's age.

"—*and stay not here thy gait*"—This, which is here given as one epitaph, is in fact two; as is evident, because, in the first couplet, the reader is told, "Seek not my name," and yet in the next line he is told, "Here lie I, Timon," etc. They stand separately in "Plutarch's Lives," by Sir Thomas North. (See note on act iii. scene 6.)

"The play of TIMON is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits; and buys flattery, but not friendship."
—JOHNSON.

"The remarks of Schlegel are worthy of the writer, although his estimate of the character of Timon is more severe than is warranted by the incidents of the drama:—

"'Of all the works of Shakespeare, TIMON OF ATHENS possesses most the character of a satire: a laughing satire, in the picture of the parasites and flatterers; and a Juvenalian, in the bitterness and the imprecations of Timon against the ingratitude of a false world. The story is treated in a very simple manner, and is definitely divided into large masses. In the first act, the joyous life of Timon; his noble and hospitable extravagance, and the throng of every description of suitors of him: in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need: in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death.

The only thing which may be called an episode is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude: the one, of a state towards its defender; and the other, of private friends to their benefactor. As the merits of the general towards his fellow-citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are no less different: Timon frets himself to death; Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by violence.

"'If the Poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; he is a madman in his discontent; he is every where wanting in the wisdom which enables men in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though, when he digs up a treasure, he spurns at the wealth which seems to solicit him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both parts of the play, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as in his anchoretical seclusion. This is particularly evident in the incomparable scene where the cynic Apemantus visits Timon in the wilderness. They have a sort of competition with each other in their trade of misanthropy: the cynic reproaches the impoverished Timon with having been merely driven by necessity to take to the way of living which *he* had been long following of his own free choice; and Timon cannot bear the thought of being merely an imitator of the cynic. As in this subject, the effect could only be produced by an accumulation of similar features, in the variety of the shades an amazing degree of understanding has been displayed by Shakespeare. What a powerfully diversified concert of flatteries, and empty testimonies of devotedness! It is highly amusing to see the suitors, whom the ruined circumstances of their patron had dispersed, immediately flock to him again when they learn that he has been revisited by fortune. In the speeches of Timon after he is undeceived, all the hostile figures of language are exhausted; it is a dictionary of eloquent imprecation.'—SCHLEGEL.

"Alas! the error of hapless Timon lay not (as the critic supposes) in 'the vanity of wishing to be singular,' but in the humility of not perceiving that he really was so, in the boundless and unsuspecting generosity of his disposition. Timon is not to be considered an object of imitation; but it is plain that, had he not thought as well of others as of himself, he would not have been overwhelmed with horror and astonishment on the discovery of his fatal mistake."—*Illust. Shak.*

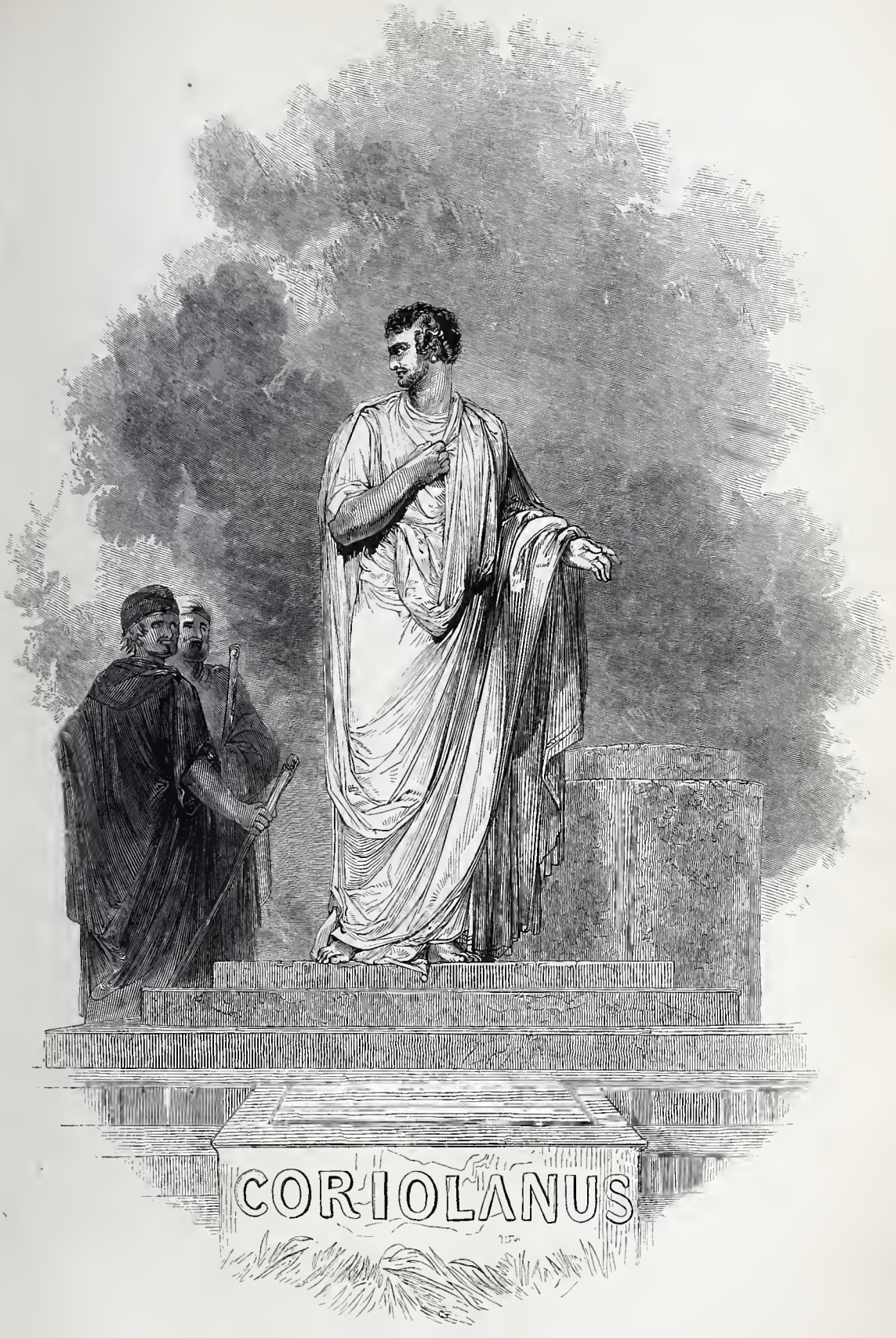
"TIMON OF ATHENS is cast as it were in the same mould as LEAR; it is the same essential character, the same generosity more from wanton ostentation than love of others, the same fierce rage under the smart of ingratitude, the same rousing up, in that tempest, of powers that had slumbered unsuspected in some deep recess of the soul; for had Timon or Lear known that philosophy of human nature in their calmer moments which fury brought forth, they would never have had such terrible occasion to display it. The thoughtless confidence of Lear in his children has something in it far more touching than the self-beggary of Timon; though both one and the other have prototypes enough in real life. And as we give the old king more of our pity, so a more intense abhorrence accompanies his daughters and the worse characters of that drama, than we spare for the miserable sycophants of the Athenian. Their thanklessness is anticipated, and springs from the very nature of their calling; it verges on the beaten road of comedy. In this play there is neither a female personage, except two courtesans, who hardly speak, nor any prominent character, (the honest steward is not such,) redeemed by virtue enough to be estimable; for the cynic Apemantus is but a cynic, and ill replaces the noble Kent of the other drama. The fable, if fable it can be called, is so extraordinarily deficient in action—a fault of which Shakespeare is not guilty in any other instance—that we may wonder a little how he should have seen in the single delineation of Timon a counterbalance for the manifold objections to this subject.

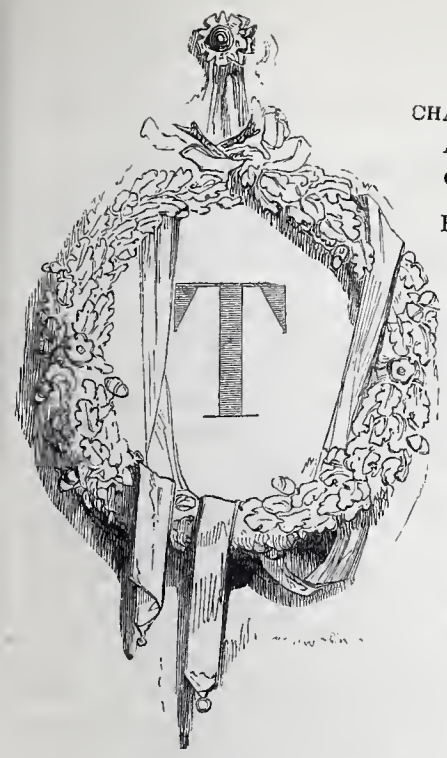
* * * * * * *

"Timon is less read and less pleasing than the great majority of Shakespeare's plays; but it abounds with signs of his genius. Schlegel observes that of all his works it is that which has most satire; comic in representation of the parasites, indignant and Juvenalian in the bursts of Timon himself."—HALLAM.

THE PROPYLÆA.

CORIOLANUS.


CORIOLANUS



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

CHARACTERISTICS AND DATE OF THE THREE ROMAN DRAMAS, AND ESPECIALLY OF CORIOLANUS—ITS POSSIBLE POLITICAL ORIGIN, AND ITS OPINIONS—STATE OF THE TEXT, ETC.

THE three Roman historical dramas bear strong witness to themselves that they were the product of one of the later eras of their author's genius. They are all of them impressed with the more general characteristics of the style, spirit, and versification of OTHELLO and MACBETH, so that there is scarcely a single scene, or indeed a single remarkable passage, in any one of them which could reasonably be ascribed to any other author, or to the Poet's own younger days, as nearly contemporary with his earlier comedies. Yet, as compared with these great tragedies and their author's other works known to be of the same epoch, these peculiar characteristics are softened and sobered; the language and turn of expression are less compressed and elliptical; the style less crowded with thronging ideas and transient allusions, and generally much more expanded and continuous; the whole tone and spirit less excited, and consequently less exciting. The whirlwind of passion which had swept through LEAR and MACBETH, and arose with sudden violence and force in portions of Shakespeare's other dramas of that period of his genius, appears to have passed away, yet leaving behind it the evidence of its recent sway, and, like the hurricane of the natural world, it is followed by a solemn calm.

Thus, while these noble dramas impress the reader with the sense of the same surpassing power displayed in its full career in the Poet's greater tragedies, yet it is as of that power not put forth to any excited or continuous effort;—like that of Hercules, as ancient art delighted to represent him in its statues, gems, and coins—vast and majestic in all his proportions, engaged no longer in toils calling forth all his gigantic strength, but breathing from every limb and muscle the expression of present power and past struggles and victories.

All his tragedies and historical dramas bear the impress of the same genius; but in the Roman dramas there is a more artist-like calmness, a personal self-possession and temperance preserved "in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion." This difference between many of the passages depicting the stronger emotions in CORIOLANUS and JULIUS CÆSAR, and similar scenes in the other dramas, is doubtless to be ascribed in part to the choice of the subjects generally requiring the restrained emotion and cold majesty imposed by "the high Roman fashion" of life, morals, and manners; yet to me it seems also to result in some degree from a less readily kindling sympathy in the Poet himself, so that instead of identifying his own feelings throughout with those of his personages he rather reflected from the calm surface of his own mind the true and living portraiture of their characters, emotions, and lofty bearing. Of the three dramas drawn from classic history, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is the most varied, vivid, and magnificent, partakes least of the peculiar tone and spirit just noticed, and breathes most of the fiery energy of the great tragedies. CORIOLANUS, on the other hand, is the most marked with these characteristics,—is that in which the author is most inclined to regard man in his general, social, and political relations, and least to identify himself with the emotions and sentiments of the individual. It is also the most thoroughly Roman, the most perfectly imbued with the spirit of antiquity, not only of his own works, but of all modern dramas founded upon classic story.

Indeed, Shakespeare must have entered upon this new class of characters and subjects with some peculiar advantages over more modern authors. To him they must have offered themselves with all the zest and freshness of perfect novelty;—exhibiting to him human nature under a new aspect, affording new materials for philosophic reflection, and suggesting new and untried combinations for his fancy. In our days, the great features of Roman and Grecian story and character are made trite and familiar from childhood to all who have the slightest advantages of early education. In Shakespeare's boyhood this was otherwise. The poetry and mythology of Rome was indeed made familiar, in some form or other, by Latin poets, read in schools or translated, imitated or applied in masque or pageant, or the popular light literature of the times, and thus became familiar alike to the scholar, the court, and the people. But the original historians of antiquity, and the grand swelling tale of empire they related, were alike unknown, except to professed scholars, or so far as they might be taught in schools in the meagre abridgment of Eutropius. There was no good history of Rome in English in a popular form, and the traditionary fragments of Roman history were mixed up in old romances and stories, as well as in poetry, with the legends and the manners of Gothic romance. Livy was first translated into English and published in 1600, by Philemon Holland; and Plutarch first appeared in an English dress in 1579, in a translation by North, not from the original Greek, but confessedly from the French of Amyot. North's "Plutarch" was reprinted in 1595. But North's large and closely printed folio was not calculated to attract at once the attention of a young dramatic poet

in an age when there were no such familiar channels of literary intelligence as reviews and magazines to acquaint the world with every novelty of literature. Shakespeare does not seem to have read Plutarch during the period of the fertile and rapid production of his comedies and most of his historical dramas, before 1600; for we find him in his notions of ancient history adopting the current inaccurate ideas of his age; as, for instance, in the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM he dramatizes Duke Theseus and his Amazon bride as they came to him from Ovid through the poems, legends, and romances of the middle ages, arrayed in the trappings of chivalry, and with no resemblance to Plutarch's half legendary, half biographical narrative.

Nor am I aware that there is to be found in SHAKESPEARE any illustration or thought, in fact, which can be traced distinctly to Plutarch or the original Roman historians, other than such fragments of ancient story as were mixed up with the familiar current literature of the times, before the allusion to the prodigies that occurred "a little ere the mightiest Julius fell," which is added in the enlarged HAMLET of 1604, and of which no trace appears in the outline edition of 1603.

This probably marks the date when the Poet became acquainted with North's "Plutarch," though the probability also is, that he did not immediately employ it for the construction of his Roman tragedies. But it soon became, as T. Warton happily phrases it, "Shakespeare's storehouse of learned history:" there he found great minds and high exploits exhibited as influenced by the discipline of ancient philosophy or of republican patriotism, and of habits and manners strongly contrasted with those in which he had hitherto seen society arrayed under the contending yet mixed influence of Christianity, of feudal institutions, and the spirit of chivalric honour. All this he saw for the first time, not through the dim medium of second-hand compilation or abridgment, but as painted with matchless truth and simplicity in old Plutarch's graphic narrative, until he felt himself as well acquainted with the heroes of old Rome as with those of the civil wars of York and Lancaster, and was as able to place them living and breathing before us. The fidelity and spirit with which this is done cannot be better exemplified than by placing Coriolanus side by side with Hotspur. The groundwork of the Achilles-like character of the two haughty, quick-tempered, impetuous soldiers, is the same in both; the differences between them are those impressed on the one by the spirit of chivalric aristocracy, and by that of patrician republicanism upon the other. How perfectly Shakespeare entered into the spirit of antiquity—how, in spite of some slight errors of confusion of ancient usages with those of later days, such as the convenient compends of antiquarian lore can guard the most superficial modern scholar from committing, he yet gave to his Roman scenes all the effect of reality, every reader must feel; but this will be made more striking by comparing any one of his Roman tragedies with the "Cataline" or "Sejanus" of Ben Jonson, Addison's "Cato," Thomson's "Coriolanus," or the "Mort de Cesar" or "Brutus" of Voltaire. All of these dramatists were scholars, all men of genius in their several walks, and all, certainly Ben Jonson and Addison, had taken great pains to draw the rich materials of their works directly from the best authors of antiquity. Still their heroes are but the heroes of the stage; however perfect their costume, they are but lifeless automatons compared with the real and living Romans of the half-learned Shakespeare. He preserves in these tragedies throughout an artist-like keeping, which, combined with their dramatic skill, the constant propensity of the author to moral or political argument or reasoning, and the more habitual and mature tone of his philosophy, as well as with the evidence of diction and versification, gives strong attestation that they, and especially CORIOLANUS, belong to that later epoch of Shakespeare's authorship, when (to use Coleridge's discriminating criticism) "the energies of intellect in the cycle of genius became predominant over passion and creative self-manifestation."

This period I should place as beginning after the production of LEAR and MACBETH, in 1608 or 1609, or about the Poet's forty-fifth year. Besides those reasons for ascribing the Roman dramas to this date, which appeal only to the reader's taste and feeling, the following considerations seem also of some weight. CORIOLANUS and its Plutarchian companions appeared first in print in the posthumous folio of 1623, and they were then entered in the Stationers' Register as among the plays in that volume "not formerly entered to other men." This was the case with all Shakespeare's later works, either produced or remodelled after LEAR; for it appears that after OTHELLO, HAMLET, and LEAR had placed him far above his contemporaries, his plays became of too much value to the theatrical company which held the copies to be suffered to go into the market as mere literary property. Again: there is no period of Shakespeare's life, except the last seven or eight years, where we can well find room for the production of these dramas. We well know from various sources what were the luxuriant products of his youthful genius until 1598. During the succeeding ten years we find him with his full share of interest and occupation in the management and pecuniary concerns of his theatre, yet employed in the enlargement of his HAMLET "to as much again as it was," the improvement and revision of some of his comedies, and the composition of AS YOU LIKE IT, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, TWELFTH NIGHT, very probably of several of his English historical plays, and of TIMON, and certainly of OTHELLO, MEASURE FOR MEASURE, TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, LEAR, and MACBETH. It can scarcely be thought that he had then leisure to add the Roman tragedies to all these. On the other hand, if there had been no trace of any additional authorship after 1609, we might infer that he had been incapacitated by disease, or drawn away by some other cause from composition; but as we know that after that date he revised or greatly enlarged some dramas, and wrote two or three new ones, we have far more reason to presume that some portion of his leisure, after he had returned to his native village, during which he wrote the TEMPEST, was also employed in the composition of these tragedies, filled like that, his last poetic comedy, with grave and deep reflections, wide moral speculation, and the sobered energy of mature but calm power, than to believe that they were poured forth in the same rapid torrent of invention and passionate thought which, during the ten preceding years of the Poet's life, had enriched English literature with more of original dramatic character, and poetic sentiment and expression, than it owes to the whole life of any other author.

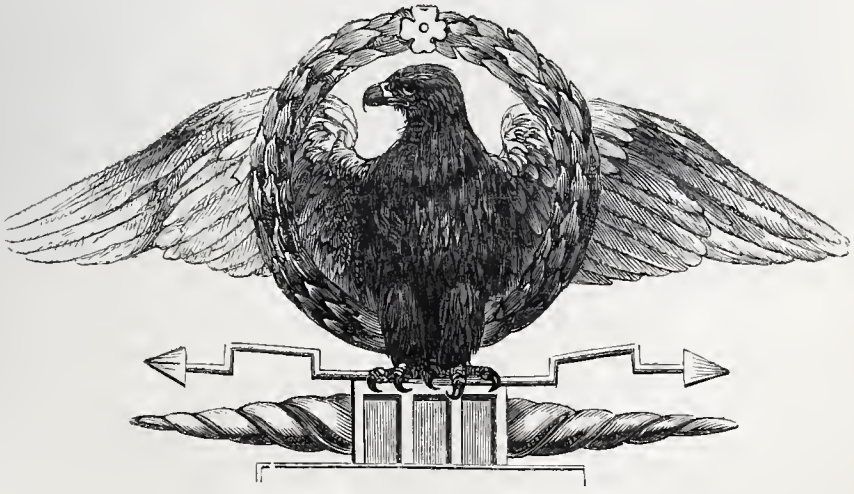
The political reasoning, and still more, the political painting, with which CORIOLANUS abounds, appears to me to offer some good grounds for coujecture as to its date, which have not attracted the notice of former commentators.

With the exception of two or three transient risings of the people againust the insufferable oppression of the nobles, there had never been in England any thing like a political struggle for popular rights until the last year of the parliament dissolved by King James in 1610, nor any thing like an election into which political priuciples were openly carried, as between the people and the prerogative of government, until that of the parliament of 1614. The former divisions of the English nation had turned either upon personal parties, like the wars of York and Lan caster, or upon the religious questions and collisions following or just preceding the Reformation. But from 1610, and especially about the time of the election of the second short-lived parliament of James I., and during its single session—for it presented the remarkable contrast to our modern legislation of not having passed a single law, having been dissolved in its first year—the rights of the commons were boldly and eloquently asserted, and the great writers and events of ancient liberty quoted and appealed to. The elections, too, had been held with unusual excitement; and great efforts had been made by the court, without success, to carry its candidates and defeat the champions of English liberty. Now, without at all supposing that Shakespeare meant to influence the public mind through the drama, it yet appears natural that his own mind should now for the first time have been directed to those topics that agitated the nation; while he was equally sure that his audience, whatever their political bias might be, would now find interest in political subjects and scenes to which, but a few years before, they would have been quite indifferent.

His own observation, too, of electioneering movements might well have furnished him with much of that living truth in the exhibition of popular feeling, which could hardly have been drawn from books alone or general speculation without personal knowledge, and which gives a reality to his scenes of this kind, such as we look for in vain in the splendid dramas of Corneille or Voltaire, on the same or similar subjects.

At least it is certain that, wide as had previously been the Poet's range of observation and exhibition of man individually and socially, it is only in the plays that may have been written after 1608 we perceive that the great topics of human rights and political policy had been much in his thoughts. In these, and especially in CORIOLANUS, (as Hazlitt remarks,) "the arguments for and against aristocracy or democracy, or the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, power and the abuse of it, are ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher." Whether Hazlitt's inference be also true, that the Poet "had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question," can be considered better by placing Coriolanus side by side with Brutus. (See JULIUS CÆSAR, Introductory Remarks.)

The text of the origiual edition is in the main accurately printed, but here and there it appears as if printed from a manuscript with accidental omissions or obliterations. The text is, therefore, generally clear enough; but in four or five passages we must rely upon conjectural insertions or corrections, and in at least two of them, these are not at all satisfactory. Many of the editors, from Pope to Malone, have varied boldly from the old edition in altering the assignment of the dialogue to the several persons. Stevens, and those of his school, have laboured to regulate the dramatic freedom of the verse into the regular heroic measure of the epic. The present edition, like those of the last two English editors, has returned to the older readings, in both respects, with a few slight exceptions, where the correction seemed incontrovertibly right.



ROMAN EAGLE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman
TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Volcians
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to CORIOLANUS
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
Young MARCIUS, Son to CORIOLANUS.
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volcians
Lieutenant to AUFIDIUS.
Conspirators with AUFIDIUS
A Citizen of Antium
Two Volcian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to CORIOLANUS.
VIRGILIA, Wife to CORIOLANUS.
VALERIA, Friend to VIRGILIA.
Gentlewoman, attending VIRGILIA.

Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to AUFIDIUS, and other Attendants

---

SCENE—Partly in ROME; and partly in the Territories of the Volcians and Antiates.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate: they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack!
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us?—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate;—did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:—
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: but if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends," this says the belly, mark me,—

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. "Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?
2 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—
2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you;
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.
Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you.
What says the other troop?
Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.
Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here. What's the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on't: then, we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other Senators;* Junius Brutus, *and* Sicinius Velutus.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Marcius!
1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes! be gone.
[*To the Citizens.*
Mar. Nay, let them follow.
The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt Senators*, Com., Mar., Tit., *and* Menen. *Citizens steal away.*
Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.
Sic. Bemock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Site of Rome. Tiburtine Chain in the distance.

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:— [*Reads.*
"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you.
Consider of it."
1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field.
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.
2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands.
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O! doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.
All. The gods assist you!
Auf. And keep your honours safe!
1 *Sen.* Farewell.
2 *Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in* MARCIUS' *House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA. *They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then, his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.
Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.
Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.
Vir. His bloody brow? O, Jupiter! no blood.
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contemning.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*
Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA, *and her Usher.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.
Vol. Sweet madam,—
Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.
Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?
Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.
Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.
Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mammocked it!
Vol. One of his father's moods.
Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.
Vir. A crack, madam.
Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.
Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.
Val. Not out of doors!
Vol. She shall, she shall.
Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not

over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come: I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O! good madam, there can be none yet.

What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,

That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

A parley sounded. Enter, on the walls, two Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[*Alarum afar off.*
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O! they are at it.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS *enraged.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follow.

Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds.
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness! not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.
[*Alarum continues.*

All. To the pot I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir!

Lart. O 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

ISOLA TIBERIANA.

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes.—To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.
Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—
[*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of* COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS, *and Forces, as in retreat.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends.—The Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mess. Above an hour, my lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?
Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other:
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our Gentlemen—
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear

Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of* Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

THE TIBER. Mount Aventine in the distance.

SCENE VIII.—*A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of* AUFIDIUS.

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, all driven in by* MARCIUS.

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, *and Romans; at the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—"We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS *with his Power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.
Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.
Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry,* MARCIUS! MARCIUS! *cast up their caps and lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers: let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing,
Where steel grows soft as the parasite's silk:
Let them be made an overture for the wars!
No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his train belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.
Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome

Roman Victory.

The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?
Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent.
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volsces.*

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!
1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!—
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee: so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.
1 *Sol.* He's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city:
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.
1 *Sol.* Will not you go?
Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
1 *Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir; well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough, too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough, too?

Bru. Come, sir, come; we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any

thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus *and* Sicinius *retire to the back of the scene.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Valeria, *etc.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Ho! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O! no, no, no.

Vol. O! he is wounded; I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too; I'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where

is he wounded?—God save your good worships!—[*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*]—Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two' i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave.—[*A shout and flourish.*]—Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius. Before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
[*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O! thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon. [*To* VALERIA.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O! welcome home;
And welcome, general;—and you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome!
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on!

Cor. Your hand,—and yours:
[*To his Wife and Mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd, not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. O! he would miss it, rather
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to his power he would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts.
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—The Same. *The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius *the Consul,* Menenius, Coriolanus, *many other Senators,* Sicinius, *and* Brutus. *The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blessed to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[Coriolanus *rises, and offers to go away.*

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one on's ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,

The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-pressed Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field; and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all's his;
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then, straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble:
Let him be called for.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;—
Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose:—to them, and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Exeunt Senators.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *The Forum.*

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shows us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will: 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

COR. Your enigma?

Cor. No, sir: 'twas never my desire yet, to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly? Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—I have your alms: adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the two Citizens.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily.

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolfish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens

Here come more voices.—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more.
Your voices: indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore, let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen.—
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL. *and* MENEN.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore." When we granted that,
Here was,—"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you."—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd—when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called you up, have held him to,
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves, and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker; and, now again,
Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

SITE OF THE ROMAN FORUM.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you, but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your minds,
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country.
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
[And Censorinus, darling of the people,]
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend

To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—The Same. *A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then, the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.
[*To* LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the common?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Com. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond' clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd,—set on.—This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till they decay against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall?"
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. "Shall!"
O, good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.
Com. Well—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—
Men. Well, well; no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't. Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue: let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control it.
Bru. He has said enough.
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.
Bru. Manifest treason.
Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people;—[*Exit Ædile.*]—in whose name, myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee.
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
All Sen. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter Ædiles, with a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.
Cit. Down with him! down with him!
[*Several speak.*
2 *Sen.* Weapons! weapons! weapons!
[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak.—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me! people, peace!
Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him.
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace!
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!
Cit. Down with him! down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house: be gone, away!
All will be naught else.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Men. I would they were barbarians, as they are.
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol!—Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and others.*
1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the Rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Cit. He shall, sure on't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes't, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak.—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.—
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to despatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence,
Were but one danger, and to keep him here,
Our certain death: therefore, it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.
Men. O! he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—come!—
Men. Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you.—
Let me desire your company.—[*To the Senators.*]
He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

TARPEIAN ROCK.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CORIOLANUS's *house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears: present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals; things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you:
[*To* VOLUMNIA.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir!
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, *and Senators.*

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough, something too rough:
You must return, and mend it.
1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;

VOL. Because that now it lies on you to speak to the people.

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman.
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,

In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there?
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, (which for your best ends
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where,
My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us: speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good-loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think, 'twill serve; if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce?
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind.—To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*
Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is, mildly:—pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home; that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What! will he come?
Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so,
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.
Bru. Go; about it.—
[*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece

OLD WALLS OF ROME.

Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
1 *Sen.* Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience: peace! I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens! he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars;
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well; no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor?—Thou injurious tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Cit. To the rock! to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further.
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, good morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.
Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away.
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—
Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak.
I have been consul, and can show for Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then, if I would
Speak that—
Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said; but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It shall be so.
Cit. It shall be so: it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making but reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere.

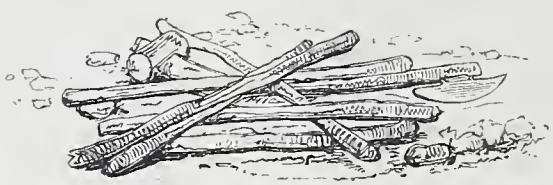
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates; and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite:
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
Cit. Come, come; let us see him out at gates: come.—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. *Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell.—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—
Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not: adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe't not lightly, though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance,
That starts i' the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month; devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come; let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand.—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Ædile.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.
Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say, she's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. O! y'are well met. The hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone? [*To* BRUTUS.
Vir. You shall stay too.—[*To* SICIN.]—I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what—yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come: peace!
Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had. 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries, which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well; we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.— [*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat: I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go.
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt*

ROMAN HIGHWAY.—On the banks of the Tiber.

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Volc. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Volc. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Volc. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Volc. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Volc. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Volc. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a mans' wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Volc. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Volc. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Volc. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before* AUFIDIUS's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who, twin, as t'were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The Same. *A Hall in* AUFIDIUS's *House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus! my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Prithee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go! and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress: Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and the second Servant.*

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,—[*unmuffling*]—not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcian's ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited

COR. Prepare thy brow to frown.—Know'st thou me yet?

But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'Tis true," I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hand;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say, Yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—'Would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

1 *&* 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 *&* 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the

eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

He had so: looking, as it were,—

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand; and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if he could have temporised.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is coming
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "'Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting

At Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt* COM. *and* MEN.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end,
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strength by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have wreck'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap, a noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well;
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius return me,
As Cominius is return'd, unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well: he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd

These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me,—what he would not;
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having;—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse that thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of* CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that curtsy worth! or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn!—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

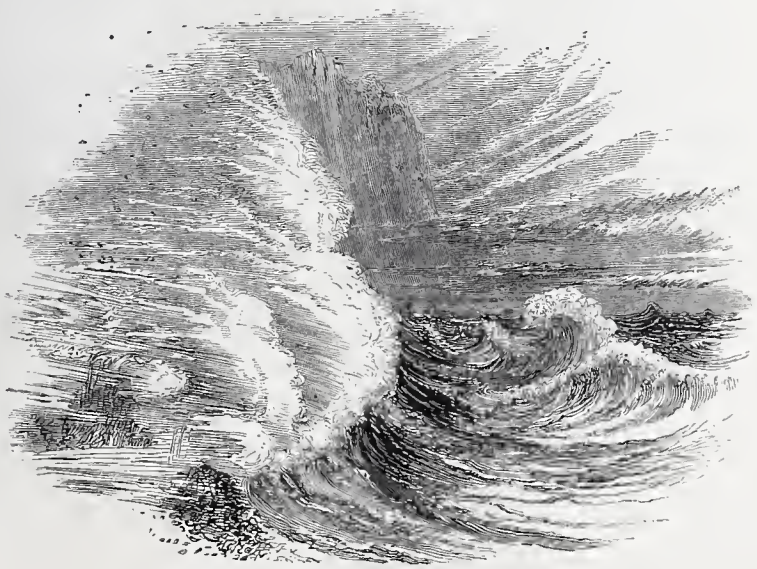
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;



Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach—

Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,—
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us anything;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he let's me prate,
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies! let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end:
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Then thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!
[*Holding* VOLUMNIA *by the hands, silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come;—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;
[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Ancient Arch on road leading into Rome.

Public Place in Rome.

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him we respected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news:—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes such as you
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—
All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A Public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' *faction.*

Most welcome!
1 *Con.* How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and

He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!
[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*
1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.
2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it;
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor!—How now?—
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name

Coriolanus in Corioli?
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at others.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him, that must bear
My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
For your own eyes and ears?

All Conspirators. Let him die for't.

All the People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS *and the Conspirators draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls, and* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of* CORIOLANUS.
A dead march sounded.

KEMBLE AS CORIOLANUS.

NOTES ON CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

"— *ere we become* RAKES"—Spenser, in his "Fairy Queen," has:—

His body lean and meagre as a *rake*.

The allusion here is to the gardening instrument, but that was not the original meaning of the phrase, which referred to the *rache*, or *ræec*, signifying a *gray-hound*.

"2 *Cit.*"—All the subsequent dialogue with Menenius is given, by modern editors, to the *first* citizen. Malone thus explains the change:—"This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given, by the old copy, to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus." We adhere to the original copy, for the precise reason which Malone gives for departing from it. The *first* citizen is a hater of public *men*,—the *second* of public *measures;* the first would kill Coriolanus,—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus. We are satisfied that it was not Shakespeare's intention to make the low brawler against an individual argue so well with Menenius, in the matter of the "kingly-crowned head," etc. This speaker is of a higher cast than he who says, "Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price."—KNIGHT.

"— *make edicts for usury, to support usurers*," etc.

"This was the principal cause of the first insurrection; and it was upon this occasion that Menenius told the 'pretty tale' which Shakespeare has so dramatically treated:—

'Now, he being grown to great credit and authority in Rome for his valiantness, it fortuned there grew sedition in the city, because the senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complain of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed money. * * * * * Whereupon their chief magistrates and many of the senate began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason they should somewhat yield to the poor people's request, and that they should a little qualify the severity of the law; other held hard against that opinion, and that was Martius for one; for he alleged that the creditors losing their money they had lent was not the worst thing that was herein; but that the lenity that was favoured was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the commonalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion; therefore he said, if the senate were wise they should betimes prevent and quench this ill-favoured and worse-meant beginning. The senate met many days in consultation about it; but in the end they concluded nothing. * * * * * Of those, Menenius Agrippa was he who was sent for chief man of the message from the senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requests made to the people on the behalf of the senate, knit up his oration in the end with a notable tale, in this manner:—That, on a time, all the members of man's body did rebel against the belly, complaining of it that it only remained in the midst of the body, without doing anything, neither did bear any labour to the maintenance of the rest; whereas all other parts and members did labour painfully, and were very careful to satisfy the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said, It is true I first receive all meats that nourish man's body; but afterwards I send it again to the nourishment of other parts of the same. Even so, (quoth he,) O you, my masters and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike betwcen the senate and you: for, matters being well digested, and their counsels thoroughly examined, touching the benefit of the common wealth, the senators are cause of the common commodity that cometh unto every one of you. These persuasions pacified the people, conditionally that the senate would grant there should be yearly chosen five magistrates, which they now call *Tribuni plebis*, whose office should be to defend the poor people from violence and oppression. So Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus

were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only been the causers and procurers of this sedition.'

"Shakespeare found the apologue also in Camden's 'Remains,' and he has availed himself of one or two peculiarities of the story, as there related:—

'All the members of the body conspired against the stomach, as against the swallowing gulf of all their labours: for whereas the eyes beheld, the ears heard, the hands laboured, the feet travelled, the tongue spake, and all parts performed their functions; only the stomach lay idle and consumed all. Hereupon they jointly agreed all to forbear their labours, and to pine away their lazy and public enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them all that they called a common council. The eyes waxed dim, the feet could not support the body, the arms waxed lazy, the tongue faltered and could not lay open the matter; therefore they all with one accord desired the advice of the heart. There reason laid open before them,' etc."—KNIGHT.

"*To* STALE *'t a little more*"—The ancient editions have "to *scale* it a little more," which Stevens, as well as the two last English editors, with others, retain; some of them taking *scale* in the old and provincial sense of *disperse, scatter;* and Knight, to "weigh or try the value of the tale." But Gifford, in his note on a passage in Massinger's "Unnatural Combat," (act iv. scene 1:)—

> —— I'll not *stale* the jest,
> By my relation—

well remarks, that "this is one of a thousand passages to prove that the true reading of CORIOLANUS is, "To *stale* 't a little more." The phrase is used frequently in the contemporary dramatists, as by Shakespeare himself in JULIUS CÆSAR:—

> Were I a common laugher, and did use
> To *stale* with ordinary oaths my love.

"*And, mutually participate;—did minister*"—This is usnally pointed thus:—

> And, mutually participate, did minister, etc.

Malone tells us that "participate" is *participant*, (the participle.) I agree with Knight, that this mode of pointing the line, which is not that of the original, destroys the freedom and euphony of the passage.

"*Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain*"—Many modern editions give this punctuation of this passage:—

> Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain.

Malone and Douce say that "brain" is here put for the *understanding;* and according to the old philosophy the "heart" was the seat of the understanding. "I send (says the belly) the food through the blood, even to the heart, the royal residence, where the kingly understanding is enthroned." But this is taking the heart literally and the brain metaphorically. With the two last editors, we follow the original punctuation, of which the obvions sense is:—I send the general food through the rivers of your blood, to the court, the heart; I send it to the seat of the brain, and through the cranks and offices (obscure parts) of the whole body. By this means—

> The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
> From me receive that natural competency
> Whereby they live.

"— RASCAL, *that art worst* IN BLOOD"—"Rascal" and "in blood" are terms of the forest, both here used equivocally. The meaning seems to be, "Thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself." "Worst in blood" has a secondary meaning of *lowest in condition*.—SINGER.

"— *the one side must have* BALE"—i. e. *Evil*, or *mischief;* as "ruth," shortly after, for *pity*. Both are old words, which were already becoming obsolete in the Poet's age, and are now retained in use only in their adjectives, *baleful* and *ruthful*.

"*And curse that justice did it*"—i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished.—STEVENS.

"— PICK *my lance*"—i. e. *Pitch;* still in provincial use in England, where, in some parts, a *pitchfork* is called a *pick-fork*.

"*To break the heart of* GENEROSITY"—Johnson is generally followed in his understanding of this passage—"To give the final blow to the nobles;" taking "generosity" in its original Latin sense, for *high birth*. Yet I do not see why the more common, which is not a modern sense, is not the one intended—i. e. *bounty, liberality*. "The people's petition (he says) was so extravagant as to disgust and repel the most liberal, and alarm the bold and powerful."

"— *worthy you priority*"—We must here understand, you being worthy *of* priority, or precedence.

"— *to* GIRD *the gods*"—i. e. To *taunt*, or *gibe*. It is the verb of Falstaff's noun—"Every man has a *gird* at me."

"*The present wars* DEVOUR *him*"—i. e. "The wars *absorb*, eat up the whole man; for he is grown too proud of *being* so valiant."

"— *his* DEMERITS"—The word is used in a similar sense in OTHELLO—that of *merits*. The meaning of ill-deserving was acquired later; for "demerit" is constantly used for *desert*, by the old writers.

"*More than his singularity*"—i. e. More than the fashion of his own singular and perverse character, says the sneering tribune. Such I take to be the sense, but Johnson interprets it, "that besides *going himself*, with what powers," etc.

SCENE II.

"*Whatever have*"—Elliptically, whatever *things* have.

"*They have* PRESS'D *a power*"—The old spelling being *prest*, Stevens and others have taken the word as an adjective, in its obsolete sense of *ready*—from the old French *prest*, (now *prêt*.) But participles were generally thus spelled, with the final *t*, in Shakespeare's time; and the verb *press*, in this sense, now retained only in the English naval sense, was familiar in the reign of the Tudors and Stuarts, and was here employed by the Poet as he found it in North's "Plutarch." "The common people would not appear when the consuls called their names to *press* them for the wars."

"— TAKE IN *many towns*"—i. e. *Subdue;* as in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:—"Take in Toryne."

"— *we shall* EVER *strike*"—Malone, Boswell, Singer, etc., have changed this to *never*. By "*ever* strike," we understand, we shall continue to strike. If we adopt the modern reading of *never*, we must accept "strike" in the sense of striking a colour, yielding—a phrase not of Shakespeare's age.

SCENE III.

"— *To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned*," etc.

Plutarch thus describes the prowess of Coriolanus.

> When yet he was but tender-bodied:—

"The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquin, surnamed the Proud, (that had been king of Rome, and was driven out for his pride, after many attempts made by sundry battles to come in again, wherein he was ever overcome,) did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latins, and many other people of Italy, even, as it were, to set up his whole

rest upon a battle by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdom again, not so much to pleasure him as to overthrow the power of the Romans, whose greatness they both feared and envied. In this battle, wherein were many hot and sharp encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the dictator; and a Roman soldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy with his own hands that had before overthrown the Roman. Hereupon, after the battle was won, the dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore, first of all, he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughs: for whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."

"— *his brows bound with oak*"—The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

"*Than* GILT *his trophy*"—"Gilt" is the old English noun for any external coating of gold; a somewhat more extensive word in its meaning than our modern *gilding*, though it included that as one of the modes of "gilt."

"*At Grecian swords* CONTEMNING"—The original edition has "at Grecian sword, *contenning*," which last word I think clearly a literal error for "contemning." With that correction the sense is clear, giving the strong but natural image of the hero's forehead spitting forth its blood; not as from the injury of the enemies' sword, but as in contempt of them. This reading differs little whether we take the *sword* of the first folio, or the "swords" of the second. But the later editions have all adopted another reading—partly that of the second folio, which has *contending*, and partly conjectural, so as to read "At Grecian swords' contending;" thus taking *contending* substantively, and in a very harsh and obscure sense, and losing the bold figure of the warrior's thus bleeding as in contempt of his adversary.

"*A* CRACK"—This word, which seems sometimes to be used merely to signify a lad, was more commonly taken, as here, for a forward and lively lad—a character which, with half praise, half modest censure, Virgilia allows to her boy, while she declines the stronger praise of her friend.

Scene IV.

"*Who* SENSIBLY *outdares his senseless sword*"—*Sense*, and its derivatives, *sensible* and *sensibly*, had originally the meaning of *sensation, feeling*:—"He, having feeling, exposes himself even more than he does his insensible sword." "Sensibly" is the original text; the later editors alter it to *sensible*, without much alteration of the sense, or any improvement.

"*Even to* CATO'S *wish*"—The old editions had "even to *Calve's* wish," which is clearly shown to be a misprint for "*Catoe's* wish," (as *Cato's* would be spelled according to the mode of the times,) by the comparison with the passage in North's "Plutarch," from which the Poet has drawn not only the thought, but almost the very words. Speaking of the deeds of Martius before Corioli, the biographer says, (in the language of his old translator:)—"For he was even such auother as *Cato* would have a souldier and a captain to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice and grimness of his countenance." The Poet overlooked the circumstance that this remark, so appropriate in the biographer, was an anachronism in the mouth of a contemporary of Coriolanus, who lived, according to the received chronology, two centuries and a half before the elder Cato. M. Mason, therefore, suggests that "*Calve's* wish" should be read "*Calvus'* wish;" as putting Cato's words into the mouth of an imaginary person, who was to the age of Coriolanus what Cato was to Plutarch's. But the internal evidence is too clear that *Cato* was meant, and that the error was the Poet's own, though probably one rather of oversight than of mere ignorance; since he had undoubtedly read the life of the elder Cato in the same favourite folio of North's "Plutarch." Dryden and Walter Scott, with their unquestioned vast reading and memory, have both of them committed and confessed similar anachronisms.

Scene V.

"— *that do prize their* HOURS"—Most modern editions follow Pope's conjecture in reading "prize their *honours*." But the old editions all read "hours," which is shown to be right, and to be intended for their *time*, by the passage in North's "Plutarch," from which these lines are taken:—"Martius was marvellous angry, and cried out on them that it was no *time* now to looke after spoyle—while the other consul and their fellow-citizens were fighting with their enemies."

Scene VI.

"— FOUR *shall quickly draw out my command*"—From the obscurity of this passage, there is reason to suspect its correctness. Perhaps we might read *some* instead of "four," words easily confounded in manuscripts; and then the last line may be interrogative, thus:—

—— Please you to march,
And *some* shall quickly draw out my command:
Which men are best inclin'd?

The passage, as it stands in the old copy, has been thus explained:—"Coriolanus means to say, that he would appoint *four* persons for his particular, or *party*, those who are best inclined; and, in order to save time, he proposes to have the choice made while the army is marching forward." The old translation of "Plutarch" only says:—"Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to follow him, he went out of the citie."—SINGER.

Scene VIII.

"— *thy fame and envy*"—The construction here appears to be, "Not Afric owns a serpent I more abhor and envy than thy fame."

"— *the* WHIP *of your bragg'd progeny*"—i. e. The "whip" that your bragged progenitors possessed. Stevens suggests that "whip" might be used as *crack* has been since, to denote any thing peculiarly boasted of; as the *crack* house in the country, the *crack* boy of the school, etc.

"— *condemned seconds*"—i. e. You have to my shame sent me help, which I must *condemn* as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary.

Scene IX.

"*Let them be made an overture for the wars*," etc.

In this passage, obscure as it stands in the original and variously printed and pointed in the modern editions, we have followed the original metrical arrangement, but have otherwise adopted Knight's ingenious emendation and satisfactory interpretation. He observes:—"We here make an important change in the generally received reading of this passage. It is invariably printed thus:—

May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars!

The commentators have long notes of explanation; and they leave the matter more involved than they found it. The stage-direction of the original, which precedes this speech, is, '*A long flourish.*' The drums and trumpets have sounded in honour of Coriolanus; but, displeased as he may be, it is somewhat unreasonable of him to desire that these instruments may 'never sound more.'

We render his desire, by the slightest change of punctuation, somewhat more rational:—

> May these same instruments, which you profane,
> Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
> I' the field prove flatterers!

The difficulty increases with the received reading; for, according to this, when drums and trumpets prove flatterers, courts and cities are to be made of false-faced soothing. Courts and cities are precisely what a soldier would describe as invariably so made. But Coriolanus *contrasts* courts and cities with the field; he separates them:—

> —— Let courts and cities be
> Made all of false-fac'd soothing;

and he adds, as we believe—

> —— *Where* steel grows soft
> As the parasite's silk.

The difficulties with the received reading are immeasurable. *When* steel grows soft as the parasite's silk, the commentators say that *him*, (the steel,) used for *it*, is to be made an *overture* for the wars; but what overture means here they do not attempt to explain. The slight change we have made gives a perfectly clear meaning. The whole speech has now a leading idea:—

> Let *them* be made an overture for the wars.

Let *them*, the instruments which you profane, be the *prelude* to our wars."

Thus the whole sum is:—"Let trumpets and drums cease to sound when they become flatterers in the field. Let falsehood and flatterers have the rule in courts and cities, where even steel becomes soft as the parasite's silk. But let martial music be the prelude only to war."

> "— *undercrest your good addition*
> *To the fairness of my power.*"

This is an heraldic metaphor, as obscure now as it was probably familiar in Elizabeth's age. "I will, to the fair extent of my ability, give an honourable support to that addition to my name, or title, which you have given me to wear as a crest to my armorial bearings."

"*The best with whom we may* ARTICULATE"—i. e. The chief men of Corioli, with whom we may *enter into articles*. Bullokar has the word "*articulate*, to set down articles, or conditions of agreement." We still retain the word *capitulate*, which anciently had nearly the same meaning, viz.: "To *article*, or agree upon articles."

"— *Mine emulation*"—Coleridge thus remarks upon this speech:—"I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take it for granted that this is in nature, and not a mere anomaly; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment as this. However, I presume that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius's character."

Such a criticism from Coleridge is worthy the reader's consideration, but I cannot myself perceive its justice. The varying feelings of Aufidius are such as may be often observed to arise in the contentions of able and ambitious men for honour or power, and are just such as would, under these circumstances, be natural in a mind like that of Aufidius—ambitious, proud, and bold, with many noble and generous qualities, yet not above the influence of selfish and vindictive emotions and desires. The mortification of defeat embitters his rivalry to hatred. When afterwards his banished rival appeals to his nobler nature, that hatred dies away, and his generous feeling revives. Bitter jealousy and hatred again grow up, as his glories are eclipsed by his former adversary; yet this dark passion too finally yields to a generous sorrow at his rival's death. I think that I have observed very similar alternations of such mixed motives and sentiments, in eminent men, in the collisions of political life.

"— *I'll* POTCH *at him*"—To "potch" is to thrust at with a sharp pointed instrument. Thus in Carew's "Survey of Cornewall:"—"They use to *potche* them [i. e. fish] with an instrument somewhat like a salmon speare." It is still a North-of-England word, and is probably but another, though less familiar form, of our old word *poke*.

"EMBARQUEMENTS *all of fury*"—i. e. *Embargoes;* a sense which this word had sometimes, as mentioned in the old dictionaries, as well as *embarkation*.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"— *turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks*"—As Johnson explains, "with allusion to the fable which says that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own."

"— BISSON"—i. e. *Blind;* as in HAMLET, "bisson rheum."

"— *the most sovereign prescription in Galen*"—As Galen was born A. D. 130, here is an anachronism of some six hundred years or more, which induces Coleridge to ask, "Was it without, or in contempt of historical knowledge, that Shakespeare makes the contemporaries of Coriolanus quote Cato and Galen? I can not decide to my own satisfaction." The most probable solution is that already suggested, that such errors spring from mere carelessness, or oversight, such as have led to similar anachronisms in writers like Addison and Walter Scott, who could never be suspected of mere ignorance.

"— *is but* EMPIRICUTIC"—A word coined from *empiric*, and is spelled in the original *emperickqutique*.

"*On 's brows*"—Volumnia here answers the question of Menenius, "Brings a [he] victory in his pocket?" without noticing the old man's observation about the wounds.

"*Menenius, ever, ever*"—The consul having replied to Menenius's last remark, that he is "ever right," Coriolanus assents to the unvarying character of his friend; as, "Menenius? Yes, he is always right." This seems the obvious sense, and not that given by Malone, and often repeated in other editions:—"Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as ever."

"— CHANGE *of honours*"—"Change of honours" is *variety* of honours, as change of raiment is variety of raiment. Theobald would read *charge*.

"*Into a* RAPTURE *lets her baby cry*"—"Rapture" anciently was synonymous with *fit*, or *trance*. Thus Torriano:—"Ratto, *s.;* a *rapture* or trance of the mind, or a distraction of the spirits." This is confirmed by Stevens's quotation from the "Hospital for London Follies," (1602,) where gossip Luce says, "Your darling will weep itself into a *rapture*, if you do not take heed."

"— *the kitchen* MALKIN"—A "malkin," or *maulkin*, was a kind of *mop*, made of rags, used for sweeping ovens, etc. A figure made of clouts, to scare birds, was also so called: hence it came to signify a *dirty wench*. The *scullion* very naturally takes her name from this utensil, her French title *escouillon* being only another name for a *malkin*.

"*Her richest* LOCKRAM"—"Lockram" was a kind of *coarse linen*.

"*Their nicely-gawded cheeks*"—Shakespeare has the same image in TARQUIN AND LUCRECE, of white and red contending for the empire of a lady's cheek:—

> The silent wars of lilies and of roses
> Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field.

As also again in the TAMING OF THE SHREW, and in his VENUS AND ADONIS. It was a favourite image with the poets of his age, and might originally have been suggested and intended (as Knight thinks it is here) to convey an allusion to the more fearful civil War of the Roses

which is more specially introduced by a later writer, Cleaveland:—

——Her cheeks
Where roses mix: no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.

"NAPLESS *vesture*"—i. e. *Threadbare.*

"— *as our good* WILLS"—The passage may be either taken to mean that the purpose of Coriolanus will be to him a sure destruction, in the same way as the good "wills" (ironically) of the tribunes; or as our good, our advantage, "wills" (a verb.)

"— *Matrons flung gloves*"—Shakespeare here attributes some of the customs of his own times to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. This was exactly what occurred at tiltings and tournaments when a combatant had distinguished himself.

Scene II.

"— *courteous to the people,* BONNETED"—This word seems to be here used, in a careless confusion of old Roman and later Italian customs, for putting on the cap of office and patrician dignity, as was the mode in Venice. Some annotators take it in another sense, for taking off the cap in humility; or, as Malone explains, "They humbly took off their caps without further deed."

"*Rather our* STATE*'s defective for requital*"—i. e. "Rather say that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward, than our inclinations defective to extend it toward him."

"*That's* OFF"—i. e. That is nothing to the matter; it is quite "off" from it.

"*He* LURCH'D *all swords o' the garland*"—We have a similar expression in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman:"—"You have lurched your friends of the better half of the garland." The term is, or was, used in some game of cards, in which a complete and easy victory is called a *lurch.* Coles (Dict., 1677) explains, "Lurch, *facilis victoria.*"

"— *as* WEEDS *before*
A vessel under sail," etc.

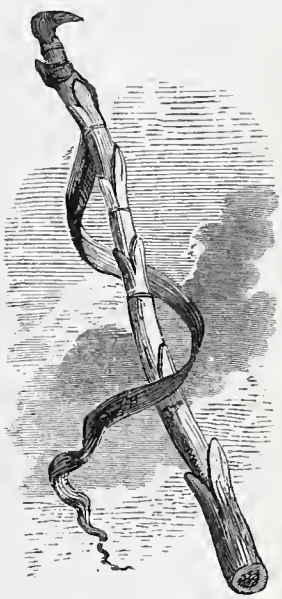
The second folio changed this word to *waves;* and Stevens adopting it, this reading is the common one. Malone supports the original; of the correctness of which we think there can be no doubt. "*Waves* falling before the stem of a vessel under sail, is an image which conveys no adequate notion of a triumph over petty obstacles. A ship cuts the waves as a bird the air: there is opposition to the progress, but each moves in its element. But take the image of weeds encumbering the progress of a vessel under sail, but with a favouring wind dashing them aside; and we have a distinct and beautiful illustration of the prowess of Coriolanus. Stevens says, '*Weeds,* instead of falling below a vessel under sail, cling fast about the stem of it.' But Shakespeare was not thinking of the weed floating on the billow: the Avon or the Thames supplied him with the image of weeds rooted at the bottom."

Thus Knight; and the *weeds* of the *flats* of the Hudson, and the inlets of Long Island Sound, have so often furnished the American editor with a practical illustration of this image, that he has no hesitation in adopting this as the true reading.

"*It then remains*
That you do speak to the people."

The circumstance of Coriolanus standing for the consulship, which Shakespeare has painted with such wonderful dramatic power, is told briefly in "Plutarch:"—

"Shortly after this, Martius stood for the consulship, and the common people favoured his suit, thinking it would be a shame to them to deny and refuse the chiefest noble man of blood, and most worthy person of Rome, and specially him that had done so great service and good to the commonwealth; for the custom of Rome was at that time that such as did sue for any office should, for certain days before, be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election; which was thus devised, either to move the people the more by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else because they might show them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness. * * * * Now, Martius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul; there is no remedy."



Augur's Staff.

Scene III.

"*Once*"—i. e. Once *for all;* I have but one word to say on the matter.

"— *like the virtues*
Which our divines lose by 'em."

"I wish they would forget me, as they do the moral teachings of our divines." This (repeat a dozen critics) is "an amusing instance of anachronism." I do not see why the priestly teachers of morals in a heathen land may not well be termed "divines," by an English poet, without implying that he supposed them to be doctors of divinity of Oxford or Geneva.

"— *in this* WOLFISH GOWN"—The reading of the first folio is *woolvish tongue;* of the second, *woolvish gowne.* We believe the correction of *tongue* to "gown" is right. Some of the commentators think that the original word was *toge.* It is difficult to say whether *woolvish* means a gown made of *wool,* or a gown resembling a *wolf,* or "wolfish." We adopt the latter opinion; for it is no proper description of the napless gown of humility to call it *woollen.* By "wolfish," Coriolanus probably meant to express something hateful.—KNIGHT.

Stevens, I think, is right in interpreting it as *deceitful,* in allusion to the familiar phrase of "a wolf in sheep's clothing." "Why should I make myself like the wolf, affecting a humility I have not?"

"— *arriving*
A place of potency," etc.

Arrive was anciently often used for *arrive at;* as in the Third Part of HENRY VI., (act v. scene 2:)—"Arriv'd our coast."

["*And Censorinus, darling of the people*"]—The line in brackets is not in the original, but was supplied by Pope. Something is clearly wanting to connect with "twice heing censor;" and Plutarch tells us who was "nohly named:"—"Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice."

But Warburtou and other critics remark, that the first censor was created in the year of Rome 314, whilst Coriolanus was banished about fifty years hefore, according to the received chronology of Livy and the Latin historians. The error of the Poet was a natural one, in following North's "Plutarch," where it is said, "Of the same house with Coriolanus were Publius and Quintus, who hrought to Rome the hest water. Censorinus also came of that familie, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." Shakespeare misunderstood the biographer, and supposed that he meaut to give the genealogy of his hero, when he intended merely to speak of the illustrious men who had at different times sprung from the Marcian family, some before Coriolanus, aud the last named loug after him. Yet it is a singular circumstance, which shows the little real value of such miuute criticism, that Neibuhr and the modern school of critical Roman historians, while they allow the story of Coriolanus to he substantially true, yet maintain that he must have lived much later than the date assigned to him by the popular histories. If they are correct in this theory, the Poet is accidentally much nearer to the chronological truth than many of the learned critics who have been so precise in marking the number of years he has gone astray.

ACT III.—Scene I.

"—*the* NOBLE *and the* COMMON"—These words are used not as substantives, but adjectively. All the old editions have "uoble" and "common;" hut Stevens, and those who follow his text, have changed this reading of the original to "the *nobles* and the *commons*."

"*Have you informed them* SITHENCE"—i. c. *Sincc.*

"*You are like to do such business*"—This interposition of Cominius is according to the old copy. The modern editors give the words to Coriolanus, as a continuatiou of his dialogue with Brutus. The words are not characteristic of Coriolanus; whilst the interruption of Cominius gives spirit and variety to the scene.—KNIGHT.

"*The* COCKLE *of rebellion*"—"Cockle" is a weed which grows up with and chokes the grain. The thought is from North's "Plutarch:"—"Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had heen sowed and scattered ahroad among the people," etc.

"—*against those* MEAZELS"—"Meazel" originally signified *leper*, and is here taken iu that sense, (from the old French *mesel*, a leper; or *meselle*, leprosy.) Modern use has transferred it, since the gradual extinction, in civilized nations, of the more terrible disease, to the milder distemper common in childhood. The ouly vestige of the ancient use is found in the term of "measled hogs, or pork," (i. e. scurvied or leproused meat.)

"'*Twas from the canon*"—i. e. Contrary to rule and right; an unauthorised use of language.

"—VAIL *your ignorance*"—i. e. *Bow down.*

"—THREAD *the gates*"—i. c. *Pass* them; as we yet say, "*thread* an alley."—JOHNSON.

"—JUMP *a body with a dangerous physic*"—i. e. *Risk.* Phil. Holland, the contemporary translator of Pliny, uses and explains this word in his translation; where he says, "ellebore putteth the patient to a *jump*, or great hazard."

> "*And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,*
> *In heaps and piles of ruin.*"

We give this speech, as in the original, to the calm and reverend Cominius. Coriolanus is standing apart, in proud and sullen rage; and yet the modern editors put these four lines in his mouth, as if it was any part of his character to argue with the people ahout the prudence of their conduct. The editors continue this change in the persons to whom the speeches are assigned, without the slightest regard, as it appears to us, to the exquisite characterization of the Poet. Amidst all this tumult the first words which Coriolanus utters, according to the original copy, are, "No, I'll die here." He again continues silent; hut the modern editors must have him talking; and so they put in his mouth the calculating sentence, "We have as many friends as enemies," and the equally characteristic talk of Menenius, "I would they were harharians." We have left all these passages precisely as they are in the original.—KNIGHT.

"*One time will* OWE *another*"—I think Menenius means to say, "Another time will offer when you may be quits with him." There is a conmon proverhial phrase, "One good turn deserves another."

"*This is clean* KAM"—i. e. *Crooked.* "Clean contrarie, *quite kamme, a contrepoil*," says Cotgrave; and the same old lexicographer explains, "*a revers*, cross, *cleane kamme.*"

Scene II.

"—*words that are but* ROTED"—The old copy reads *roated.* Mr. Boswell says, perhaps it should he *rooted.* We have no example of *roted* for *got by rote;* hut it is much iu Shakespeare's manner of forming expressions.

"*Which often—thus,—correcting thy stout heart*"—This passage has been a stumhling-hlock to the commentators. She is explaining her meaning hy her action:—Waving thy head, which often wave—thus—(and she then waves her head several times.) She adds, "correctiug thy stout heart," be "humble as the ripest mulberry." We owe this interpretation to a pamphlet printed at Edinhurgh, in 1814:—"Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakespeare."

Scene III.

"—*can show* FOR *Rome*"—The old copies, followed hy many later editors, have "*from* Rome;" which (says Collier) "is an instance of the licentious use of prepositions, instead of *for* Rome;" while Malone explains, that "the wounds were got *out* of Rome, or else were derived from Rome by his actiug in comformity with her orders." But, in fact, the misprint of *from* for *for* is one of the commonest errors of the press, in old books, aud such it is here. For there is no evidence of any such "licentious use of these prepositions" for one another, while the phrase "for Rome" occurs in the very sense here clearly intended, four times in this very play:—"The wounds that he doth hear for Rome," (act iv. scene 2;) "struck more blows for Rome," (ibid.;) "he hath served well for Rome;" "when Marcius stood for Rome."

ACT IV.—Scene I.

> "—*the beast*
> *With many heads butts me away.*"

I cannot say whether this phrase, so characteristic in the mouth of the proud patrician, was original with the Poet, and merely an accidental coincidence with a similar epithet of Horace, or was suggested hy the Roman satirist's sneer at the Roman populace:—

> Bellua est multorum capitum;—

which Pope has imitated thus:—

> Well, if a king's a monster, at the least,
> The people is a many-headed beast.

"*A noble* CUNNING"—i. e. When fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a noble *wisdom.* "Cunning" is often used in this sense by Shakespeare.

"*— that his* FEN"—The "fen" is the pestilential abode of the "lonely dragon," which he makes "feared and talked of more than seen."

"*My* FIRST *son*"—In the sense of a general superlative; "first" in all things.

"*— friends of noble* TOUCH"—i. e. Of true and noble *metal;* a metaphor drawn from the touchstone applied to the trial of metals—a frequent allusion in SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE II.

"*Are you* MANKIND"—Sicinius asks insultingly whether Volumnia is "mankind"—a woman with the roughness of a man. Shakespeare, in a WINTER'S TALE, uses the term "*mankind* witch."

SCENE III.

"*— your favour is* WELL-APPEARED"—i. e. Rendered *apparent*, which does not seem to need comment or emendation; but Stevens would read *approved*, and Singer proposes the old word *appayed*, (i. e. *satisfied.*)

"*— in the entertainment*"—i. e. Under engagement for pay.

SCENE V.

["*Beats him away.*"]—Shakespeare has, in this rough brawl with the servants, deviated from Plutarch, and lessened the grand, simple effect of the original story, which Thomson, in his "Coriolanus," had the good taste to preserve, by making his hero silently and quietly place himself muffled up upon

> —— the sacred hearth,
> Beneath the dread protection of its Lares,
> And sit majestic there.

In the rest of the scene, Shakespeare works up the story of the old Greek biographer with equal spirit and fidelity.

"*A heart of* WREAK"—i. e. *Revenge;* an old word in constant use, in this sense, until Charles II.; since which it is obsolete.

"*— all the* UNDER *fiends*"—i. e. Fiends *below.*

> "*— Here I* CLIP
> *The anvil of my sword,*" etc.

To "clip" is to *embrace.* He calls Coriolanus the "anvil of his sword," because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him as a smith strikes on his anvil.

"*— beat me* OUT"—i. e. *Complete.*

"*— and* SOWLE *the porter*"—A provincial word for *pull*, or *drag out.* "Sowle by the ears" occurs often in old writers.

"*— and leave his passage* POLLED"—i. e. *Cleared.* To *poll* meant to *crop close.*

SCENE VI.

"*— no more* ATONE"—i. e. *Be reconciled*, (at one.) "Atone" and *atonement* are thus often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and Coleridge has sometimes renewed this sense in our days.

"*— the voice of* OCCUPATION"—i. e. Of the *workingmen;* a phrase of contempt in the mouth of a military aristocrat.

SCENE VII.

"*All places yield to him ere he sits down,*" etc.

Coleridge remarks, that he always thought "this in itself so beautiful speech, the least explicable, from the mood and full intention of the speaker, of any in the whole works of Shakespeare." I cannot perceive the difficulty—the speech corresponds with the mixed character of the speaker, too generous not to see and acknowledge his rival's merit, yet not sufficiently magnanimous to be free from the malignant desire of revenging himself upon his rival for that very superiority.

> "*As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it*
> *By sovereignty of nature.*"

This image, frequent in old English poetry, will be best understood from the following extract from Drayton's "Polyolbion," (Song XXV.:)—

> The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
> Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,
> But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
> Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
> They at his pleasure lie to stuff his gluttonous maw.

The commentators quote a similar passage from a play of Peele's.

"*From the* CASQUE *to the* CUSHION"—Aufidius assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus—pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the "casque" to the "cushion," or *chair of civil authority;* but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.—JOHNSON.

> "*— But he has a merit*
> *To choke it in the utterance.*"

This Johnson explains as meaning, "He has a merit for no other purpose but to destroy it by boasting it." I cannot so understand the words, which seem on the contrary to say—Some one of his faults made him feared, but such is his merit that it ought to choke and stifle the proclaiming his fault, whatever it was.

> "*And power, unto itself most commendable,*
> *Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair*
> *To extol what it hath done.*"

This is the reading of all the older printed copies, which is retained in the present edition; not because it is satisfactorily explained, or likely to be the true text, but because I do not see any probable emendation or solution of the passage. It seems to me one continuous and inexplicable misprint. Singer would read, "as a *hair*," and explains the lines thus:—"So our virtues be at the mercy of the time's interpretation, and power, which esteems itself while living so highly, hath not, when defunct, the least particle of praise allotted to it." This is not easily extracted even from the lines when amended as the critic proposes.

"*Rights by rights* FOULER"—So the original. Malone substitutes *founder;* and the emendation has provoked pages of controversy. We may understand the meaning of the original expression if we substitute the opposite epithet, *fairer.* As it is, the lesser rights drive out the greater—the fairer rights fail through the "fouler."

ACT V.—SCENE I.

> "*— and* KNEE
> *The way into his mercy.*"

So the original. The second folio, which has been followed in all the editions until Knight's, has the less expressive verb *kneel.* Shakespeare uses "knee" as a verb in LEAR:—

> To *knee* his throne.

> "*He would not seem to know me.*"

"So they all agreed together to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war. The ambassadors that were sent were Martius's familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less; for, at their coming, they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and an unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volces about him: so he commanded

them to declare openly the cause of their coming, which they delivered in the most humble and lowly words they possibly could devise, and with all modest countenance and behaviour agreeable to the same. When they had done their message, for the injury they had done him he answered them very hotly and in great choler; but as general of the Volces, he willed them to restore unto the Volces all their lands aud cities they had taken from them in former wars; and, moreover, that they should give them the like honour and freedom of Rome as they had before given to the Latins. For otherwise they had no other meau to end this wars if they did not graut these honest and just conditions of peace."—NORTH's *Plutarch.*

"*A pair of tribunes, that have* WRECK'D *for Rome,*
To make coals cheap, a noble memory!"

That is, a pair of magistrates who have wrecked, or *destroyed*, the noble reputation of Coriolanus, (now become "nothing, titleless,") which ouce belonged to Rome; and all this only to make eoals cheap in the burning city. The old copies have "*wrack'd* for Rome," which is the commou spelling of Ben Jonson and his contemporaries, for "wreck'd." But the more commou reading of modern editions is thus:—

A pair of tribunes, that have *rack'd* for Rome,
To make coals cheap. A noble memory!

The annotators explain *rack'd*, "who have harassed by exaction;" from which I can extract uo satisfactory meaning, iu this connexion.

"— *so never-*NEEDED *help*"—This is the original text, which has the clear meaning of "help never so much wanted." There is, therefore, no propriety in the commou editorial alteration of "never-*heeded* help."

"*Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions,*" etc.

Coriolanus sends his *ultimatum* (to use the language of diplomacy) in writing, stating both what he would and what he would not consent to, and binding all with an oath that these are the conditions to which Rome must yield. The last line is elliptically expressed, yet the sense is sufficiently explicit. But the editors have not been satisfied, and propose various emendations, of which "to yield to *no* conditions" is far the most probable.

"UNLESS *his noble mother*"—"Unless" is here used in the sense of *except:* we have no hope except his noble mother, etc. It is according to the primitive sense of the word "unless," (i. e. Anglo-Saxon *onless;* "seud away, dismiss.")

SCENE II.

"— *it is* LOTS *to* BLANKS"—"Lots" are the whole lumber of tickets in a lottery; *blanks*, a proportion of the whole number.

"— *upon a* SUBTLE *ground*"—"Subtle" here means *smooth, level.* "Tityus's breast is eounted the *subtlest* bowling-ground in all Tartary."—BEN JONSON's *Chlorida.*

"— *almost stamp'd the* LEASING"—"Leasing" is the old word for *lying.* Menenius, by "almost stamp'd the leasing," means, have almost given the stamp of eurrency and truth to the falsehood.

"— *how we are* SHENT"—i. e. *Rebuked.*

SCENE III.

"*My wife comes foremost,*" etc.

"She took her daughter-in-law, and Martius's children, with her, and, being accompanied with all the other Roman ladies, they went in troop together unto the Volces' eamp; whom, when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her. Now was Martius set then in his chair of state, with all the honours of a general, and when he had spied the women coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant; but afterwards, knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate aud inflexible rancour. But, overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother, and embraced her a pretty while, then his wife and little children; and nature so wrought with him that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift running stream. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother Volumnia would begin to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the council of the Volces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort:—'If we held our peace (my son), and determined not to speak, the state of our poor bodies, and present sight of our raiment, would easily betray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spiteful Fortune hath made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country; so as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversity and misery, to pray unto the gods, and to call to them for aid, is the only thing which plungeth us into most deep perplexity. For we cannot (alas!) together pray both for victory to our country, and for the safety of thy life also; but a world of grievous eurses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forego one of the two—either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my lifetime do make an end of this war. For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties, than to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, thou shalt uo sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them and of his natural country. For if it were so that my request tended to save thy country in destroying the Volces, I must confess thou wouldst hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroy thy natural country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawful; so were it not just, and less honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth to make a gaol-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volces. For it shall appear that, having victory in their hands, they have of special favour granted us singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselves have no less part of both than we; of which good, if so it come to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the ouly honour. But if it fail, and fall out contrary, thyself alone deservedly shalt carry the shameful reproach and burden of either party; so, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this notwithstanding is most certain,—that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee.' Martius gave good ear unto his mother's words, without interrupting her speech at all, and, after she had said what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Here-

upon she began again to speak unto him, and said—'My son, why dost thou not answer me? dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother's request in so weighty a cause? dost thou take it honourable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not, in like case, think it an honest noble man's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself, who so universally showest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy, and therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that, without compulsion, I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?' And with these words, herself, his wife and children, fell down upon their knees before him. Martius, seeing that, could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, 'Oh, mother, what have you done to me?' And, holding her hard by the right hand, 'Oh, mother,' said he, 'you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son; for I see myself vanquished by you alone.' These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome, for so they did request him; and so, remaining in camp that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched homeward into the Volces' country again."—North's *Plutarch*.

"*I purpose not to wait on fortune*"—Instead of the truly Roman coolness with which the resolved matron communicates her intention, Thomson, in his tragedy, has substituted the very common-place and melodramatic incident of making his heroine "draw a dagger from under her robe," and attempt to stab herself before her son and the Romans and Volcians; and the dialogue runs thus:—

Vol. So thy first return—
Cor. Ha! *(seizing her hand.)*
What dost thou mean?
Vol. To die while Rome is free, etc.

All this is interpolated into Shakespeare's tragedy, in the acted drama of Coriolanus.

Scene V.

"*He* wag'd *me with his countenance*"—The verb *to wage* was formerly in general use for *to stipend, to reward*. The meaning is, "The countenance he gave me was a kind of *wages*."

For his defence great store of men I *wag'd*.
Mirror for Magistrates.

"*— Boy! O slave*"—It is but justice to Thomson to observe, that he has here a thought worthy of Shakespeare, and embodied in language not unworthy to be mixed with his. Instead of the hero's being exhibited as provoked to violent language, by an insult personal to himself, he is made to fire up by Tullus's invective against his countrymen:—

—— the Roman nobles,
The seed of outlaws and of robbers.

Cor. The seed of gods!—'Tis not for thee, vain boaster—
'Tis not for such as those, so often spar'd
By her victorious sword, to talk of Rome
But with respect and awful veneration.
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volcian annals
Can boast through all your creeping, dark duration.

This passage was retained by John Kemble, in his revision of the stage edition; and as *he* declaimed the lines, none but the most exclusive Shakespearian could wish them away.

The tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety;—and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.—Johnson.

Shakespeare has, in this play, shown himself well versed in history and state affairs. Coriolanus is a storehouse of political common-places. Any one who studies it may save himself the trouble of reading Burke's "Reflections on Paine's *Rights of Man*," or the Debates in Parliament since the French Revolution, or our own. The arguments for and against aristocracy and democracy, on the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, power and the abuse of it, peace and war, are here very ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher.—Hazlitt.

Mr. Hallam remarks that in the other Roman dramas Shakespeare "has followed Plutarch too closely," and then adds:—"This fault is by no means discerned in the third Roman tragedy of Shakespeare, Coriolanus. He luckily found an intrinsic historical unity which he could not have destroyed, and which his magnificent delineation of the chief personage has thoroughly maintained. Coriolanus himself has the grandeur of sculpture; his proportions are colossal, nor would less than this transcendent superiority by which he towers over his fellow-citizens, warrant, or seem for the moment to warrant, his haughtiness and their pusillanimity. The surprising judgment of Shakespeare is visible in this. A dramatist of the second class, a Corneille, a Schiller, or an Alfieri, would not have lost the occasion of representing the plebeian form of courage and patriotism. A tribune would have been made to utter noble speeches, and some critics would have extolled the balance and contrast of the antagonist principles. And this might have degenerated into the general saws of ethics and politics which philosophical tragedians love to pour forth. But Shakespeare instinctively perceived that to render the arrogance of Coriolanus endurable to the spectator, or dramatically probable, he must abase the plebeians to a contemptible populace. The sacrifice of historic truth is often necessary for the truth of poetry. The citizens of early Rome, '*rusticorum mascula militum proles*,' are indeed calumniated in his scenes, and might almost pass for burgesses of Stratford; but the unity of emotion is not dissipated by contradictory energies. Coriolanus is less rich in poetical style than the other two, but the comic parts are full of humour. In the three Roman tragedies it is manifest that Roman character, and still more Roman manners, are not exhibited with the precision of a scholar; yet there is something that distinguishes them from the rest, something of a *grandiosity* in the sentiments and language, which shows us that Shakespeare had not read that history without entering into its spirit."

In Volumnia, Shakespeare has given us the portrait of a Roman matron, conceived in the true antique spirit, and finished in every part. Although Coriolanus is the hero of the play, yet much of the interest of the action and the final catastrophe turn upon the character of his mother Volumnia, and the power she exercised over his mind, by which, according to the story, "she saved Rome and lost her son." Her lofty patriotism, her patrician haughtiness; her maternal pride, her eloquence, and her towering spirit, are exhibited with the utmost power of effect, yet the truth of female nature is beautifully preserved, and the portrait, with all its vigour, is without harshness.

* * * * * * *

The resemblance of temper in the mother and the

son, modified as it is by the difference of sex, and by her greater age and experience, is exhibited with admirable truth. Volumnia, with all her pride and spirit, has some prudence and self-command; in her language and deportment all is matured and matronly. The dignified tone of authority she assumes towards her son, when checking his headlong impetuosity,—her respect and admiration for his noble qualities, and her strong sympathy even with the feelings she combats, are all displayed in the scene in which she prevails on him to soothe the incensed plebeians.

* * * * * * *

When the spirit of the mother and the son are brought into immediate collision, he yields before her: the warrior who stemmed alone the whole city of Corioli, who was ready to face "the steep Tarpeian death, or at wild horses' heels,—vagabond exile,—flaying," rather than abate one jot of his proud will—shrinks at her rebuke. The haughty, fiery, overbearing temperament of Coriolanus, is drawn in such forcible and striking colours, that nothing can more impress us with the real grandeur and power of Volumnia's character, than his boundless submission to her will—his more than filial tenderness and respect.

When his mother appears before him as a suppliant, he exclaims:—

> —— My mother bows;
> As if Olympus to a molehill should
> In supplication nod.

Here the expression of reverence, and the magnificent image in which it is clothed, are equally characteristic both of the mother and the son.

Her aristocratic haughtiness is a strong trait in Volumnia's manner and character, and her supreme contempt for the plebeians, whether they are to be defied or cajoled, is very like what I have heard expressed by some high-born and high-bred women of our own day.

* * * * * * *

But the triumph of Volumnia's character, the full display of all her grandeur of soul, her patriotism, her strong affections, and her sublime eloquence, are reserved for her last scene, in which she pleads for the safety of Rome, and wins from her angry son that peace which all the swords of Italy and her confederate arms could not have purchased. The strict and even literal adherence to the truth of history is an additional beauty.

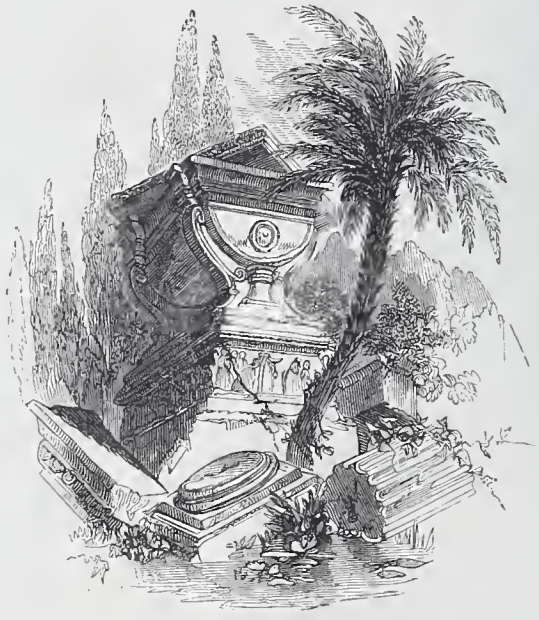
Her famous speech, beginning, "Should we be silent and not speak," is nearly word for word from Plutarch, with some additional graces of expression, and the charms of metre superadded.

* * * * * * *

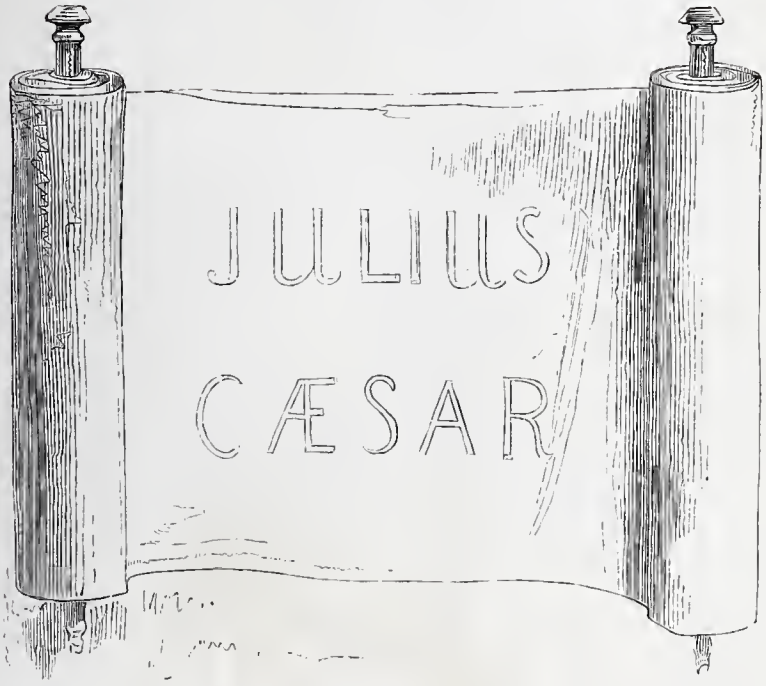
It is an instance of Shakespeare's fine judgment, that after this magnificent and touching piece of eloquence, which saved Rome, Volumnia should speak no more, for she could say nothing that would not deteriorate from the effect thus left on the imagination. She is at last dismissed from our admiring gaze amid the thunder of grateful exclamations.

> Behold our patroness,—the life of Rome.

MRS. JAMESON

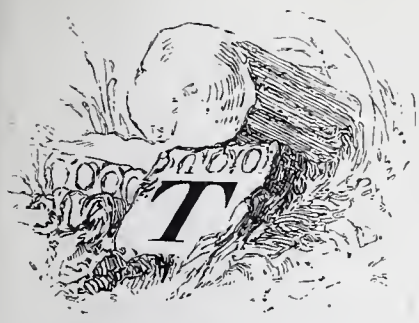


Roman Tomb and Fragments.


JULIUS
CÆSAR

JULIUS CÆSAR.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS



STATE OF THE TEXT—PROBABLE PERIOD WHEN WRITTEN—COLLIER'S ARGUMENT AS TO ITS DATE—ITS POLITICAL LEANING, ETC.

THE tragedy of JULIUS CÆSAR, like all of Shakespeare's later dramas, is found only in one original printed form, that in the folio of 1623, where, with its two Plutarchian companions, it appeared as one of the copies "not formerly entered to other men," according to the entry in the Stationers' Register, answering to our modern copyright entry. In many others of the plays, the chasms or misprints of the folio are often such as to make us grateful for the assistance afforded by the collation of an earlier, though perhaps on the whole inferior edition; but fortunately in JULIUS CÆSAR there is no cause to regret the want of another early edtion. It is printed in the first folio more accurately and carefully than almost any other play in the volume, and evidently from a correct and very legible manuscript; so that, with the exception of a few verbal or literal errors of the press, which suggest their own correction, there is little room for editorial ingenuity or controversy. The ample use which the author has made of North's "Plutarch," as the raw material for his dialogue and speeches, also enables us to use that old version as a commentary on the Poet's sense, and thus to clear up some of the doubts that have been suggested by critics.

Still some very needless alterations were made by the editors of the last century, and adopted in most of the popular editions of the Poet. These have been all abandoned by the two last English editors, whose careful comparison with the old text has also led to the correction of other errors of mere carelessness, which have crept into the generality of modern editions. Mr. Knight is entitled to the merit of having first removed these corruptions of the text, which he thus justly claims:—"Without assuming any merit beyond that of having done our duty, we believe that the text of Shakespeare had not been compared with the originals, carefully and systematically, for half a century, until the publication of our edition. If it had been, how could this line be invariably left out in the third scene of the third act:—

I am not Cinna the conspirator;

or why should we without exception find—

O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,

instead of 'thou bleeding piece of earth?'"

He might have added to these, the editorial transference to the mouth of Cassius of the last quite characteristic speech of Casca, (or *Caska*, as printed in the folio,) in act iii. scene 1.

In all these respects, as in some smaller matters, the present edition will be found to vary from the ordinary text of Stevens and Malone, and to agree with the older copies.

In the Introductory Remarks prepared to this edition of CORIOLANUS, I have stated the main reason for believing that JULIUS CÆSAR and ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, with that play, all belong to the same period of Shakespeare's dramatic invention, and were written within the eight or nine years between his forty-fifth year and his death, and after the production of LEAR and MACBETH. This is now the prevailing opinion of the best critics, founded mainly, in their minds, as it is in my own, upon what T. Campbell designates as "the more matured tone of philosophy" predominant in these classic tragedies, as compared with the author's earlier and romantic dramas which he attributes, and as I think justly, "not to the influence of classical or unclassical subjects, but to the ripened growth of the Poet's mind"—a maturity showing itself, as might be expected, in advancing age, not in richer fancy or deeper passion, but in the predominance of the reflective intellect over both. This strong internal evidence corresponds precisely with all the external proof that can be collected on the subject; as, first, with the fact that these plays were never entered and claimed by any printer for publication, until they were about to appear in the folio collection, seven years after the author's death. This was the case with all of his dramas written when his reputation had been so widely and firmly fixed, after HAMLET and LEAR, that his productions were deemed too valuable for the theatrical companies, which held the copies, to be made accessible through the press. Secondly, there is an absence of all evidence of any earlier date, such as we find in respect to many other dramas. Thirdly, the great improbability of their having been produced during the period of his life known to have been most crowded with other affairs, and at the same time fertile beyond example in works sufficient to have filled the whole lives of other men of genius, coupled with the equal improbability of an author, in the fullness of his fame and talent, having written, during the latter years of his life, only enough to show that his powers had suffered no decay—that the author of the TEMPEST, for some years preceding or some following its production, with every motive of reputation and profit to stimulate him to composition, had written but little else.

These strong reasons are corroborated by various slighter points of evidence, not of much force in themselves, yet together adding to the cumulative weight of probability. Nevertheless, all these, as well as all the weight of critical authority, are unceremoniously rejected, without comment, by Mr. Collier, for the summary decision, that while "Malone and others have arrived at the conclusion that JULIUS CÆSAR could not have been written before

1607, we think there is good ground for believing that it was acted before 1603." The ground of this opinion is thus stated by him:—

"We found this opinion upon some circumstances connected with the publication of Drayton's 'Barons' Wars,' and the resemblance between a stanza there found, and a passage in JULIUS CÆSAR. In act v. scene 5, Antony gives the following character of Brutus:—

His life was gentle; and *the elements*
So mix'd in him, that *Nature* might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*

"In Drayton's 'Barons' Wars,' (book iii., edit. 8vo., 1603,) we meet with the subsequent stanza. The author is speaking of Mortimer:—

Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
In whom in peace *th' elements all lay*
So mix'd, as none could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, yet all did obey:
His lively temper was so absolute,
That 't seem'd, when heaven his model first began,
In him it show'd *perfection in a man.*

"Italic type is hardly necessary to establish that one poet must have availed himself, not only of the thought, but of the very words of the other. The question is, was Shakespeare indebted to Drayton, or Drayton to Shakespeare? We shall not enter into general probabilities, founded upon the original and exhaustless stores of the mind of our great dramatist, but advert to a few dates, which, we think, warrant the conclusion that Drayton, having heard JULIUS CÆSAR at the theatre, or seen it in manuscript before 1603, applied to his own purpose, perhaps unconsciously, what, in fact, belonged to another poet.

"Drayton's 'Barons' Wars' first appeared in 1596, quarto, under the title of 'Mortimeriados.' Malone had a copy without date, and he and Stevens imagined that the poem had originally been printed in 1598. In the quarto of 1596, and in the undated edition, it is not divided into books, and is in seven-line stanzas; and what is there said of Mortimer bears no likeness whatever to Shakespeare's expressions in JULIUS CÆSAR. Drayton afterwards changed the title from 'Mortimeriados' to the 'Barons' Wars,' and remodelled the whole historical poem, altering the stanza from the English ballad form to the Italian *ottava rima*. This course he took before 1603, when it came out in octavo, with the stanza first quoted, which contains so marked a similarity to the lines from JULIUS CÆSAR. We apprehend that he did so because he had heard or seen Shakespeare's tragedy before 1603; and we think that strong presumptive proof that he was the borrower, and not Shakespeare, is derived from the fact, that in the subsequent impressions of the 'Barons' Wars,' in 1605, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained precisely as in the edition of 1603; but that in 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before JULIUS CÆSAR was printed, Drayton made even a nearer approach to the words of his original, thus:—

He was a man, then boldly dare to say.
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay*,
That none to one could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, so did all obey:
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
She meant to show *all that might be in man.*"

Now, on the face of this statement, even allowing that the resemblance pointed out to be one not admitting of the easy explanation of an origin common to both, or of an accidental coincidence, it no more proves Drayton to be the copyist than Shakespeare. The improved edition of the "Barons' Wars" had been printed in 1603, and if it had then been read by the great dramatist, he might have afterwards unconsciously used this or any other thought, and so improved the expression of it that Drayton, in his subsequent version of this poem, was induced to improve his original thought in somewhat the same words. This is as probable a solution as Mr. Collier's, and more so, as it agrees better with the other evidence—if indeed there be any need of a conjectural hypothesis on the subject, which I do not think that there is.

But the truth is that, however uncommon the idea and expression may now appear to the modern reader, both were, in the age of Shakespeare and Drayton, familiar to all readers of poetry, and part of the common property of all writers, poetical, philosophical, or theological. It was the popular theory of the philosophy of the age, that both the whole material world, and the *microcosm*, the little world of man's mind and frame, were compounded alike of the four original elements, earth, water, air, and fire; and that on the due proportion and combination of these depended all order and excellence; as peculiarity or defect arose from the undue predominance of any one of them. Shakespeare himself abounds in such allusions. Thus, in HENRY V., the Dauphin praises his horse as being "pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." Cleopatra says, "I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life." Even Sir Toby Belch asks, "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" Shakespeare's forty-fourth and forty-fifth Sonnets turn entirely upon this notion. Nares (Glossary) cites or refers to passages containing the same allusion, from Browne, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher—the last of whom call a madman "the four elements ill-brewed." In Higgins's King Forrex, in the "Mirror for Magistrates," a book which both Shakespeare and Drayton had read, the doctrine is set forth quite formally.

Thus it is quite evident that there cannot well be a slighter foundation for any chronological argument, than that drawn from such a supposed imitation of one writer from another, when the opinions, images, and expressions are part of the common-place property of the writers of the age, and familiar alike to the pulpit, the schools and books of learning, the sonnet, and the stage.

Thus the composition of this drama, like that of CORIOLANUS, may, with all reasonable probability, be assigned to some of the seven or eight years subsequent to 1607—that period of the author's life, and of the history of Eng-

lish liberty, when the principles of popular rights were first distinctly and continuously brought into collision with the doctrine of divine regal power and prerogative. Not indeed that the English people had not long before, even under the Plantagenets, often been driven by wrong to assert their natural or chartered rights, and thus to preserve a larger share of personal liberty than was to be found elsewhere. But it was in the early years of James I. that these great questions of political right, between the sovereign and the people, were first formally carried into the elections, and made the subject of elaborate discussion, as well as of popular appeal, through the press, and the action of the House of Commons. When the public mind had been roused to such inquiries, it was natural that the dramatic poet—as the experience of every age of revolution and strong political excitement has shown—should partake, in some way, of the spirit animating and pervading all about and around him. A number of the greater poets, of that and the next age, were, like Massinger, the admirers of power and prerogative. Milton, on the other hand, imbibed from antiquity the spirit of ancient republicanism. Shakespeare appears to have looked at and studied the phenomena of political strife, with the eye at once of an artist, as to their external appearance, and of a philosopher, as to their principles and moral causes; but with little of the spirit of a partisan. In CORIOLANUS he has painted the earliest recorded struggle of the Roman plebeians against a hard and jealous aristocracy unequalled in the annals of the world for talent, wisdom, and valour. All their brilliant and noble qualities, as well as all that justly rendered them odious to the people, he has embodied in the single magnificent personification of his hero. He has painted the Roman people as at once injured and insulted, yet grateful for public services, and ready to heap their gratitude upon the hero who had served them, until repulsed by scorn and injury.

His hero is depicted as gigantic in all his proportions, alike for good and for evil; and to him he has rendered strict poetic justice; for his exile, his stern sorrow and his death, are all the immediate results of an unfeeling arrogance, not to be atoned for even by his noble spirit and his ardent devotion to his country's honour. If then, as between this magnificent representation of the most imposing form of military aristocracy, and the suffering and insulted multitude, the interest is absorbed by the single central and brilliant personage, the fault is not in the Poet's faithful delineation, but in human nature itself, which so readily "bows its vassal head" before courage, mind, and energy, and overlooks the injuries of the lowly and ignorant many, when they are inflicted by the hand of valour or genius. But if this dramatic effect be any evidence that the author himself had (as Hazlitt says) "a bias to the arbitrary side of the question," what inference in this respect are we to draw from JULIUS CÆSAR? What are we to think of a dramatic author who, in a time when the public mind was excited by such questions as that agitated by Dr. Cowell, in 1607, affirming or denying the despotic rights of the crown, (see Hallam's *Cont. Hist.*, chap. vi.,) could hold to a popular audience such language and argument as he puts in the mouth of Brutus, when he reasons on Cæsar's probable abuse of greatness, when he is *crowned?* Or what are we to think of his exciting such an audience by the cry of "Peace, Freedom, Liberty!" in what he justly styles "the lofty scene" of Cæsar's death? Again, it is equally incompatible with the theory of any such private political bias in the author, that in an age when, in the eyes of the advocates of royal power, Brutus was but an ingrate and an assassin, the Poet should have represented him as the most perfect model of the mild, contemplative, and philosophical, yet heroic republican;—that he should have gleaned, with minute diligence, from Plutarch, and put into bolder relief in his drama, every minute incident, or trait of kindness, wisdom, or heroism, which could add to the beauty or dignity of the character of that "noblest Roman of them all." Nor is it less worthy of notice in this respect, that while he concentrated the interest of the drama upon the champion of freedom, he has effected it in part by throwing "the mightiest Julius" into the shade. Cæsar, above all the great men of history, had most of that union of the graces and accomplishments of the scholar and the gentleman, with the talents of active life which Shakespeare loved to describe—that union of "the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword," so eloquently praised in HAMLET, so minutely described in HENRY V., (act i. scene 1.) Yet all this is designedly generalized, not as Boswell and others absurdly say, "from ignorance of classical learning,"—for the Poet had all the learning on this point he wanted before him, in his English "Plutarch;" and he knew well enough that Cæsar was "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times"—but obviously not to lessen or divide the interest, which is left to rest solely upon the exhibition of the highest and purest republican virtue, great alike in its domestic loveliness, in the moderation of its triumph, and the dignity of its fall.

The plain and inevitable inference from all this must be, that the Poet did not wish to exhibit himself, in his political dramas, as the direct expounder or champion of any form of opinion; but he shows himself in these, as in his tragedies of private and domestic passion, as "a noble and liberal casuist;" painting human nature just as it appears,—whether in the conflict of parties, or the passions and sufferings of individuals,—with all its weakness and all its capabilities of greatness.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
} Triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, Senators

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA,
} Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.
ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, a Poet.
Another Poet.
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, Servants to Brutus.
PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.
PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene.—During a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

ACT I

Scene 1.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Flavius, Marullus, *and a rabble of Citizens.*

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

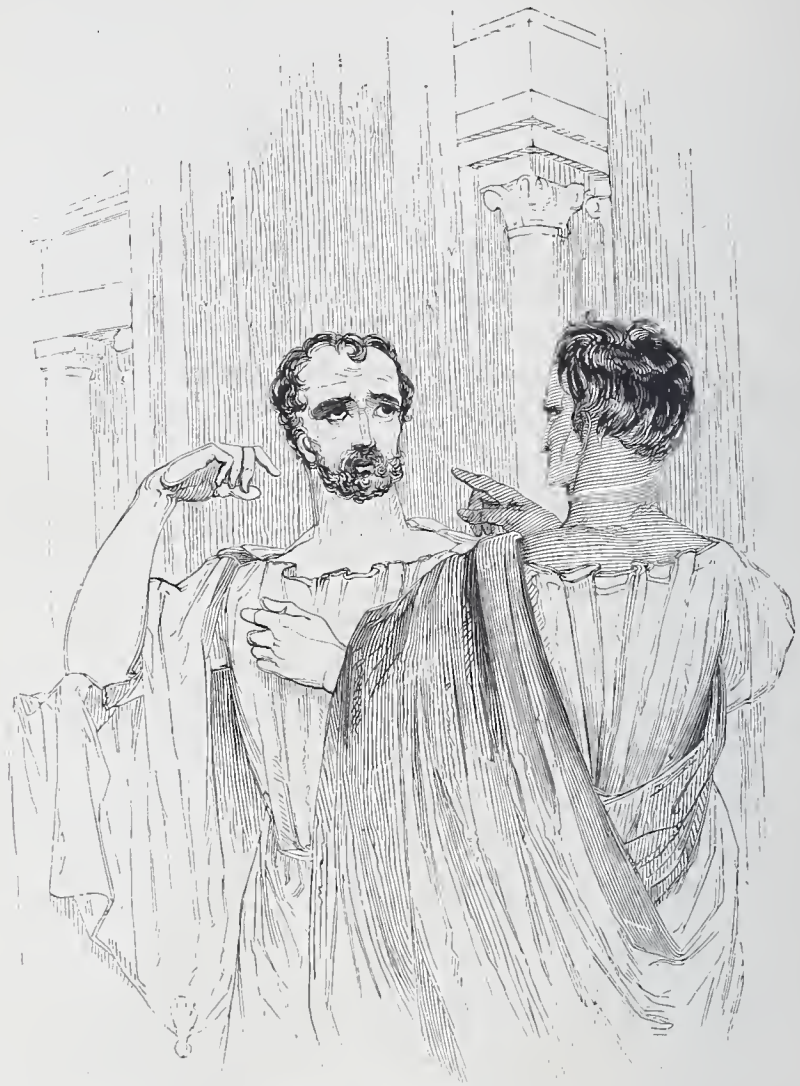
Roman Plebeians.

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
[*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.
[*Senet. Exeunt all but* BRU. *and* CAS.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*



Bru. Another general shout!

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further mov'd: What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.* CASCA *stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad?

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither. 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell both. [*Exit* CASCA.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.
Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRUTUS.
Well. Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought,
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard: But he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

CIO. Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Street.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left haud, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons,—They are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things, after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross-blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these wordly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O, Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party——
Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you, lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cin. All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. BRUTUS's *Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
[*Knock within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

BRU Know I these men that come along with you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius! do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him;
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS, *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Room in* CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his nightgown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murther Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up: Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *Another part of the same Street, before the House of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA, *and* LUCIUS.

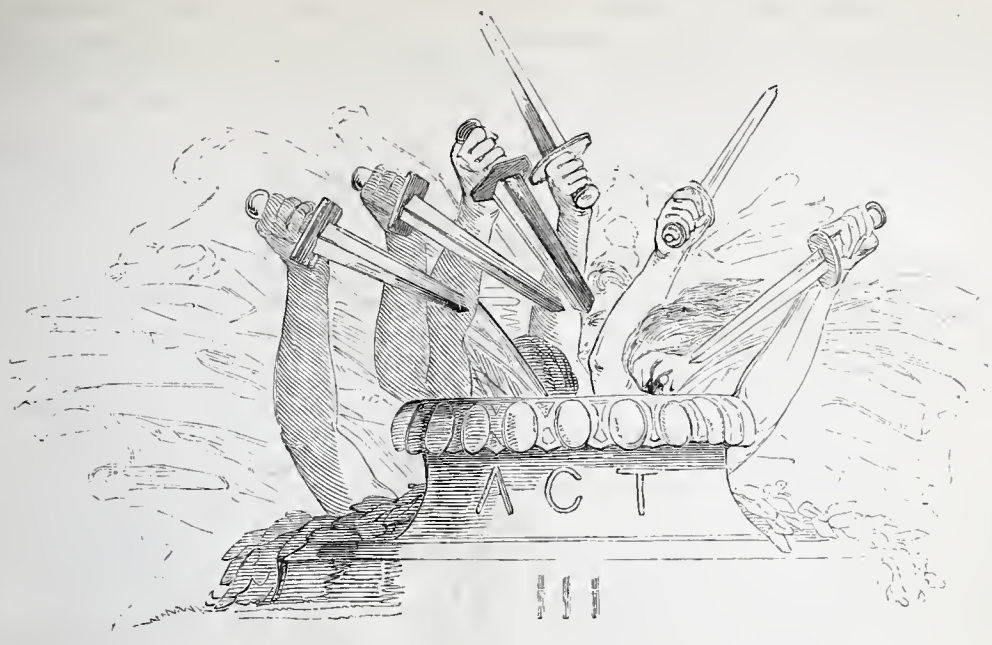
Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

POR. Hark, boy! what noise is that? "

Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—The Same. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of People in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to* CÆSAR.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world: 'Tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he
Let me a little show,—even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest:
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I lov'd Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,

Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!
Cas. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius;
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then in a friend it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: Do not consent
[*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.
Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.
[*Exeunt, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS, *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of Citizens.*

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Street leading to the Capitol.

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

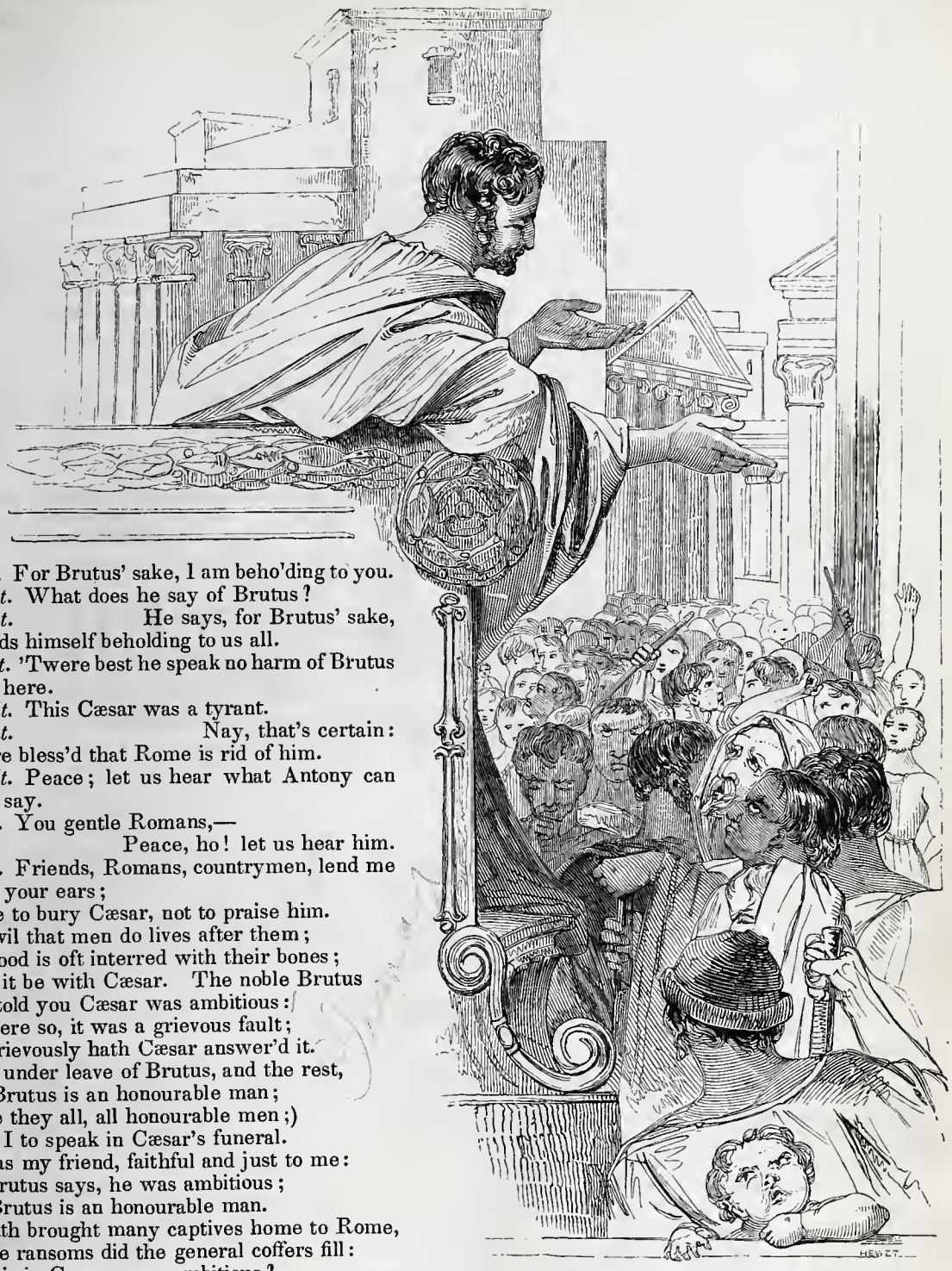
2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.



Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beho'ding to you.
4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.
Cit. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.
4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!
Cit. The will! the testament!
2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
Cit. Come down.
2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the Pulpit.*
3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.
4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.
1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3 *Cit.* O woful day!
4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!
1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!
2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.
2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Cit. We'll mutiny!
1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!
3 *Cit.* Away then; come, seek the conspirators!
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Cit. Most true; the will:—let's stay, and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Street.*

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly; wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

3 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go!

[*Exeunt.*

Roman Consul.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* ANTONY'S *House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die: Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* BRUTUS' *Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and Soldiers:* TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

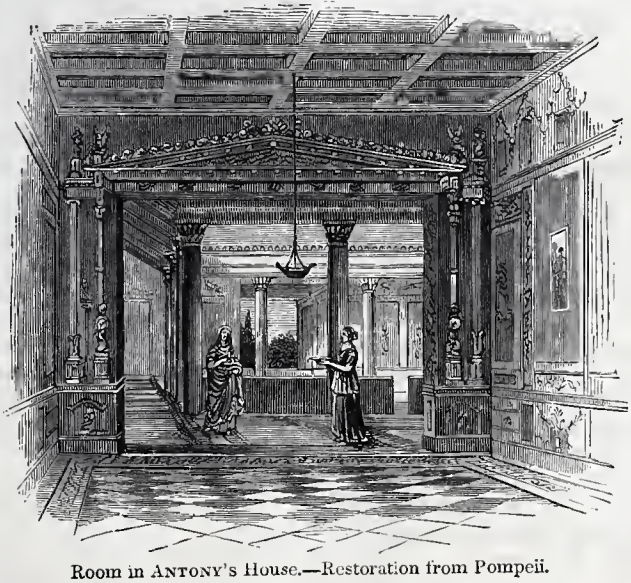
[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS, *and Soldiers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*



Room in ANTONY'S House.—Restoration from Pompeii.

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of* BRUTUS. LUCIUS *and* TITINIUS *at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS, *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O, Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*Noise within.*
Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals: What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone!
[*Exit Poet.*

Enter Lucilius, *and* Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came:—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd:
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown.—[*Exit* LUCIUS.]—Farewell, good Messala;—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Everything is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, *and* MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men:
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO, *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[*Servants lie down.*
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee: and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well: Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[*Ghost vanishes.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord.

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Roman Soldiers.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage,
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail Cæsar!"
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.
Luc. My lord.
[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converse apart.*
Cas. Messala,—
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS, *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;—and hark! they shout for joy.
[*Shout.*
Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Dies.*

PIN. He's ta'en;—and hark! they shout for joy.

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[*Charges the enemy.*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*
Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.
1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How everything is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

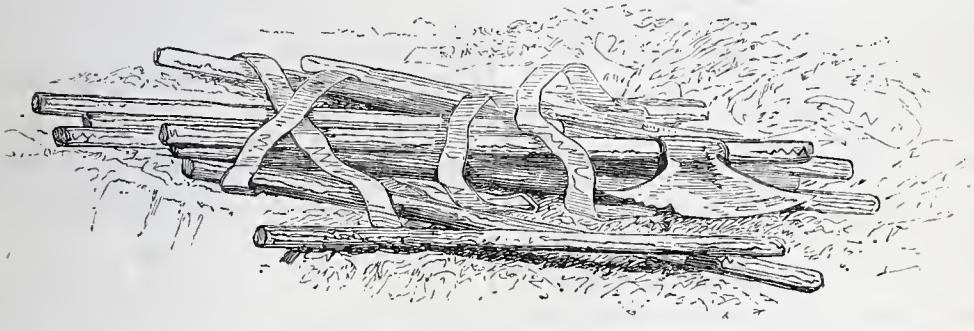
Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torchlight; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.— [*Whispers him.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O, Dardanius!
Dar. O, Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within;* Fly, fly, fly!
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!
Bru. Hence; I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*



Roman Standard-Bearers.

NOTES ON JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"*What trade, thou knave*"—This edition follows Knight and Collier, in retaining the original assignment of the speeches, altered by Malone and others, who assnme that only one should take the lead; whereas it is clear that the dialogue is more natural and more dramatic, according to the original arrangement, where Flavius and Marullus alternately rate the people, like two smiths smiting on the same anvil.

"— *but* with all"—The original has *withal*. Several editors write *with awl*, which is of course the word intended to be played upon; but the jest is not made more clear by substituting either word for the other. Malone well observes, that "when Shakespeare uses words equivocally, there is some difficulty as to the mode of exhibiting them in print; he wrote for the stage, and was contented if his quibble satisfied the ear."

"*Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?*"

T. Campbell's remarks on this scene show how truly he entered into the feeling and spirit of the great Poet, on whom he comments. "It is evident from the opening scene of Julius Cæsar, that Shakespeare, even in dealing with classical subjects, laughed at the classic fear of putting the ludicrous and sublime into juxtaposition. After the low and farcical jests of the saucy cobblers, the eloqnence of the Roman tribune, Marullus, 'springs upward like a pyramid of fire.' It can be no great exaggeration to say, that the lines in the speech of Marullus are among the most magnificent in the English language. They roll over my mind's ear like the lordliest notes of a cathedral organ; and yet they succeed immediately to the ludicrous idea of a cobbler leading a parcel of fools about the streets, in order to make them wear out their shoes, and get himself into more work."

"— *Tiber trembled underneath* her *banks*"—Stevens remarks that the Tiber, being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says that—

—— the river of bliss
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams.

But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males.

"— *hung with Cæsar's trophies*"—We gather from a passage in the next scene what these "trophies" were. Casca there informs Cassius that Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.

Scene II.

"— Decius"—Dr. Farmer shows that this person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus* Brutus. The Poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while Marcus kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted. Lord Sterline has made the same mistake in his tragedy of "Julius Cæsar." The error, as to the name, has its source in North's translation of Plutarch, or in Holland's Suetonius, (1606;) which last Malone thinks that Shakespeare read, and used for his historical material. In both of these occurs the misprint of "Decius" for *Decimus*.

"*Stand you directly in Antonius' way*," etc.

The allusion is to a custom at the *Lupercalia*, "the which (says Plutarch) in older time men say was the feaste of shepheards or heardsmen, and is much like

unto the feast Lyceians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs. And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, persuading themselves that being with childe they shall have good deliverie: and also being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparelled in a triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne this holy course.*"—NORTH's *Translation.*

"*A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.*"

If my ear does not deceive me, the metre of this line was meant to express that sort of mild philosophic contempt, characterizing Brutus even in his first casual speech. The line is a trimeter,—each *dipodia* containing two accented and two unaccented syllables, but variously arranged, as thus:—

∪ — — ∪	— ∪ ∪ —	∪ — ∪ —
A soothsayer	bids you beware	the ides of March.

COLERIDGE.

"*Will you go see the order of the course?*"

"Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the 1st day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered him he would not be there. But if we be sent for, (said Cassius,) how then? For myself then, (said Brutus,) I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty. Cassius being bold, and taking hold of this word—Why, (quoth he,) what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What? knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, or such like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well assured that of other prætors they look for gifts, common distributions amongst the people, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp, to show the people pastime; but at thy hands they specially require (as a due debt unto them) the takiug away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so that thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for, and that they hope thou art."—NORTH's *Plutarch.*

"—*be not jealous* ON *me*"—So the original. With Knight, "We do not change this idiomatic language of Shakespeare's time into the *of me* of the modern."

"*To* STALE *with ordinary oaths*"—Johnson has erroneously given the meaning of *allurement* to "stale," in this place. "To *stale* with ordinary oaths my love," is to *prostitute* my love, or make it common with ordinary oaths, etc. The use of the verb "to stale" here, may be adduced as a proof that in a disputed passage of CORIOLANUS, (act i. scene 1,) we should read "stale" instead of *scale.*

"*Leap in with me into this angry flood,*" etc.

Shakespeare probably remembered what Suetonius relates of Cæsar's leaping into the sea, when he was in danger by a boat being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his "Commentaries" in his hand. (Holland's Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26.) And in another passage, "Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles." (Ibid. p. 24.)—MALONE.

"—ARRIVE *the point propos'd*"—The use of "arrive" without the preposition has an example in the later writings of Milton:—

> —— who shall spread his airy flight
> Upborne with indefatigable wings
> Over the vast abrupt, ere he *arrive*
> The happy isle.

"*Under these hard conditions* AS *this time*"—"As," according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that, which,* or *it;* accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers, and particularly in our excellent version of the Bible. Thus Lord Bacon, also, in his "Apophthegmes," No. 210:—"One of the Romans said to his friend, what think you of such a one, *as* was takeu with the manner in adultery?" Like other vestiges of old phraseology, it still lingers among the common people:—"I cannot say *as* I did," etc., for *that* I did.

"*Let me have men about me that are fat,*" etc.

"Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think you? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, (quoth he,) I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."—NORTH's *Plutarch.*

"—*a man of any* OCCUPATION"—i. e. One of any *trade,* in the same sense as in CORIOLANUS, (act iv. scene 6;) one of the plebeians, to whom Cæsar offered his throat.

"*Thy honourable metal may be wrought,*" etc.

That is, "The best 'metal,' or *temper,* may be worked into qualities contrary to its *disposition,* or what it is disposed to."

"*Cæsar doth bear me hard*"—i. e. Has an unfavourable opinion of me. The same phrase occurs again in the first scene of the third act.

"*If I were Brutus now, and* HE *were Cassius,*
He should not humour me."

It is not clear whether the "he" be meant for Brutus or for Cæsar: Warburton assumes the former, Johnson the latter sense; and they thus severally explain:—

If I were Brutus, (says he,) and Brutus were Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him. To "humour" signifies here to *turn* and *wind* him, by inflaming his passions.—WARBURTON.

The meaning, I think, is this:—Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles.—JOHNSON.

I agree with Johnson, though the other sense has been thought preferable by some editors.

SCENE III.

"—BROUGHT *you Cæsar home*"—To *bring* one on his way was to accompany him.

"—*all the* SWAY *of earth*"—i. e. The whole weight or *momentum* of this globe.—JOHNSON.

"*Who* GLAR'D *upon me*"—The original has *glaz'd.* This is a meaningless word; and we have therefore to choose between "glar'd" and *gaz'd.* "Glare" is a favourite word of the Poet, as in MACBETH:—

> Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
> That thou dost *glare* with.

And again in HAMLET:—"How pale he *glares.*" Malone contends for *gaze,* but Stevens well remarks:—"To *gaze* is only to look stedfastly, or with admiration. 'Glar'd' has a singular propriety, as it expresses the furious scintillation of a lion's eye; and that a lion should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the prodigy."

"*Men all in fire walk up and down the streets,*" etc.

"Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down iu the night and also the solitary

birds to be seen at noon-days sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were going up and down in fire; and, furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt."—NORTH'S *Plutarch.*

"*Why old men, fools, and children* CALCULATE," etc.

"Calculate" is here used in its once familiar astrological sense, as to "calculate a nativity." Why do all these calculate and foretell the future, who are inclined to superstition from any cause, whether age, mental weakness, or childish folly? There seems no reason for altering the old punctuation (retained in our text) into "old men fools, and children," as meaning only silly old men; which is a common reading of the later editions.

"*Be* FACTIOUS *for redress*"—Johnson considers that the expression here means *active*. To be "factious" seems, like many other words, to have been taken in its general sense of being "busy in party," without implying that the party was good or bad.

"IN FAVOUR'S *like the work*"—The original has *is favours*. Some would read *is favour'd;* but the use of the noun, in the sense of *appearance*, or *countenance*, is clearer.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"*When, Lucius, when*"—So in RICHARD II.:—

When, Harry, when!

A common expression of impatience.

"REMORSE *from power*"—i. e. *Pity, tenderness:* a sense in which it is commonly used by Shakespeare; as in OTHELLO.

"—*'tis a common proof*"—i. e. It commonly proves to be the case.

"—*scorning the base* DEGREES
By which he did ascend," etc.

"Degrees" for *steps*, taken in the primitive and literal sense of the word; now used only in its figurative or secondary meaning. The following passage of a contemporary, first published in 1602, has been quoted as having suggested the thought, though it is quite as probably one of those mere coincidences of those obvious thoughts and images which are the common property of authors. It, however, affords quite as powerful an argument that JULIUS CÆSAR was written after 1602, as Collier's quotation from Drayton does that it was acted before Drayton had written the lines published in 1603:—

The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
Cuts off those means by which himself got up;
And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,
Doth curb that looseness he did find before:
Doubting the occasion like might serve again,
His own example makes him fear the more.
DANIEL'S *Civil Wars*, (1602.)

"—*So Cæsar may;*
Then, lest he may, prevent."

This speech is singular;—at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus's character to appear. For surely—(this I mean is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight, only modified by my experience in how many instances I have ripened into a perception of beauties, where I had before descried faults;) surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely,—that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the senate?—Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forwards. True;—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?—COLERIDGE.

"—*the* IDES *of March*"—In the original, "the *first* of March." Theobald made the correction.

The error must have been that of a transcriber or printer; for our author, without any minute calculation, might have found the ides, nones, and kalends, opposite the respective days of the month, in the almanacs of the time. In Hopton's "Concordancie of Yeares," (1616,) opposite to the *fifteenth* of March is printed *Idus.*—MALONE.

"—*March is wasted* FIFTEEN *days*"—So the original; but most later editors join in altering it to "fourteen days," because, say they, "Lucius was speaking on the dawn of the fifteenth day." This minute calculation is over-nice, and certainly does not agree with the ordinary modes of talking.

"*Like a* PHANTASMA"—"A *phantasme*," says Bullokar, in his "English Expositor," (1616,) "is a vision, or imagined appearance."

"*The genius and the* MORTAL INSTRUMENTS," etc.

"Mortal" is *deadly*, as it is in MACBETH:—

—— Come, you spirits,
That tend on *mortal* thoughts.

By "instruments," I understand our bodily powers, our members: as Othello calls his eyes and hands his speculative and active instruments; and Menenius, in CORIOLANUS, (act i. scene 1,) speaks of the—

—— cranks and *offices of man,*
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins.

So intending to paint, as he does very finely, the inward conflict which precedes the commission of some dreadful crime; he represents, as I conceive him, the genius, or soul, consulting with the body, and, as it were, questioning the limbs, the instruments which are to perform this deed of death, whether they can undertake to bear her out in the affair, whether they can screw up their courage to do what she shall enjoin them. The tumultuous commotion of opposing sentiments and feelings, produced by the firmness of the soul contending with the secret misgivings of the body; during which the mental faculties are, though not actually dormant, yet in a sort of waking stupor, "crushed by one overwhelming image," is finely compared to a phantasm or a hideous dream, and by the *state of man* suffering the nature of an insurrection. Tybalt has something like it in ROMEO AND JULIET:—

Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting.
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
BLAKEWAY.

"—*and the state of* A *man*"—So the original; but Stevens and other modern editors omit the article, which clearly explains what has preceded it. "*A* man" individualizes the description; and shows that "the genius," on the one hand, means the spirit, or the impelling higher power moving the spirit, while "the mortal instruments" has reference to the bodily powers which the will sets in action. The condition of Macbeth before the murder of Duncan illustrates this:—

—— I am settled, and bend up
Each *corporal agent* to this terrible feat.
KNIGHT.

"—*your brother Cassius*"—Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

"—*any mark of* FAVOUR"—i. e. *Countenance.*

"— *if thou* PATH, *thy native semblance on*"—i. e. *Walk* on a trodden way, in thy true form. Drayton so uses the word, speaking of the river Wey:—

Where from the neighbouring hills her passage Wey doth *path.*

Coleridge, not being aware, as he says, "that any old writer had used *path* in the sense of *to walk*," thought that "there should be no scruple in treating this *path* as a mere misprint for *put.*"

"— *the* FACE *of men*"—Johnson thus explains this passage; in which, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness of discourse, Shakespeare has constructed the latter part without any regard to the beginning:—"The '*face* of men' is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the public; in other terms, honour and reputation: or the face of men may mean the dejected look of the people. Thus Cicero 'In Catilinam:'—'*Nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt.*'"

Gray may perhaps support Johnson's explanation:—

And read their history in a *nation's eyes.*

Mason thought we should read, "the *faith* of men;" to which, he says, the context evidently gives support:—

—— what other bond,
Than secret Romans, *that have spoke the word,*
And will not palter, etc.

The speech is formed on the following passage in North's "Plutarch:"—"The conspirators having never taken oath together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves," etc.

"— *and men* CAUTELOUS"—i. e. *Wary, circumspect.*

"— *let us not break with him*"—i. e. Let us not break the matter to him. The phrase is found taken in this sense in Sydney, Ben Jonson, and elsewhere in SHAKESPEARE; as in the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, (act iii. scene 1.)

"— TAKE THOUGHT"—i. e. *Be anxious*, or *troubled;* a sense now quite obsolete in ordinary use, but found in our English Bible, where the Greek words translated by Dr. Campbell, and other modern translators, *anxious, solicitous*, are thus rendered; as, "Take no thought for the morrow"—i. e. in modern language, Be not *troubled* about to-morrow.

"*Of fantasy, of dreams, and* CEREMONIES," etc.

"Ceremony" is here, as twice elsewhere in this play, used for the external and superstitious usages of any religion. It is a sense almost peculiar to Shakespeare, among the English writers, but corresponds with the use of the word in Latin. Thus Tacitus speaks of "*cæromoniam loci*"—"the sanctity of the place." This peculiar use of the word may be added to those elsewhere pointed out, by Hallam and others, of the Poet's original use of common words, in their primitive Latin signification; showing a certain degree of classical acquirement.

"*That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,*" etc.

"Unicorns" are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the animal till he was despatched by the hunter. This is alluded to by Spenser, ("Faërie Queene," book ii. chap. 5;) and by Chapman, in his "Bussy d'Ambois," (1607.) *Bears* are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was placed. (See Pliny's "Natural History," book viii.)

"— *go along* BY HIM"—i. e. By *his house;* an old idiom resembling the French *chez lui.*

"*Let not our looks put on our purposes,*" etc.

"Furthermore, the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed. Now Brutus, who knew very well that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of Rome did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger, when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern that he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed; for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen, that his wife, lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. His wife, Portia, was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married, being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow, after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and jests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise, because she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself, she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore of blood, and incontinently after a vehement fever took her by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him:—I, being, O Brutus, (said she,) the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet (Brutus) good education, and the company of virtuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me. With these words she showed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Portia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."—NORTH'S *Plutarch.*

SCENE II.

"*The noise of battle* HURTLED *in the air,*
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan," etc

This magnificent word expresses the clashing of weapons: it is probably the same word as *hurled;* and Shakespeare, with the boldness of genius, makes the action give the sound. Gray uses it more strictly in its original sense:—

Iron-sleet of arrowy shower,
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

"*The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.*"

This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together, during the celebration of games, instituted by Augustus, in honour of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods; his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented. One of them is engraved in Douce's "Illustrations," from whence this note is taken. Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in his "Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophesies," (1583,) says:—"Next to the shadows and pretences of experience, (which have been met with all at large,) they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow (for the most part) after *blazing starres;* as if they were the summouses of God to call princes to the seat of judgment. The surest way to shake their painted bulwarkes of experience is, by making plaine that neither princes always dye when comets blaze, nor comets ever (i. e. always) wheu princes dye." In this work is a curious anecdote of Queen Elizabeth, "then lying at Richmond, being dissuaded from looking on a comet; with a courage equal to the greatness of her state, she caused the windowe to be sette open, and said, *Jacta est alea*—The dice are thrown."

"*— Cæsar shall go forth*"—Any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following sentiments, put into his mouth by May, in the seventh book of his "Supplement to Lucan:"—

—— Plus me, Calphurnia, luctus
Et lacrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum
Responsa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac
Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?
Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur.

"*She dreamt to-night she saw my* STATUE," etc.

Reid, Coleridge, and Dyce, maintaiu that "statue" is here a misprint for *statua*, the ancient word for statue; and thus it is often printed in later editions. But the older copies have "statue," as here given. Both forms of the word were in use in the Poet's age, and the pronunciation of "statue," as now spelled, seems to have vibrated between the present modern two syllables and one more resembling the older form, or three syllables, sounding the final *e*, which here would make the line regularly metrical.

"*For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.*"

This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions: one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new "tinctures," and new marks of "cognizance;" the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.—JOHNSON.

"*— reason to my love is liable*"—i. e. Reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.—JOHNSON.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*He is* ADDRESS'D"—i. e. *Ready.*

"*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause*
Will he be satisfied."

Ben Jonson ridicules this passage, in the Induction to the "Staple of News," and notices it in his "Discoveries," as one of the lapses of Shakespeare's pen; but certainly without that malevolence which has been ascribed to him; and be it observed, that is almost the only passage in his works which can *justly* be construed into an attack on Shakespeare. He has been accused of quoting the passage unfaithfully; but Tyrwhitt surmised, and Gifford is decidedly of opinion, that the passage originally stood as cited by Jonson, thus:—

Met. Cæsar, *thou dost me wrong.*
Cæs. Cæsar, *did never wrong*, but with just cause.

Tyrwhitt has endeavoured to defend the passage by observing, that "wrong" is not always a synonymous term for *injury;* and that Cæsar is meant to say, that he doth not inflict any evil or punishment but with just cause. "The fact seems to be, (says Gifford,) that this verse, which closely borders on absurdity, without being absolutely absurd, escaped the Poet in the heat of composition; and being one of those quaint slips which are readily remembered, became a jocular and familiar phrase for reproving (as in the passage of Ben Jonson's Induction) the perverse and unreasonable expectations of the male or female gossips of the day."

Mr. Collier, on the contrary, strenuously holds that "the passage, as it now stands, represents the lines written by Shakespeare, and was never liable to Ben Jonson's criticism;" it being evident that Ben Jonson "spoke from memory shaken," as he confesses himself, "with age and sloth."

"*— men are flesh and blood, and* APPREHENSIVE"—i. e. *Intelligent;* capable of *apprehending.*

["*Casca stabs Cæsar*"]—We retain this stage-direction as it is ordinarily given, though not in the old copies, which merely say, "They stab Cæsar." It has been formed by the later editors, from the accounts of Plutarch and Suetonius.

"ET TU, BRUTE?—*Then fall, Cæsar.*"

Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back, "he caught hold of Cæsar's gowne, at both shoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence,* Cassius came in second, full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar, catching Cassius by the arme, thrust it through with his stile or writing punches; and with that, being about to leap forward, he was met with another wound and stayed." Being then assailed on all sides, "with three and twenty he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan, (without any word uttered,) and that was at the first thrust; though some have written that, as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, *and thou my sonne.*" (Holland's Trauslation, 1607.) Plutarch says that, on receiving his first wound from Casca, "he caught hold of Casca's sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latiu, *O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?* and Casca in Greek, to his brother, *Brother, help me.*" The conspirators, having then compassed him on every side, "hacked and mangled him," etc.: "and then Brutus himself gave him one wound above the privities. Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the reste, running every way with his bodie; but when he saw Brutus with his sworde drawen, in his hande, then he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more resistance." Neither of these writers, therefore, furnished Shakespeare with this exclamation. It occurs in the "True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York," (1600;) on which he formed the Third Part of KING HENRY VI.:—

Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?

And is translated in Cæsar's Legeud, "Mirror for Magistrates," (1587:")—

And Brutus thou my sonne, quoth I, whom erst
I loved best.

The words probably appeared originally in the old Latin play on the Death of Cæsar.

"*Nor to no Roman else*"—This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, bnt to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Dr. Hickes observes that, in the Saxon, even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification.—STEVENS.

"*Why he that cuts off twenty years of life*
Cuts off so many years of fearing death."

Most modern editors, without any reason, assign these lines to Cassius; but the old copies put them in Casca's mouth, of whom they are sufficiently characteristic, cor-

responding with the reckless contempt of life he expresses in the first act:—

—— every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

We now take leave of this peculiar and spiritedly drawn character. Stevens has well remarked that "Shakespeare knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war."

"— *who else is* RANK"—Johnson explains this:—"Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety." This explanation derives support from the speech of Oliver, in As You Like It, (act i. scene 1,) when incensed at the high bearing of his brother Orlando:—"Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your *rankness*."

"*Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts*," etc.

Thus the old copies: To you (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points; our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible regard. The supposition that Brutus meant, their hearts were of brothers' temper in respect of Antony, seems to have misled those who have commented on this passage before. For "in strength of," Mr. Pope substituted *exempt from;* and was too hastily followed by other editors. If alteration were necessary, it would be easier to read—

Our arms *no* strength of malice, etc.

STEVENS.

"*Your voice shall be as strong as any man's*," etc.

Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakespeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavours to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the Poet with so many good qualities, that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.

"— *and crimson'd in thy* LETHE"—"Lethe" is used by old writers for *death*. Thus in Heywood's "Iron Age," (1632:)—

The proudest nation that great Asia nurs d
Is now extinct in *lethe*.

It appears to have been used as a word of one syllable in this sense, and is derived from the Latin *lethum*. Our ancient language was also enriched with the derivatives *lethal, lethality, lethiferous*, etc. *Lethal* lingered till lately, and perhaps still lingers, in the legal language of the Scottish criminal courts.

"O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this indeed, O world! the heart of thee."

I doubt the genuineness of the last two lines;—not because they are vile; but first, on account of the rhythm, which is not Shakespearian, but just the very tune of some old play, from which the actor might have interpolated them;—and secondly, because they interrupt, not only the sense and connection, but likewise the flow both of the passion, and (what is with me still more decisive) of the Shakespearian link of association. As with many another parenthesis or gloss slipped into the text, we have only to read the passage without it, to see that it never was in it. I venture to say there is no instance in Shakespeare fairly like this. Conceits he has; but they not only rise out of some word in the lines before, but also lead to the thought in the lines following. Here the conceit is a mere alien: Antony forgets an image, when he is even touching it, and then recollects it, when the thought last in his mind must have led him away from it.—COLERIDGE.

"*Cry* 'HAVOCK'"—Blackstone has shown that "havock" was, in the military operations of ancient times, the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given. Thus, in an old tract cited by him, one chapter is headed, "The peyne (i. e. punishment) of him that crieth *Havock*."

"*No* ROME *of safety*"—There is a play upon the words "Rome" and *room*, of old sounded alike, with the sound of *oo*, and still retaining the same sound in many English mouths; though on this side of the Atlantic that sound of "Rome" is so seldom heard, that the jingle may require explanation to many readers.

SCENE II.

"— *Romans, countrymen, and lovers*," etc.

This speech has been censured by learned critics, as being an endeavour (in Warburton's language) "to imitate the famed laconic brevity," but wholly unsuccessful; being (according to Stevens) "an artificial jingle of short sentences," and to be regarded "as an imitation of the false eloquence in vogue," at the bar and in the pulpit, in the Poet's own day. But the truth is that the Poet, guided by Plutarch, in North's folio, or some other authority, appears to have had a better understanding of Brutus's oratorical taste than these critics, scholars as they undoubtedly were. Plutarch informs us (as North translates him) that Brutus, in his Greek composition, "counterfeited that brief, compendious manner of speech of the Lacedemonians." Of this the following examples are given, which are certainly much in the taste and manner that Shakespeare has here given to the speech to the people. "He wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: I understand you have given Dolabella money; if you have done it willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, show it then by giving me willingly." Another time again unto the Samians: "Your counsels be long; your doings be slow; consider the end." In another epistle he wrote unto the Patarians: "The Xanthians despising my good will, have made their country a grave of despair; the Parthians that put themselves under my protection have lost no jot of their liberty; and therefore whilst you have liberty, either chuse the judgment of the Patarians, or the fortune of the Xanthians." Shakespeare's idea of Brutus's style of eloquence seems also supported by other authorities, and especially by the celebrated "Dialogue on the Causes of the Decline of Roman Eloquence," ascribed, though perhaps erroneously, to Tacitus. This tract, I think there is one indication that Shakespeare had read, either in the original or in some translation. (See note on the last scene of this play: "This was the noblest Roman of them all," etc.) It is said in that dialogue that Brutus's style was censured as "*otiosum et disjunctum*." The *disjunctum*, the broken-up style without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist.

"*Even at the base of Pompey's* STATUE"—In this passage, and in a previous instance, the word *statua* has been substituted for the English word, as printed in the folios. What we may gain in harmony we lose in simplicity of expression, by this alteration. (See p. 46..)

"— *I have neither* WIT"—The folio of 1623 has *writ;* that of 1632, "wit." *Writ*, Johnson explained as a prepared *writing;* but, receiving "wit" in the sense of *understanding*, we take *writ* to be a misprint, for the reasons well stated by Stevens:—

"The artful speaker, on this sudden call for his exertions, was designed, with affected modesty, to represent himself as one who had neither *wit*, (i. e. strength of *understanding*,) persuasive language, weight of character, graceful action, harmony of voice, etc., (the usual requisites of an orator,) to influence the minds of the people. Was it necessary, therefore, that, on an occasion so precipitate, he should have urged that he had brought no *written* speech in his pocket? since every person who heard him must have been aware that the interval between the death of Cæsar, and the time present, would have been inadequate to such a compo-

sition, which indeed could not have been produced at all, unless, like the indictment of Lord Hastings, in KING RICHARD III., it had been got ready through a premonition of the event that would require it."

"*On* THIS *side Tiber*"—"This scene (says Theobald) lies in the Forum, near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:—

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope *Cæsaris hortos*,

says Horace; and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river, and lay out wide in a line with Mount Janiculum." He would therefore read, "on *that* side Tiber." But Dr. Farmer has shown that Shakespeare's *study* lay in the old translation of Plutarch: "He bequethed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tyber."

SCENE III.

"— *things unluckily charge my* FANTASY"—i. e. Circumstances oppress my *fancy* with an ill-omened weight.

Roman Matron.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"*A Room in Antony's House.*"

The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription, but upon an island in the river Larinus. Of this Shakespeare was not ignorant, for in North's "Plutarch," which he had so diligently studied, it is said, "They met all three in an island envyroned around about with a little river." But it is evident that he places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."

"*On objects, arts, and imitations,*" etc.

In the original there is a full point at the end of this line; and in modern editions there is a semicolon, which equally answers the purpose of separating the sense from what follows. This separation has created a difficulty. Theobald wants to know why a man is to be called a barren-spirited fellow that feeds on objects and arts; and he proposes to read *abject orts*. Stevens maintains that objects and arts were unworthy things for a man to feed upon, because the one means speculative and the other mechanical knowledge. If these are excluded, what knowledge are we to feed upon? It is marvellous that the editors have not seen that Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others, he feeds—

> On objects, arts, and imitations,
> Which, *out of use, and stal'd by other men,*
> *Begin his fashion.*
>
> KNIGHT.

Shakespeare has already woven this circumstance into the character of Justice Shallow:—"He came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle."—STEVENS.

"*Our best friends made, our means stretch'd,*" etc.

We reprint this line as in the first folio. It certainly gives one the notion of being imperfect; but it is not necessarily so, and may be taken as a hemistich. The second folio has pieced it out rather botchingly:—

> Our best friends made, *and* our *best* means stretch'd *out.*

This is the common reading. Malone reads:—

> Our best friends made, our means stretch'd *to the utmost.*

SCENE III.

"*Within the tent of Brutus.*"

This is not given as a separate scene in the original; the stage-direction in the folios being "*Exeunt;* Maneut, Brutus and Cassius." But, with reference to the construction of the modern stage, the present arrangement is necessary. In the Shakespearian theatre Brutus aud Cassius evidently retired to the second stage.

"*Enter Brutus and Cassius.*"

The manner in which the Poet has worked up every slight hint of his original, in this noble scene, affords a study to the critic. The story is thus told in North's "Plutarch:"

"About that time Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus, uuderstanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There, both armies being armed, they called them both emperors. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends, and so mauy captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went iuto a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber hearing them loud within, and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also lest it should grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding one Marcus Phaonius, that had been a friend and follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion: * * * This Phaonius at that time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:—

> My lords, I pray you, hearken both to me,
> For I have seen more years than such ye three.

Cassius fell a langhing at him: but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeit cynic. Howbeit, his coming in broke their strife at that time, and so they left each other. The self-same night Cassius prepared his supper in his chamber, and Brutus brought his friends with him. * * * The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and noted Lucius Pella for a defamed person, * * * for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius: * * * and therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would show himself so

straight and severe in such a time, as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered that he should remember the ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilled nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil by his countenance and authority."

"I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman, than this scene between Brutus and Cassius. In the Gnostic heresy, it might have been credited with less absurdity than most of their dogmas, that the Supreme had employed him to create, previously to his function of representing, characters."—COLERIDGE.

"— *every* NICE *offence should bear* HIS *comment*"—"Nice" was, in the language of old Gower and Chaucer, *trifling, silly;* nearly answering to, and supposed to be derived from, the Freuch *niais.* This sense has long been obsolete, and Shakespeare seems to have been the very last writer who nsed it, as here, and in ROMEO AND JULIET:—"The letter was not *nice.*" "His comment" for *its*, is also an obsolete form of old English expression, ouce quite common.

"*What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,*
And not for justice?"

This is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any canse but that of justice.—MALONE.

"*Brutus,* BAIT *not me*"—So the original. Theobald proposed and Stevens reads *bay*, conceiving that the repetition of the word used by Brutus is necessary to the spirit of the reply. It strikes me otherwisc. The allnsion to the dog "baying the moon" is seized on in the reply, and called ont by the word *bait,* (as dogs bait a bear or other animal:)—"Do not *assail* me."

"COMPANION, *hence*"—"Companion" is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we say at present, *fellow.* So, in KING HENRY IV., (Part II.,) Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol:—

—— I scorn you, scurvy *companion*, etc.
STEVENS.

"— *thy leaden* MACE"—A "mace" is the ancient term for a *sceptre.* So, in the "Arraignment of Paris," (1584:)—

—— the pomp that 'longs to Juno's *mace.*

Again, Spenser, in his "Fairy Queen:"—

When as Morpheus had with *leaden mase,*
Arrested all that courtly company.

"*How ill this taper burns!*"

"But as they both prepared to pass over again ont of Asia into Europe, there went a rumonr that there appeared a wonderful sign nnto him. Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little. * * * After he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in despatching of his weightest causes, and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come unto him. So, being ready to go into Europe, one night (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and, casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful, strange, and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thon shalt see me by the city of Philippes. Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, Well, then, I shall see thee again. The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men nnto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all. Thereupon Brutus returned again to think on his matters as he did before: and when the day brake he went unto Cassius, to tell him what vision had appeared unto him in the night."—NORTH'S *Plutarch.*

This is the account given in the life of Brutus. In the life of Cæsar, the spirit is spoken of as "the ghost;" and it is added that Brutus "thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and looking towards the light of a lamp, that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man of wonderful greatness and dismal fear." It is evident that the Poet was anxious to lose no incident of this scene.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"— WARN *us at Philippi*"—"Warn" was the old word, both technical and colloqnial, for *summon,* of which the English editors give varions examples from old writers, as of an obsolete word. It is, however, in the United States, one of those words brought over by the generation next after Shakespeare's, which has preserved its ancient sense, especially in New England, where *town meetings,* jurymen, etc., are still said to be "legally warned."

"— FEARFUL *bravery*"—Though "fearful" is often nsed, by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, in an active sense, for *producing fear,* or *terrible,* it may in this instance bear its usual acceptation of *timorous,* or, as it was sometimes expressed, *false-hearted.* Thns in a passage, cited by Stevens, from Sydney's "Arcadia," (book ii.:)—"Her horse faire and lustie; which she rid so as might show a *fearful boldness,* daring to do that which she knew that she knew not how to doe."

"*The posture of your blows* ARE *yet unknown,*" etc.

Malone and Stevens dispute whether this be an error of the Poet or his printers, while Knight well remarks:—"Where a plural nonn being a genitive case immediately precedes the verb, it is not at all uncommon, in the writers of Shakespeare's time, to disregard the real singular nominative. Such a construction is not to be imputed to grammatical ignorance, bnt to a license warranted by the best examples. Our language, in becoming more correct, has lost something of its spirit."

"— *Cæsar's* THREE-AND-THIRTY *wounds*"—This is the old text, though the ordinary reading is *three-and-twenty,* which Theobald gives us upon the authority of Suetonius and others. Beaumont and Fletcher speak of Cæsar's "two-and-thirty wonnds." The poets in such cases were not very scrupulous in following historical authorities. They desire to give us an idea of many wounds, and they accomplish their purpose.

"*Be thou my witness that, against my will,*" etc.

"When they raised their camp, there came two eagles, that, flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat and fed them until they came near to the city of Philippes; and there one day only before the battle they both flew away. * * * And yet, further, there were seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey that fed upon dead carcases. * * * The which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions, and had put the soldiers also in a marvellous fear; thereupon Cassius was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, bnt rather to delay time, and to draw it ont in length. * * * But Brutus, in contrary manner, did alway before, and at that time also, desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of battle, as soon as might be possible. * * * Thereupon it was presently determined they should fight battle the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked with a cheerful countenance, like a man that had good hope, and talked very wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himself in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against

his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and, holding him fast, (in token of kindness, as his manner was,) told him in Greek—Messala, I protest unto thee, and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as Pompey the Great was) to 'jeopard' the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. And yet we must be lively and of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evil counsel. Messala writeth that Cassius having spoken these last words unto him, he bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birthday. The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in Brutus' and Cassius' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat, and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. Then Cassius began to speak first, and said—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune; for I gave up my life for my country in the Ides of March, for the which I shall live in another more glorious world. Cassius fell a laughing to hear what he said, and, embracing him, Come on then, said he, let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors. After this talk they fell to consultation among their friends for the ordering of the battle."—NORTH's *Plutarch*.

"— *on our* FORMER ENSIGN"—i. e. The "ensign" in the *van;* our *foremost standard*.

"— *so to* PREVENT
The time of life."

"To prevent" is here used for *to anticipate*—a sense now retained only in the English Liturgy:—"Prevent and follow us by thy continual grace."

By "time" is meant the full and complete time—the natural period. It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency.

Mason well observes, that Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Shakespeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the *present* opinion of Brutus, which in Plutarch is mentioned only as one he *formerly* entertained, and that, being now in the midst of danger, he was of a contrary mind.

SCENE V.

"*Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock*."

"Now, Brutus having passed a little river, walled in on every side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, being then dark night, he went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain of his captains and friends that followed him: and looking up to the firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses, of the which Volumnius wrote the one, to this effect:—

Let not the wight from whom this mischief went
(O Jove) escape without due punishment;—

and saith that he had forgotten the other. Within a little while after, naming his friends that he had seen slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before, specially when he came to name Sabia and Flavius, of the which the one was his lieutenant, and the other captain of the pioneers of his camp. In the mean time one of the company being athirst, and seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his sallet. At the self-same time they heard a noise on the other side of the river. Whereupon Volumnius took Dardanus, Brutus' servant, with him, to see what it was; and returning straight again, asked if there were any water left. Brutus, smiling, gently told them all was drunk, but they shall bring you some more. Thereupon he sent him again that went for water before, who was in great danger of being taken by the enemies, and hardly escaped, being sore hurt. Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius that promised to go through his enemies, (for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp,) and from thence, if all were well, that he should lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torchlight was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, If Statilius be alive he will come again; but his evil fortune was such, that as he came back he lighted in the enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him. At length he came to Volumnius himself, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, We must fly indeed, said he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: It rejoiceth my heart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato, (at his request,) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently."—NORTH's *Plutarch*.

"*Hold thou my sword*-HILTS"—"Hilts" is frequently used where only one weapon is spoken of. Cassius says to Pindarus, in a former scene, "Here, take thou the *hilts*." And RICHARD III.:—"Take him over the costard with the *hilts* of thy sword." So in the "Mirror for Magistrates," (1587:)—

—— A naked sword he had,
That to the *hilts* was all with blood imbrued.

"— PREFER *me to you*"—"Prefer" was anciently used for *recommend*. Thus Burton ("Anatomy of Melancholy") says of an ancient medical writer, that he "prefers the smoke of juniper to melancholy persons." It seems to have been the ordinary expression for what we should now call "giving a recommendation" to a servant.

> " *This was the noblest Roman of them all:*
> *All the conspirators, save only he,*" etc.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch:—"For it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwise did bear vnto him."

The same character of Brutus in reference to another subject—the mutual criticisms and jealousies of the rival orators of his age—is given in the "*Dialogus de Oratoribus*," ascribed to Tacitus:—"That Calvus, and Asinus, and Cicero himself, often gave way to hatred and envy, and other vices of human infirmity, I must believe. Brutus alone, amongst all these great men, was without malignity or envy, and expressed his honest judgment frankly and plainly; for why should he, who did not, in my judgment, bear hatred even to Cæsar, bear any hate to Cicero?"

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakespeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seem to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.—JOHNSON.

Gildon observed, that this tragedy ought to have been called *Marcus Brutus*, Cæsar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and killed in the third act.

"In JULIUS CÆSAR (says Hallam) the plot wants that historical unity which the romantic drama requires; the third and fourth acts are ill connected; it is deficient in female characters, and in that combination which is generally apparent amidst all the intricacies of his fable. But it abounds in fine scenes and fine passages: the spirit of Plutarch's Brutus is well seized; the predominance of Cæsar himself is judiciously restrained; the characters have that individuality which Shakespeare seldom misses; nor is there, in the whole range of ancient or modern eloquence, a speech more fully realizing that perfection that orators have striven to attain, than that of Antony."

JULIUS CÆSAR, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, and CORIOLANUS, are so consummate, that Shakespeare must be pronounced as much at home in Roman as in romantic history. Already had he shown, in his allusions to pagan mythology, that he had extracted its sweetest aroma, distilled not by toiling scholarship, but by the fire of genius. But now that he was in the fullest manhood of his mind, he could borrow more from the ancients than the bloom and breath of their mythology. He cast his eyes, both in their quiet and in their kindled inspiration, both as a philosopher and as a poet, on the page of classic history; he discriminated its characters with the light of philosophy; and he irradiated *truth*, without encroaching on its solid shapes, with the hues of fancy. What is Brutus, the real hero of the tragedy, but the veritable Brutus of Plutarch—unaltered in substance, though by poetry now hallowed to the imagination? What else is Portia? For the picture of that wedded pair, at once august and tender, human nature, and the dignity of conjugal faith, are indebted Brutus and Portia have a transient discord. to be sure; but it is like one in perfect music, that heightens harmony.—T. CAMPBELL.

Almost every one knows by heart Lady Percy's celebrated address to her husband, beginning—

> O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

And that of Portia to Brutus, in JULIUS CÆSAR—

> —— You've ungently, Brutus,
> Stol'n from my bed.

The situation is exactly similar, the topics of remonstrance are nearly the same: the sentiments and the style as opposite as are the characters of the two women. Lady Percy is evidently accustomed to win more from her fiery lord by caresses than by reason: he loves her in his rough way, "as Harry Percy's wife," but she has no real influence over him—he has no confidence in her.

* * * * * * * * *

Lady Percy has no *character*, properly so called; whereas that of Portia is very distinctly and faithfully drawn from the outline furnished by Plutarch. Lady Percy's fond upbraidings, and her half playful, half pouting entreaties, scarcely gain her husband's attention. Portia, with true matronly dignity and tenderness, pleads her right to share her husband's thoughts, and proves it too.

Portia, as Shakespeare has truly felt and represented the character, is but a softened reflection of that of her husband, Brutus: in him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature, by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity, held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman "so fathered and so husbanded." The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her own fortitude, is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition. Plutarch relates that, on the day on which Cæsar was assassinated, Portia appeared overcome with terror, and even swooned away, but did not in her emotion utter a word which could affect the conspirators. Shakespeare has rendered this circumstance literally.

There is another beautiful incident related by Plutarch, which could not well be dramatized. When Brutus and Portia parted for the last time, in the island of Nisidia, she restrained all expression of grief, that she might not shake *his* fortitude; but afterwards, in passing through a chamber in which there hung a picture of Hector and Andromache, she stopped, gazed upon it for a time with a settled sorrow, and at length burst into a passion of tears.

If Portia had been a Christian, and lived in later times, she might have been another Lady Russell; but she made a poor stoic. No factitious or external control was sufficient to restrain such an exuberance of sensibility and fancy; and those who praise the *philosophy* of Portia, and the *heroism* of her death, certainly mistook the character altogether. It is evident, from the manner of her death, that it was not deliberate self-destruction, "after the high Roman fashion," but took place in a paroxysm of madness, caused by overwrought and suppressed feeling, grief, terror, and suspense. Shakespeare has thus represented it:—

> *Bru.* Impatient of my absence,
> And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
> Had made themselves so strong—(for with her death
> These tidings came)—*with this she fell distract,*
> And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

So much for woman's philosophy!—MRS. JAMESON.

As a contrast to the above remarks of great English critics, it would be amusing to the reader to compare the translation and commentary of Voltaire, appended to *Cinna*, in his edition of P. Corneille. His translation is sometimes false from ignorance, sometimes from malice, and yet sometimes rises almost to the level of his author. His criticism is of the same character. Thus he remarks on the famous speech of Cassius, (in act i. scene 2,) relating the incidents of his swimming with Cæsar, "on a raw and gusty day," and Cæsar's behaviour in the

"fever he had when he was in Spain:—"All these stories that Cassius tells resemble the talk of a peasant at a fair. It is natural talk to be sure, but it is the nature of a fellow of the populace chatting with his comrades, at a tippling-house. It was not in this style that the great men of the republic conversed."

After allowing that the play contains "beauties to be admired every where, and at all times," he sums up the whole in this manner:—"It is astonishing that a nation, celebrated for its genius and its success in art and science, can still delight in so many monstrous irregularities, and see with pleasure Cæsar, on one side, sometimes expressing himself like a hero, sometimes like a captain in a farce; and on the other, cobblers and even senators talking as people talk in the markets, (*les halles.*)"

The death of Cæsar has been a favourite subject for tragedy. One of the earliest is a tragedy by Jaques Gervais, a learned physician and an elegant Latin poet, of France, which was first acted in the college of Beauvais, at Paris, in 1553—an odd coincidence with the passage in HAMLET, where Polonius, who had "played once at the university, says—"That I did was accounted a good action. I did enact Julius Cæsar, and was killed in the Capitol." There was also another Latin academical play, which was probably alluded to by Shakespeare in that passage, written by Dr. Eddes, and acted at Oxford, in 1582. It has lately been ascertained, from Henslowe's Diary, (not long ago discovered in manuscript, and printed under the care of J. P. Collier, 1845,) that Michael Drayton, John Webster, Anthony Munday, Thomas Middleton, and other poets, were all engaged to write a tragedy entitled "Cæsar's Fall." This was in May, 1602. They were under contract to Henshaw, who was a dabbler in all sorts of literary and dramatic speculations; publisher, joint proprietor of theatres, dealer in stage-dresses, and carrying on a small usurious banking business, with which actors and authors were the principal dealers. The play has not reached us, nor have we any record of its success, or whether it was ever printed and acted. About the same period, (1604,) Lord Sterline, (the ancestor of the well-known Major-General Lord Stirling, of our revolutionary army,) printed, in Edinburgh, a tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," founded on the death of Cæsar, and, like Shakespeare's, closely following Plutarch. He was among the first Scotch authors who threw aside their own native Doric dialect of the language, to cultivate the muse of southern Britain. His first attempt to write in what was to him a sort of foreign tongue, was so unsuccessful, in respect to idiom, that he re-wrote the tragedy, some years after, on this account alone, and republished it. It has certainly much merit; but there is no reason to think that Shakespeare was at all indebted to it, as the coincidences, which are numerous, are precisely and only those where both poets have drawn from and versified North's "Plutarch."

Since Shakespeare's time, there have been various attempts, by eminent authors, to handle the same noble theme; among the most conspicuous of which is the *Mort de Cæsar* of Voltaire—a tragedy of which the effective passage, which received the applause of all the continental critics, is a versification of Antony's speech over the body of Cæsar.

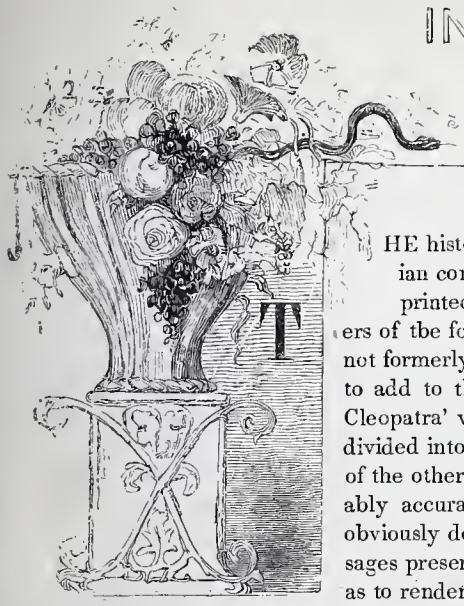
It is otherwise a tragedy of the second order of the French classic school. Voltaire adopts, as the main source of interest, a piece of ancient scandal hinted at by Plutarch, that Brutus was the illegitimate son of the usurper. The contest between the duties and affections of the son and the patriot, thus gives rise to the passion and interest of the plot, in which Brutus exhibits far more of the "*farouches vertus*" of his preceptor, Cato, than of the amiable qualities of the Shakespearian Brutus.

There are several Italian tragedies on the same subject. The latest one is the *Bruto Secondo*, of Alfieri. It is, in its way, a very noble declamatory drama, and its main defect is the want of those touches of real life, which in Voltaire's eyes degraded the Romans of Shakespeare.

Roman Augur

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

STATE OF THE TEXT, CHRONOLOGY, ETC.

THE history of the text of this tragedy is the same with that of its Plutarchian companions, Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar,—it never having been printed during the author's life, and having been entered by the publishers of the folio collection of his plays after his death, as one of those "copies not formerly entered to other men." On the state of the text, I have nothing to add to the statements of Mr. Knight:—"The 'Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is not divided into acts and scenes in the original; but the stage-directions, like those of the other Roman plays, are very full. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably accurate; although the metrical arrangement is, in a few instances, obviously defective. The positive errors are very few. Some obscure passages present themselves; but, with one or two exceptions, they are not such as to render conjectural emendation desirable."—*Pictorial Shakespeare.*

In the Introductory Remarks prefixed in this edition to Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, the main reasons have been stated at large for believing the three great Roman historical tragedies to have been among the productions of the later years of their author's life—after 1608 or 1609. One historical, or rather traditionary, authority, supporting this opinion, was then accidentally forgotten, and it may be added with equal propriety in this place.

The Rev. John Ward, a regular physician, and also a clergyman of the Church of England, was vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon in the next generation after Shakespeare, when he might well have known old persons who recollected the Poet. He left a diary of facts and opinions, kept after the fashion of that age, from 1648 to 1679, which remained in manuscript until 1839, when it was found, and arranged and published by Dr. Severn. He seems to have preserved all that he could glean from still living tradition in respect to the great Poet, though that is less than might have been expected under such circumstances. The most curious item of his information is his statement, that "Shakespeare in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a year, as I have heard."* This employment of the great dramatist's later years is so probable in itself, and the circumstance so little likely to have been invented (though it might have been exaggerated) by village tradition, or by the preserver of it, who was evidently a very inquisitive and matter-of-fact person, that his testimony adds much weight to arguments internal and external for assigning to those "elder days" of village and rural retirement several of the plays—the Roman tragedies among the number—for which editors have ascribed an earlier date; since it would be difficult to make out any list of plays, not certainly known to have a prior date, which might be supposed to have been produced during the last seven or eight years of the Poet's life, even at a less prolific rate than two a year, without including in the number the three great Roman tragedies, with the Tempest and the Winter's Tale.

All the external facts and critical indications before stated in relation to Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus, apply with equal force to Antony and Cleopatra. The minute research of Mr. Collier, and other historians of the old English theatre, have not succeeded in discovering any trace of its having been performed before it was published in the folio of Heminge & Condell. But Mr. Collier thinks that having been "written late in 1607, it was brought out at the Globe Theatre in the spring of 1608." This opinion he, with prior critics, grounds on the fact, that Edward Blount (a publisher afterwards concerned in the publication of the folio of 1623) entered in the Stationers' Register a memorandum of "a book called 'Anthony and Cleopatra.'"

But the story of Cleopatra was a favourite theme for poets and dramatists of the age, as the reader will perceive from the notice of some of the dramas on this theme at the end of the Notes to the play in this edition. "A book" might have been a poem, or a translation of one of the two French tragedies—Iodelle's or Garnier's—on this theme, or of one of the Latin ones. About the same date, as we learn from Henslowe's Diary, Ben Jonson, Decker, and others, were engaged to prepare a drama on this subject for the stage. Finally, it might have been that Shakespeare himself in 1608, after becoming familiar with North's Plutarch, and adopting it as "his storehouse of learned history," had fixed upon Cleopatra as the heroine of a future piece, and having announced his intention, Blount the publisher, after the fashion of the day, as Henslowe exhibits it to us, had made overtures for the copyright. But as fifteen years later, the same publisher was one of those (Blount & Jaggard) who entered this tragedy as "one of those not formerly entered to other men," it seems certain that the "Anthony and Cleopatra" of 1608 was not Shakespeare's tragedy, actually then written, but much more probably some other play, poem, history, or romance, written or intended to be written on the same popular theme.

But be this as it may, at most such an entry, if it referred to this very tragedy, could only prove that it was

* He was appointed to this vicarage in 1662.

written or in preparation in 1608, and was, therefore, one of the first of those written during the last eight years of the author's life, instead of being, as seems the better opinion, among his latest works, and thus in the order of time, as well as of the dramatic narrative, subsequent to JULIUS CÆSAR. This tragedy has, in fact, much of the appearance of having been written as a sequel or second part to JULIUS CÆSAR—a certain degree of previous knowledge of the history and characters being apparently taken for granted, and the characters and story continued with the same sort of coherence that we find between the first and second parts of HENRY IV. Yet this too might possibly result from the Poet having worked up in his own mind the story of "the mightiest Julius" and his successors as one whole, while he began with either part as might happen most to strike his fancy; and knowing that other dramatists had made his audience familiar with the main incidents and characters, he was under no necessity to follow the precise order of history in his composition.

My own impression, however, is still that this is the later production, and probably written not very long before or after the TEMPEST, to which it bears some marked resemblance in its metrical taste, its cast of language and thought, such as may be often observed to prevail in particular periods of the life of great authors—Dryden may be noticed as an instance—between their productions of each period, as compared with those of any other epoch of their minds. There is, for instance, in this tragedy, a much larger number than usual of lines hypermetrical by redundant syllables. such as Stevens, and the editors of his taste, labour to prune off by conjectural emendation. The same kiud of metrical freedom is of frequent occurrence in the TEMPEST, and much more so than in the earlier plays. Again, in the entire absence of auy common groundwork of plot or character, we are often reminded in the one play of striking passages as characteristics in the other,—sometimes by the association of resemblance. sometimes by the equally strong association of contrast, so marked as to indicate that the contrast was not merely accideutal. Thus the gloomy splendor of Antony's farewell to his own falling fortunes, and his parallel of his own fading glory to "Black Vesper's pageants," which

> —— with a thought
> The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
> As water is in water:

recalls the grave, lofty morality of Prospero, reminding us that all the pomp and greatuess of this world

> —— shall dissolve,
> And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a wreck behind.

On the other hand, nothing can be imagined more widely asunder than the simple truth, the earnest gentleness, the constant, confiding affection, the graceful bashfuluess, the exquisite purity—"pure to the last recesses of the mind,"—of Miranda; and on the other side, Cleopatra, false, fickle, violent, capricious, voluptuous, bold, brilliant;—the one the idealized perfection of natural loveliness and gooduess, the other the most dazzling result of luxurious and vicious refinement. The contrast between the two at every point is so strong, that I cannot but think that the portrait last presented to the Poet's eye by his creative imagination, whichever one it was, must have had the truth and vividness of its lineaments constantly suggested and heightened by the opposite traits and expression of the other.

Without, however, laying much stress upon any particular theory of the precise date of this splendid historical drama, it is clear that all the testimonies and indications, iuternal and external, designate it as the production of a poet no longer young, and in the full maturity of mind, sympathiziug with the feeliugs and character of advancing age, and rich in that knowledge of life which nature and genius alone cannot give.

Thus Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona, Viola, and Portia, are all within the natural range of a young poet's power of representation. They are ideas of admirable general nature, varied refined, adorned by fancy and feeling. But Cleopatra, as she appears in this tragedy, is a character that could not have been thus depicted but from the actnal observation of life, or from that reflected knowledge which can be drawn from history and biography. To a modern author, such as Scott, biographical memoirs and literature could supply to a certaiu degree the want of a living model, even for such a personage as this "wrangling queen—whom everything becomes"—whom

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety,

while "vilest things become themselves in her." But there was no such literary assistance accessible to Shakespeare. Plutarch had given the dry outline of the character, with some incidents which, to an ordinary poet, wonld have suggested nothing more, which in this drama have expanded themselves into scenes of living aud speaking truth. But all this, and all the minute finishing of the character, Shakespeare must have collected from his own observation of life, drawing the fragments from various quarters, perhaps from very humble ones, and bleuding them all in this brilliant historical impersonation of such individual truth, that there are few readers who do not feel, with Mrs. Jameson, that "Shakespeare's Cleopatra produces the same effect on them that is recorded of the real Cleopatra. She dazzles our faculties, perplexes our judgment, and bewitches our fancy; we are conscious of a kind of fascination, against which our moral sense rebels, but from which there is no escape."

Again, the manner in which the Poet has exhibited the weakness of a great mind—of a hero past the middle stage of life, when "grey hath mingled with his brown," who is seen bowing his "grizzled head" to the caprices of a wanton who, like himself, begins to be "wrinkled deep in time,"—all this belongs to a poet himself of maturer life. To a younger poet, the weakness of passion at an age when "the hey-day of the blood" should be calm, would in itself have something of an air of ridicule. So sensible of this danger were all the other poets who have essayed this theme, that all, not excepting Dryden, have avoided any allusion which should turn the attention to the circumstance.

Shakespeare, on the contrary, brings this into bold relief, and luxuriates in showing, under every light, the irregular greatness of his hero, with all his weakness; and thus, by a close adherence to historic truth, individualized and made present and real by his own knowledge of, and sympathy with human infirmity, has given to his scenes of passionate frailty an originality of interest, not to be attained by those who would not venture to hazard the interest of their plot upon the loves of any but the young and beautiful.

But independently of any other indications, it is certain that the ripe maturity of poetic mind pervades the whole tone of the tragedy, its diction, imagery, characters, thoughts. It exhibits itself everywhere, in a copious and varied magnificence, as from a mind and memory stored with the treasures acquired in its own past intellectual efforts, as well as with the knowledge of life and books, from all which the dramatic muse, (to borrow the oriental imagery which Milton has himself drawn from this very tragedy,) like

> —— the gorgeous East, with liberal hand,
> Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold.

Its poetry has an autumnal richness, such as can succeed only to the verual luxuriance of genius, or its fiercer midsummer glow. We need no other proof than that which its own abundance affords, that this tragedy is the rich product of a mind where, as in Mark Antony's own Egypt, his "Nilus had swelled high," and

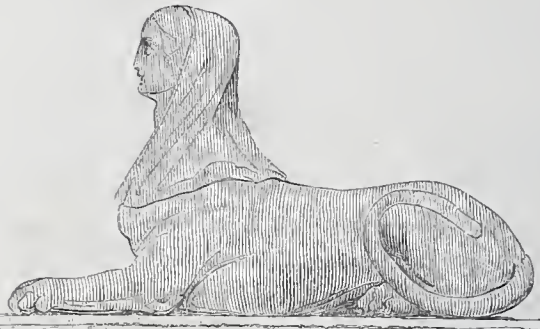
> —— when it ebbed, the seedsman
> Upon its slime and ooze scattered his grain,
> Which shortly came to harvest.*

SOURCE OF THE PLOT, COSTUME, ETC.

For some account of North's remarkable translation of Plutarch, and the possible other sources of the plot of Antony and Cleopatra, we refer the reader to the remarks entitled "Sources of the Plot of the three Roman Tragedies," at the end of the Notes to this play.

The costume of the Roman personages of the piece is, of course, that of the patricians and soldiers of the empire, and the last days of the republic; which, with the aid of the Pictorial edition, we can notice more at large in another place. On the Egyptian costume of Cleopatra and her court, Mr. Planché remarks, in the Pictorial edition, that "for the costume of Egypt, during the latter period of Greek domination, we have no satisfactory authority. Winkelman describes some figures which, he asserts, were 'made by Egyptian sculptors under the dominion of the Greeks, who introduced into Egypt their gods as well as their arts; while, on the other hand, the Greeks adopted Egyptian usages.' But from these mutilated remains of Greco-Egyptian workmanship we are unable to ascertain how far the Egyptians generally adopted the costume of their conquerors, or the conquerors themselves assumed that of the vanquished. In the work on Egyptian antiquities, published in the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' the few facts bearing upon this subject have been assembled, and the minutest details of the more ancient Egyptian costume will be found in the admirable works of Sir G. Wilkinson: but it would be worse than useless to enter here into a long description of the costume of the Pharaohs, unless we could assert how much, if any part of it, was retained by the Ptolemies."

* Antony and Cleopatra, act ii. scene 7.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
} Triumvirs.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS,

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
} Friends of ANTONY.

MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS,
} Friends of CÆSAR.

MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS,
} Friends of POMPEY

TAURUS, Lieutenant General to CÆSAR.
CANIDIUS, Lieutenant General to ANTONY.
SILIUS, an Officer in VENTIDIUS's Army
EUPHRONIUS, an Ambassador from ANTONY to CÆSAR.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, DIOMEDES: Attendants on CLEOPATRA.
A Soothsayer.—A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, Sister to CÆSAR, and Wife to ANTONY.
CHARMIAN and IRAS, Attendants on CLEOPATRA.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE—Dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, *and* PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneagues all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome—

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say.—
Both.—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself—
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Train.*
Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I'm full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!
Alex. Soothsayer.
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.
Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then, belike my children shall have no names: Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.
Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.
Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.
Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.
Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.
Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.
Sooth. I have said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?
Iras. Not in my husband's nose.
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!
Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.
Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't.
Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.
Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?
Eno. No, Lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No, madam.

SOOTH. Your fortunes are alike

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—
Eno. Madam.
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?
Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.
[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, *Soothsayer, and Attendants.*
Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Mess. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst!
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things that are past are done with me.—'Tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—
Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—
Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds

When our quick minds lie still: and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?
2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?
2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
[*Gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.—
[*Exit Messenger.*
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again: the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone:
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know.
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing: though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.
Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.
Eno. Alack, sir, no: her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears: they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.
Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!
Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Sir?
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Fulvia?
Ant. Dead.
Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation: your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.
Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.
Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.
Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us: but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing: if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.
[*Exit* ALEX.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.
Cleo. I am sick and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How now, lady!
Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?
Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best;
See when and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.
Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my sword,—
Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come:
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in* CÆSAR'S *House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,
Or vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.
Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.
Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let's grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud

As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.
Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.
Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.
Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.
Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious vassals. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pity of him.
Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

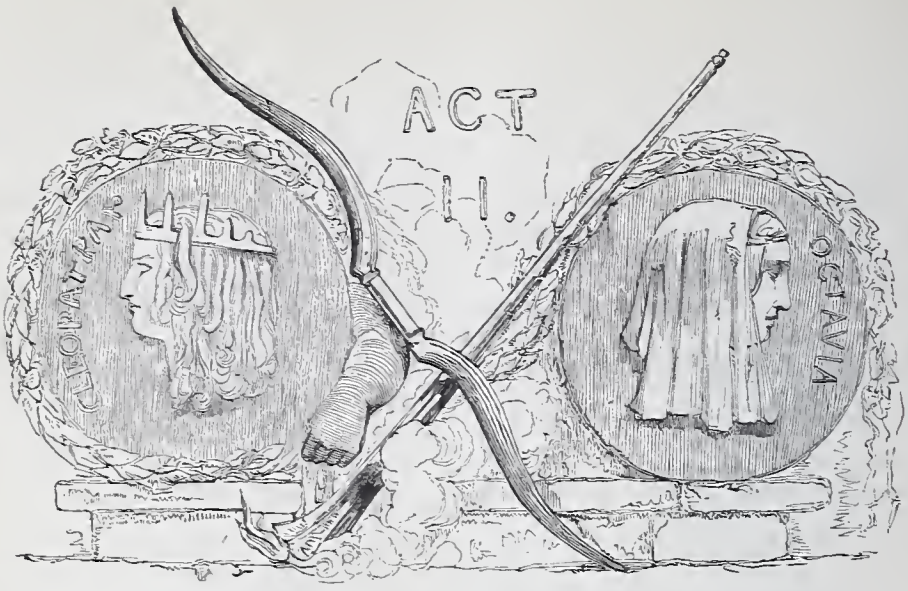
Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet I have fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where thinkst thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me: Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow:
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,"
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arrogant steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Beest thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men!
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days;—
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

Room in Cleopatra's Palace.



SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in* POMPEY'S *House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of* LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS, *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day!
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

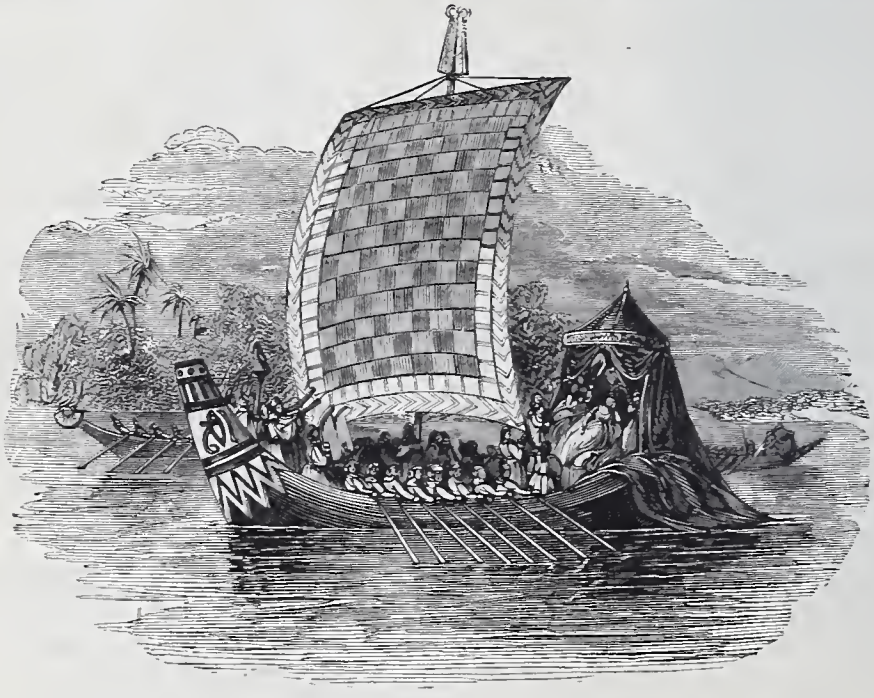
Enter ANTONY, *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know, Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir.
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name,
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.
Cæs. You praise yourself by laying defects of judgment to me; but you patch'd up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!
Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say I could not help it.
Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.
Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæsar.
Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—
Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, tho ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.
Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.
Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.
Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.
Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths; her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke:
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar,
And his power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There's my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen!
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he?
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.
Ant. What is his strength by land?
Cæs. Great and increasing:
But by sea he is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* LEPIDUS.
Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas! —my honourable friend, Agrippa!—
Agr. Good Enobarbus!
Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.
Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there: Is this true?
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feasts, which worthily deserved noting.
Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.
Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.
Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.
Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;



The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne—

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

CLEOPATRA.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yearly frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,

Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.
Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Room in* CÆSAR'S *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them, Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Octa. Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night.
[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* OCTAVIA.
Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet hie you to Egypt again.
Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we daw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec., Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Rain thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mess. First, madam, he's well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony
Be free and healthful:—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mess. Will't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does allay

CLEO Hence, horrible villain!

The good precedence; fie upon "but yet;"
"But yet" is as a goaler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a dagger.*
Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do
If thou again say, Yes.
Mess. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo He is married?
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint; O Iras, Charmian.—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T'other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas
[*To* MARDIAN.
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near Misenum.*

Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS *at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words: and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If't will tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.
Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.
Cæs. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.
Cæs., Ant., Lep. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that:—He did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now: How far'st thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir,
Pom. Come.
[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*
Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have known, sir.
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.
Men. All men's faces are true, whatso'er their hands are.
Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.
Men. No slander; they steal hearts.
Eno. We came hither to fight with you.
Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.
Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.
Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?
Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.
Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.
Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.
Men. Pray you, sir?
Eno. 'Tis true.
Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.
Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.
Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.
Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.
Men. Who would not have his wife so?
Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.
Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.
Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.
Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*On board* POMPEY'S *Galley, lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "no more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A senet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, sir:—[*To* CÆSAR.]—They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To* MENAS *aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

Pom. I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done;
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. A bears the third part of the world, man: Seest not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all, that it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast, from all, four days,
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* ANTONY.

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony, you have my father-house,—
But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

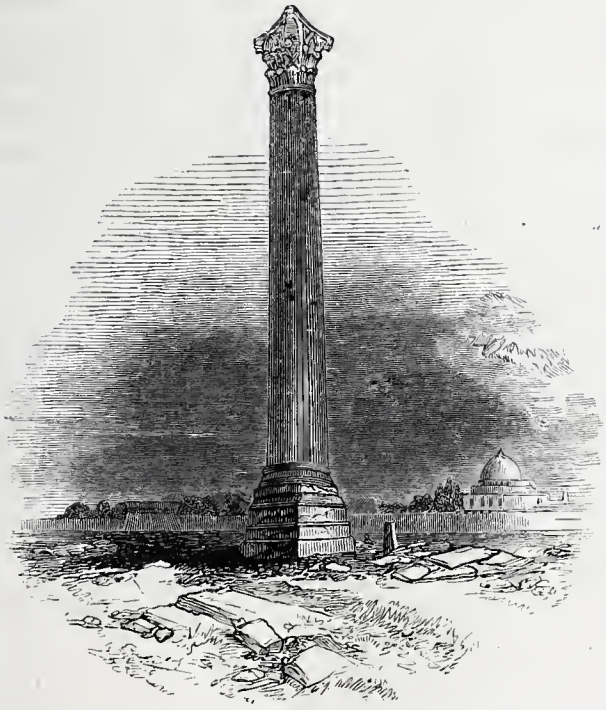
Eno. Take heed you fall not.—Menas, I'll not on shore. [*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and Attendants.*

Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt.*



Pompey's Pillar.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, *as it were in triumph, with* SILIUS, *and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.
Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in* CÆSAR'S *House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best:—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,— [*Trumpets.*
This is to horse—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Octa. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to* AGRIPPA.
Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd:
Believe't, till I weep too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets Sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in* ANTONY'S *House.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me,
When the best hint was given him: he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.
Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest haste,
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,

Octa. O, my good lord, believe not all—

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same *Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS, *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.
Eno. This is old: What is the success?
Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.
Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps—no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind each other Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.
Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Room in* CÆSAR'S *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more,
In Alexandria: here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
Mec. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.
Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, *with her Train.*

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!
Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal: whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.
Octa. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
Octa. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.
Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!
Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.
Octa. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—ANTONY'S *Camp, near to the Promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But, why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.
Cleo. What is't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus, an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY, *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! What else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.
Ant. I'll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship,

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.
Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour: and throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, *Officers, and others.*

Cæs. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord.
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole;
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle: from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way over the stage; and* TAURUS, *the Lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night, indeed. [*Aside.*
Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easy to't;
And there I will attend what further comes.
Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

Ancient Egyptian Palace.

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, *and Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
Att. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—

CLEO. O pardon, pardon!

Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! Why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam; O good empress!—
Eros. Sir, sir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes:—He, at Philippi, kep
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails; I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene X.—Cæsar's *Camp, in Egypt.*

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, *and others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.
Cæs. Be it so: Declare thine office.
Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend.

Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Eup. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* Euphronius.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
[*To* Thyreus.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter Antony, *with* Euphronius.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Eup. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.
Eup. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again: Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.
[*Exeunt* Antony, *and* Euphronius.
Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued his judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony!—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.
Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is Cæsar's.
Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.
Cleo. Go on: Right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.
Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* ENOBARBUS.
Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this in disputation,
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Cæsar's father.
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried "ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony.—
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—The Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—
[*Exeunt Attendants, with* THYREUS.
You were half-blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our eyes
In our own filth; drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is it come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?
1 *Att.* He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,

Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that tics his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sealike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday:
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

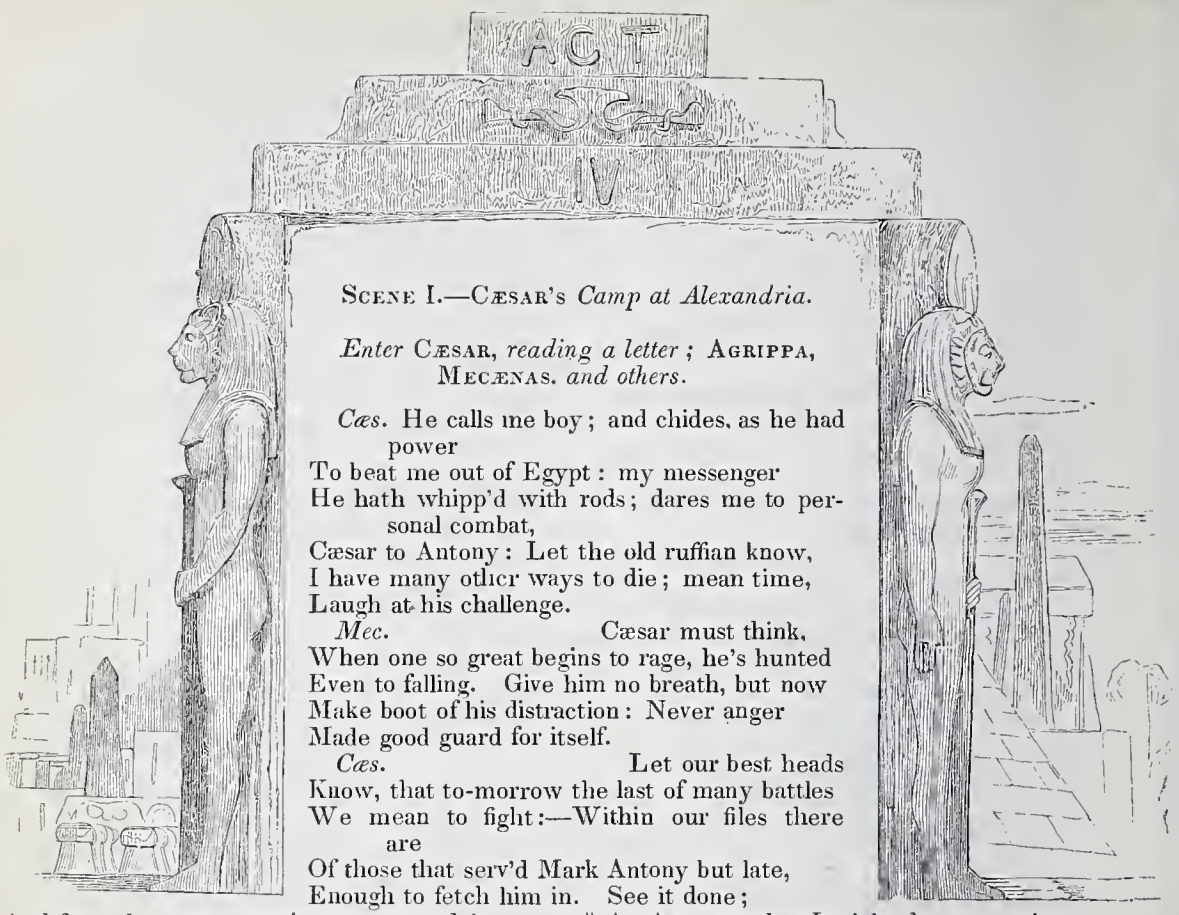
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make Death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and Attendants.*

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

Cleopatra's Needle.



SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S *Camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter*; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, "Take all."

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—So hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots [*Aside.*
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night:
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well. Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?
2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, Have careful watch.
3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.
[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*
4 *Sold.* Here we:—[*they take their posts.*]—and if to-morrow Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope Our landmen will stand up.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, And full of purpose.
[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*
4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?
1 *Sold.* List, list!
2 *Sold.* Hark
1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
4 *Sold.* It signs well, Does't not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd, Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen Do hear what we do.
[*They advance to another post.*
2 *Sold.* How now, masters?
Sold. How now? How now? do you hear this?
[*Several speaking together.*
1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter; Let's see how't will give off.
Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, *and others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart;—False, false; this. this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well:
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow!
Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: Despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.
1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well-said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel,—You that will fight
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, *Officers, and Soldiers.*
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ANTONY'S *Camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY, *and* EROS; *a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir.
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;

Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men;—despatch: Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—CÆSAR's *Camp before Alexandria.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight,
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* AGRIPPA.
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa:
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR, *and his Train.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.
Eno. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*
Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, *and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS, *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To* SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown;
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril,—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;

That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S *Camp.*

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
2 *Sold.* This last day was a shrewd one to us.
Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
3 *Sold.* What man is this?
2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!
3 *Sold.* Peace;
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
2 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.
1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks may concern Cæsar.
3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his was never yet for sleep.
2 *Sold.* Go we to him.
3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.
2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?
1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
3 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.—*Between the two Camps.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS, *with Forces marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is: Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us:—(order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:)—
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Forces marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: Where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
in Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[*Exit* SCARUS.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.—[*Exit* CLEO.]—'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, hoa!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, hoa! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, prithee, piteously: Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—The Same. *Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—She, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—

[*Exit* MARDIAN.

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent;
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit* EROS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles

Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that, on my command, thou then
Wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?
Eros. I would not see't.
Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
Eros. O, sir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor; let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then:—[*Falls on his sword.*]—
Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard—how?—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS, *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

ANT. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bide

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I prithee.
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter four or five of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.
[*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY.

SCENE XIII.—The Same. *A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—how heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [*Dies.*
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*
Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady,—
Iras. Madam,—
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught:
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:— [*To the Guard below.*
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* ANTONY'S *body.*

Alexandria.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S *Camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks us by the pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.

Enter DERCETAS, *with the sword of* ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou say'st?
Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this:—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.
Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius: Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* PROCULEIUS.
Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit* GALLUS.
Agr., Mec. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent: where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency: and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.
Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd;
[PROCULEIUS *and two of the Guard ascend the Monument by a ladder, and come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the Guard open the gates.*
Guard her till Cæsar come
[*To* PROCULEIUS, *and the Guard.* *Exit* GALLUS.
Iras. Royal queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou are taken, queen!—
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;—
If idle talk will once be necessary—
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!
Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To* CLEOPATRA.
If you'll employ me to him.
Cleo. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS, *and Soldiers.*
Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Assuredly, you know me.
Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?
Dol. I understand not, madam.
Cleo. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol. If it might please you,—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?
Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.
Within. Make way there,—Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt?
Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.
[CLEOPATRA *kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:—
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And should we shift estates yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!
Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence;
[*To* SELEUCUS.
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.
Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit* SELEUCUS.
Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.
Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend: And so adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!
Cæs. Not so: Adieu.
[*Exeunt* CÆSAR. *and his Train.*
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.
Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN.
Cleo. Dolabella?
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.—[*Exit* DOL.]—
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that is certain.
Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?
[*Exit* IRAS. *A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?
Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.
Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?
Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt, —Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.
Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.
Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.
Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*
Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.
Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.
Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.
Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.
Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.
Cleo. Will it eat me?
Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.
Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.
Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, *with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!
Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied!
Char. O eastern star!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
Char. O, break! O, break!
Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*
Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;

CLEO. Poor venomous fool, be angry, and despatch.

And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play—

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.
1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—
Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies the asp.*
O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.
1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.
2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.
1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, *and Attendants.*

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal;

Took her own way. — The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs.
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd then.
1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breast.
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeun.*

Roman Symbols.

NOTES ON MARK ANTONY.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"— RENEAGUES *all temper*"—i. e. *Renounces*. This is usually spelled *reneges*. Coleridge suggested the orthography here adopted, which is the old spelling, and besides gives the proper pronunciation, as in *league*. Stevens proposed to read *reneyes*, a word used by Chaucer in the same sense; but we have the word in the form here used, in LEAR.

"— TRIPLE *pillar of the world*"—"Triple" is here used in the sense of *third*, or one of three—one of the Triumvirs, the three masters of the world. So in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, we have a "triple eye" for a *third eye*. The industry of the commentators has not found any similar use of the word, in any other old author.

"GRATES *me*"—i. e. *Offends* me; is *grating* to me.

"— *The* SUM"—i. e. What is the *amount* of your tidings?

"— *hear* THEM"—i. e. The *news*, which word, in the Poet's age, still retained its plural use.

"TAKE IN *that kingdom*"—"Take in," it has been elsewhere observed, signifies *subdue, conquer*.

"*Where's Fulvia's* PROCESS"—A word used with technical accuracy. "Process" here means *summons*. "Lawyers call that the processe by which a man is called into the court, and no more. To serve with processe is to *cite*, to *summon*."—MINSHEW.

"— RANG'D *empire*"—Capell, the most neglected of the commentators, properly explains this—"Orderly ranged—whose parts are now entire and distinct, like a number of well-built edifices." He refers to a passage in CORIOLANUS:—

> Bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,
> In heaps and piles of ruin.

"— *to* WEET"—i. e. To *know*.

"BUT *stirr'd by Cleopatra*"—Johnson explains this as if "but" had the meaning of *except*—Antony will be himself, unless Cleopatra keeps him in commotion. M. Mason objects to this, and interprets the passage, "*if* but stirred by Cleopatra." Knight, dissenting from both, considers the obvious meaning to be, "Antony accepts Cleopatra's belief of what he will be. He will be himself, but still under the influence of Cleopatra; and to show what that influence is, he continues, 'Now, for the love of Love,' etc."

"*To-night we'll wander through the streets*," etc.

Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery; but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now, though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying, very gallantly and wisely, that Antonius showed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance; and the Romans a tragical face, that is to say, a grim look.—NORTH'S *Plutarch*.

Scene II.

"*Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas*," etc.

Shakespeare followed Plutarch, and appears to have been anxious to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. Plutarch mentions

Lamprias, his grandfather, as authority for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. In the stage-direction of scene ii. act 1, in the old copy, *Lamprias*, Ramnus, and Lucilius, are made to enter with the rest; but they have no part in the dialogue, nor do their names appear in the list of Dramatis Personæ.

Stevens adds that, in the multitude of the characters, these characters seem to have been forgotten.

"— *let me have a child at fifty*"—"This (says Stevens) is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life. Charmian wishes for a son too who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. It should be remembered that Herod of Jewry was a favourite character in the mysteries of the old stage, and that he was always represented a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant."

"— AS *he flattered*"—"As" for *as if*.

"EXTENDED *Asia from* EUPHRATES"—i. e. *Seized upon*—an adaptation to a general sense of a phrase peculiar to the ancient English law; one process of *seizing* or levying upon land, to satisfy judgments, being called an *extent*, or *extendi facias*, "because (says Blackstone) the sheriff was to cause the lands to be appraised to their full *extended* value." In North's "Plutarch," we find that Labienus had "overrun Asia from Euphrates." Nearly all Shakespeare's contemporaries make the second syllable of "Euphrates" short. Drayton, for example—

That gliding go in state, like swelling *Euphrates*.

"*When our quick* MINDS *lie still*"—In the old folios, "our quick *winds*." Warburton proposed, and Malone and other editors have adopted, the correction of "quick *minds*." If we adopt this reading, the seuse will be—When our pregnant minds lie idle and untilled, they produce weeds; but the telling us of our faults is, as it were, ploughing, (*earing* being the old word for *tilling*, still preserved in our English Bible,) and thus destroys the weeds. The old reading is preserved by Johnson, who explains the sense—"that man not agitated by censure is like soil not ventilated by high winds, and produces more evil than good." Knight retains the same reading:—"Before we adopt a new reading we must be satisfied that the old one is corrupt. When, then, do we 'bring forth weeds?' In a heavy and moist season, when there are no 'quick winds' to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The Poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but the 'winds of March,' rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The quick winds then are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still, we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried further: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults, or ills, is as the ploughing itself—the *earing*."

Collier supposes *winds* to mean *wints*, which (says he) "in Kent and Sussex is an agricultural term, meaning two furrows ploughed by going to one end of the field and back again. 'Our quick *winds*' is, therefore, to be understood as our productive *soil*." Judge Blackstone had long before conjectured *quick winds* to be a corruption of some provincial word, signifying *arable land*. Yet that the first and most obvious explanation gives the idea in the Poet's mind, is indicated by a similar passage in HENRY VI., (Part III.:)—

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?

A dozen commentators have exercised their sagacity on this passage, of which the reader has here the substance.

"*The opposite of itself*"—Warburton says, "The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course, which, rising in the east, and by revolution lowering, or setting, in the west, becomes the opposite of itself." But, taking revolution simply as a change of circumstances, the passage may mean, (and this is the interpretation of Stevens,) that the pleasure of to-day becomes subsequently a pain—the opposite of itself.

"*The hand* COULD *pluck her back*"—"Could" is here used in that peculiar sense, which indicates not power, but inclination and will, if there was ability—apparently an elliptical expression—a very idiomatic, but by no means unusual sense, and not peculiar (as Stevens pronounces it to be) to the old writers. He thus says: "My hand, which drove her off, would now willingly pluck her back, if it were possible."

"— *our* EXPEDIENCE"—i. e. Our *expedition*. These words were used by Shakespeare indiscriminately.

"— *like the courser's hair*"—"This is so far true to appearance, that a horse-hair 'laid (as Hollingshed says) in a pail of water,' will become the supporter of seemingly one worm, though probably of an immense number of small slimy water-lice. The hair will twirl round a finger, and sensibly compress it. It is a common experiment with school-boys."—COLERIDGE.

SCENE III.

"— *our brows* BENT"—i. e. The *bending* or inclination of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions. So in KING JOHN:—

Why do you *bend* such solemn brows on me?

"*Remains in* USE *with you*"—i. e. In your *possession* and use—a phrase employed also in the MERCHANT OF VENICE:—

—— So he will let me have
The other half in *use*.

"— *should* SAFE *my going*"—i. e. *Render* safe.

"*The* GARBOILS *she awak'd*"—i. e. *Disorders, commotions;* probably derived from the same source as *turmoil*.

"— *the sacred* VIALS"—Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

"— *I am quickly ill, and well,*
So Antony loves."

Our text follows the more usual punctuation. Cleopatra, I think, draws a rapid reproachful comparison between her own quickly-changing health and the fickle love of Antony. And the reply, "My precious queen, forbear," etc., shows that he felt this to be meant for him. Knight prints the lines—

—— I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves;—

and says:—"This passage is usually printed with a colon after 'well;' and, so pointed, it is interpreted by Capell, 'such is Antony's love, fluctuating and subject to sudden turns, like my health.' The punctuation of the original seems more consonant with the rapid and capricious demeanour of Cleopatra—I am quickly ill, and I am well again, so that Antony loves."

Collier's comment is, "I am quickly well or ill, according as Antony loves me."

"*Belong to* EGYPT"—i. e. The *queen* of Egypt.

"— *this* HERCULEAN *Roman*"—Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

"*But that your* ROYALTY
Holds idleness your SUBJECT," etc.

An antithesis seems intended between "royalty" and "subject." "But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself."

"— LAUREL'D *victory*"—So the second folio, and all the other editions, except that of Knight, who retains

the "*laurel* victory" of the first edition; remarking that "the use of the substantive adjectively was a peculiarity of the poetry of Shakespeare's time, which has been revived with advantage in our own day."

Scene IV.

"One *great* competitor"—"Competitor" is always used by Shakespeare, both in this play and in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, for *associate*; one uniting with others in striving together for the same end or object. "One" is the original reading, which Johnson altered to *ours*—a plausible conjecture; yet the old reading strikes me as the preferable sense. Octavius denies that it is his nature to hate any great associate power.

"— *his* composure"—i. e. *Composition*, in modern language.

"— *excuse his* soils"—The original has *foils*, which (says Collier) means "the foibles which injure his character." But I find no authority for any such use of the word, while "soils" is constantly used by Shakespeare in this very manner. Thus in Hamlet—"No *soil* doth besmirch the virtue of his will." In Love's Labour's Lost—"The only *soil* of his fair virtue's gloss." The change of the long *f* for the *f*, is common in old books and manuscripts.

"*Comes* dear'd *by being lack'd*"—In the old copies, "*fear'd* by being lack'd," which is adhered to by the two last English editors; while the rest, from Theobald to Singer and Boswell, adopt Warburton's change, "dear'd." This not only in itself presents a much better and more natural sense, but moreover corresponds with the account given of Pompey, in the preceding speech, that he "is *beloved* of those that only have feared Cæsar." It is too the same with the thought similarly expressed in Coriolanus:—"I shall be *lov'd* when I am lack'd." This is much more natural than Knight's idea that, in Octavius's mind, "to be feared and to be loved were synonymous."

"*Leave thy lascivious* vassals"—The spelling of the original is *vassailes*. The modern reading is *vassals*. In three other passages of the original, where the old word *wassal* is used, it is spelled *wassels*. Wassal is employed by Shakespeare in the strict meaning of drunken revelry; and that could scarcely be called "lascivious." On the contrary, "leave thy lascivious *vassals*" expresses Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the queen being one of his tributaries.—Knight.

"— *beaten from* Modena"—Shakespeare has here evidently used the ordinary English pronunciation of "Mo-dē-na," not its Italian sound, as familiarized to our ears by later poets, such as Rogers:—

> If ever you should come to *Mod'ena*.

For this quotation, as well as for other matter, I am happy to express my obligation to a recent American publication, of great accuracy, learning, and taste—Baldwin's "Pronouncing Gazetteer," (Philadelphia, 1845.)

"*Assemble* me"—So the original. The modern reading is "assemble *we*"—the editors thinking "me" a misprint for *we*, because one equal is speaking to another. Knight justly remarks, that the commentators forget the contempt which Cæsar had for Lepidus: they forget, too, the crouching humility of Lepidus himself:—

> —— What you shall know meantime
> Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
> To let me be partaker.

Scene V.

"*Give me to drink* mandragora"—A plant which, before the use of opium, the old physicians employed for what one of them (Gerard, *Herbal.*) calls "the drowsie and sleepiug power thereof." So also in the old translation of Apuleius. (1566:)—"I gave him no poyson but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead." (See Pliny's "Natural History," by Holland, 1601.)

"— burgonet *of men*"—i. e. *Helmet*. In Henry VI. we have, "I wear aloft my *burgonet*."

> "— *that great* medicine *hath*
> *With his tinct gilded thee.*"

The allusion is, as Johnson and Stevens have shown, to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchymists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a "medicine." Thus Chapman, in his "Shadow of Night," (1594:)—

> O, then, thou great *elixir* of all treasures.

The old English poets are full of such allusions, and there is a singular agreement between the poetic use of this phrase, and an idiomatic phrase common to all the North American Indian tribes, which differing in language, some of them radically, agree in applying the title of "great medicine" to any powerful agent beyond their comprehension. This is one of those coincidences where there could be no common origin, which show how uncertain are all arguments of literary imitation, etc., drawn from mere similarity.

"*And soberly did mount an* arrogant *steed*," etc.

The original has "*arm-gaunt* steed," which has puzzled all the critics. Knight says that "*arm-gaunt*, of which we have no other example, conveys the idea of a steed fierce and terrible in armour"—a sense not easily derived from the word. Collier interprets it "as applied to a horse become gaunt by bearing arms"—a more probable sense, but not suiting the context, though it agrees with Warburton's explanation of "a steed worn thin by service in war;" on which Edwards has lavished much good pleasantry, in his sprightly volume, the "Canons of Criticism." Seward, (Preface to his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher,) Edwards, and Lord Chedworth, maintain that it means *thin-shouldered*—"*gaunt quad armos*." M. Mason proposed, and very many editors have adopted, the change into *termagant*, which gives a spirited and appropriate sense. A strong objection to this change is that *termagant* must have been preceded in the text by *a*, not by *an*, as the old editions have it. This edition adopts the very ingenious conjecture of Boaden, which is thus explained and defended by Singer:—

"The epithet *arrogant* is the happy suggestion of Mr. Boaden, and is to be preferred both on account of its more striking propriety, and because it admits of the original article *an* retaining its place before it. That it is an epithet fitly applied to the steed of Antony, may be shown by high poetical authority. In the "Auraco Domado" of Lope de Vega, the reader will find the following passage:—

> Y el *cavallo arrogante*, in que subido
> El hombre parecia
> Monstruosa fiera que sies pies tenia.

Termagant, it should be observed, is *furious*; 'arrogant,' which answers to the Latin *ferox*, is only *fierce, proud*. Our great Poet, 'of imagination all compact,' is the greatest master of poetic diction the world has yet produced; he could not have any knowledge of the Spanish poet, but has anticipated him in the use of this expressive epithet. The word *arrogaunt*, as written in old manuscripts, might easily be mistaken for *arm-gaunt*."

ACT II.—Scene I.

"*My power's* a *crescent*"—The old copy has "My powers *are* crescent." The use of *it*, in the next line, shows that "crescent" is a substantive. The correction in the text was made by Theobald, and is received by all editors except Collier.

"*Salt Cleopatra, soften thy* wan'd *lip!*"

The spelling of the early edition is *wand* lip, which Collier retains, as referring "to Cleopatra's power of en-

chantment," and doubts whether it should not be printed *wand-lip*. This is forced and improbable. *Waned*, which, if strict metrical regularity is required, may be spelled or spoken "wan'd," refers to the age and decay of beauty, to which Cleopatra has herself before referred. Stevens quotes a similar application of the epithet from Marston, a contemporary dramatist:—

> Cleopatra then to seek had been
> So firm a lover of her *waned* face.

He however suggests that the word is *wan'd*—grown *wan*, or *pale*, as in HAMLET: "His visage *wan'd*."

"*A space for further travel*"—i. e. Since he quitted Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome.

"*I cannot* HOPE"—"Hope" is here used in the sense of *expect*. Chaucer employs the word in this sense; but the inaccuracy of this use was exemplified, in Shakespeare's time, by Puttenham, who quotes the speech of the Tanner of Tamworth to Edward IV.:—"I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow."

SCENE II.

"*I would not shave't to-day*"—i. e. I would meet him undressed, without any show of respect. Plutarch mentions that Antony, "after the overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipt it, that it was marvellous long." Malone thinks that this was in Shakespeare's thoughts.

"*If we* COMPOSE"—i. e. *Agree*, come to *agreement*; as afterwards—"I crave our *composition* may be written."

"*Sit, sir*"—A note of admiration is put here by Stevens, who thinks that Antony means to resent the invitation of Cæsar that he should be seated, as such invitation implied superiority. We agree with Malone and Knight, that they desire each other to be seated; and that Cæsar puts an end to the bandying of compliments by taking his seat.

"— THEME *for you*"—This passage has been misunderstood, erroneously explained, and considered corrupt. Its meaning evidently is, "You were the theme or subject for which your wife and brother made their contestation; you were the word of war." Mason supposed some words had been transposed, and that the passage ought to stand thus:—

> —— and for contestation
> Their theme was you; you were the word of war.

"— *some true* REPORTS"—"Reports," for *reporters*. It was not an uncommon poetic license, among the old dramatists, thus to use the neuter noun for the personal one derived from it; as in RICHARD III. we find *wrongs* used for *wrong-doers*.

"*As matter* WHOLE *you have to make it with*," etc.

This is the reading of the original; but the ordinary reading, from the time of Rowe, has been—

> As matter whole you have *not* to make it with.

We doubt the propriety of departing from the text, and the meaning appears to us—If you will *patch* a quarrel so as to seem the *whole* matter you have to make it with, you must not patch it with this complaint. "Whole" is opposed to *patch*.—KNIGHT.

"*Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars*
Which FRONTED *mine own peace*."

That is—Could not look graciously upon them; could not approve them. "Fronted" is *affronted, opposed*.

"*The honour's sacred which he talks on now*," etc.

"The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him, therefore, urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself."

This is Malone's interpretation, and generally adopted in modern editions. But I rather agree with Mason, that "now" does not refer to "talks," but that he says, "Admitting that I was negligent, and then lacked fidelity to my word, that honour is *now* sacred." He accordingly excuses his fault, demands pardon, and tenders reparation.

"— *your considerate stone*"—This is probably an allusion to the old saying, "as silent as a stone," which is a frequent comparison among our ancient writers. Enobarbus says, "A solemn silence and gravity are my part."

"— *your reproof*
Were well deserv'd of rashness."

That is—You might be reproved for your rashness, and would well deserve it. The old copy reads *proof*. Warburton made the emendation.

"*When she first met Mark Antony*," etc.

We quote from North's "Plutarch" the original material, which Shakespeare and Dryden successively worked up into the most gorgeous passages of English poetry:—

"The manner how he fell in love with her was this: Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her. * * * * * So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citterns, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys, apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in: so that in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience; and there went a rumour in the people's mouths that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius, therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was content to obey her, and went to supper to her, where he found such passing sumptuous fare that no tongue can express it."

"*So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,*
And made their bends ADORNINGS."

The last editions of Johnson and Stevens contain several pages of commentary, giving various interpretations to these words. To these the later critics have added

their quota. Stevens pronounces, that "the plain sense of the passage seems to be, these ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay their queen—a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty."

Knight's comment is as follows:—"Warburton proposed to read *adorings;* and the controversy upon the matter is so full that Boswell prints it as a sort of supplement at the end of the play. We hold to the 'adornings' of the original."

Collier says, that "*tended* in the eyes" means nothing else but tended her sight; as in the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM we have "gambol in his eyes," for gambol in his sight. "Made their bends adornings" is to be understood that they bowed with such grace as to add to their beauty.

> "*Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale*
> *Her infinite variety.*"

Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of ladies, who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an unexhausted variety of accomplishments.—STEVENS.

SCENE III.

"*Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?*"

With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good and very great) was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune; and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. For thy demon, said he, (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee,) is afraid of his; and, being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other. Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said that, as often as they two drew cuts for pastime who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome.—NORTH'S *Plutarch.*

"*Becomes a* FEAR"—A "Fear" was a personage in some of the old Moralities. (See TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, act iii. scene 2.) The whole thought is borrowed from North's translation of Plutarch.

> "— *and his* QUAILS *ever*
> *Beat mine,* INHOOP'D, *at odds.*

Shakespeare derived this from Plutarch. The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. Julius Pollux relates that a circle was made, in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of the circle lost the stake. We are told by Mr. Marsden that the Sumatrans practise these quail combats. The Chinese have always been extremely fond of quail fighting. Mr. Douce has given a print, from an elegant Chinese miniature painting, which represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually *inhooped.*—DOUCE'S *Illustrations of Shakespeare.*

SCENE V.

"— *let us to* BILLIARDS"—The critics pounce upon this from all quarters. "The game (as Malone says) was not known in ancient times." The later explorations of Egyptian antiquities have shown so many unexpected resemblances between the customs of the court of the Pharaohs and those of modern times, that it would not be very surprising to find that Cleopatra might have amused herself with this very game, re-invented centuries after in France. Of course Shakespeare knew nothing of these antiquities, but he knew very well that games of some sort, uniting exercise with manual dexterity and skill, were used in all refined and luxurious communities; and because he could not express an invitation to such an amusement, in a vague circumlocution, he employed the familiar English word for the game most like that he supposed might have been played in old times.

"RAIN *thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,*" etc

The old text has "*Ram* thou," etc., which Collier retains. Yet the epithets "fruitful" and "barren" are so congruous with "rain," and the same image having been used in TIMON, ("Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,") there seems little doubt that *ram* is a literal error for "rain."

> "*But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony*
> *Be free and healthful:—so tart a favour,*" etc.

We follow the original reading, as well as punctuation, agreeing with Knight that, thus read, the lines are full of characteristic spirit. The bulk of modern editions alter, without reason, the punctuation thus:—

> But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
> Be free, and healthful,—*why* so tart a favour
> To trumpet such good tidings?

"*Not like a* FORMAL *man*"—i. e. A man in his *senses.* (See COMEDY OF ERRORS, act v. scene 1.) So in the TWELFTH NIGHT—"any *formal* capacity."

> "*I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail*
> *Rich pearls upon thee.*"

A magnificent image, which Milton has borrowed, and added to its splendour of diction, by incorporating with it the "*Barbarico auro*" of Virgil, and an actual custom of the Persian court:—

> —— the gorgeous East, with liberal hand,
> Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold.

"*Thou art not what thou'rt sure of*"—Such is the reading of the original, which, though obscure from the speaker's hurried brevity, I understand as saying, as if in a relenting moment—"Thou (the bearer) art not thyself the evil thing of which you are so certain, and do not merit to bear its odium." If the reader is not satisfied with this, he may adopt the conjectural emendation of M. Mason, adopted by Steevens:—

> O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
> That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?

SCENE VI.

"*Your hostages I have, so have you mine,*" etc.

Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pinnaces and other pirate-ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia; and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the Mount of Misena, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea; Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies upon the shore side, directly over against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withal that he should send a certain quantity of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius' chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him, And where shall we sup? There, said Pompey; and showed him

his admiral galley, which had six banks of oars: That (said he) is my father's house they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his father's house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast anchors enow into the sea, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of Mount Misena: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. Now, in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antonius' love unto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and, whispering in his ear, said unto him, Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord, not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey, having paused awhile upon it, at length answered him, Thou shouldst have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with what we have; as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor. The other two also did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned into Sicily.—NORTH's *Plutarch*.

"— *much* TALL *youth*"—"Tall" is used in its old colloquial sense, for *brave, manly*.

"*At land, indeed,*
Thou dost O'ERCOUNT *me of my father's house*," etc.

That is—At land indeed thou dost exceed me in possessions; having added to thy own my father's house. "O'ercount" seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps is meant to insinuate that Antony not only outnumbered, but had *overreached* him. The circumstance of Antony's obtaining the house of Pompey's father, the Poet had from Plutarch.

"— *since the cuckoo builds not for himself*"—i. e. Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

("*For this is from the* PRESENT")—i. e. Foreign to the object of our present discussion. Shakespeare uses the "present" as a substantive many times.

"— *You and I have* KNOWN"—i. e. Have been *acquainted*. So in CYMBELINE:—"Sir, we have *known* together at Orleans."

"— *Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still* CONVERSATION"—"Conversation" is *behaviour;* manner of acting in common life. "He useth no virtue or honest *conversation* at all: *Nec habet ullum cum virtute commercium.*"—BARET.

SCENE VII.

"*They have made him drink alms-drink*"—"A phrase (says Warburton) among good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companions drink to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy."

"— *pinch one another by the disposition*"—Warburton explains this phrase as equivalent to one still in use, of "touching one in a sore place."

"— *a* PARTIZAN *I could not heave*"—A "partizan" was a weapon between a *pike* and a *halberd;* not being so long, it was made use of in mounting a breach, etc.

"— *They take the flow o' the Nile*," etc.

Shakespeare might have found a description of the rise of the Nile, and the estimate of plenty or scarcity thereon depending, in Holland's translation of Pliny. The Nilometer is described in Leo's "History of Africa," translated by John Pory. Both works were published at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

"*Whate'er the ocean* PALES, *or sky* INCLIPS"—i. e. Every thing that the ocean *encloses*, or the sky *embraces*.

"*Plumpy Bacchus, with* PINK EYNE," etc.

The modern reader will take this in the sense of *pink-coloured*, as if alluding to the redness of the eyes of the god of Bacchanals—a good and appropriate sense, but not the one in the Poet's mind. The old Latin and English dictionaries, and translators contemporary with Shakespeare, all show that "pink eyes" meant *small eyes*, (as Bishop Wilkins's Dictionary—"*Pink-eyed;* narrow-eyed.") Fleming, in his "Nomenclator," gives as synonymous, "*Ayant fort petits yeux:* that hath little eyes—*pink-eyed*."

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*Without the which a soldier, and his sword,*
GRANTS *scarce distinction.*"

"Grants" for *affords*. "Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless." This was wisdom, or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.—WARBURTON.

There is somewhat the same idea in CORIOLANUS:—

Who sensible outdares his senseless sword.

SCENE II.

"— *hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets*," etc.

This whimsical arraugement of words, as it is here jocosely introduced, seems a passing sneer at the tastes of the day, in affecting this conceit in graver poetry. Thus, in Daniel's eleventh Sonnet:—

Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel shee;
Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, melts, and yields we see.

And Sir Philip Sydney's "Excellent Sonnet of a Nymph," printed in "England's Helicon," is a tissue of this kind.

"*They are his* SHARDS, *and he their* BEETLE"—i. e. They are the *wings*, that raise this heavy lumpish *insect* from the ground. So in MACBETH—"The *shard-borne* beetle."

"— *and as my furthest* BAND
Shall pass on thy approof."

"Band" and *bond* were of old used indiscriminately. Octavius charges his sister to prove such as he thinks her, and as his amplest bond would be given that she would prove.

"*He were the worse for that, were he a horse*," etc.

Stevens says, that "a horse is said to have a cloud in his face when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead, between his eyes." It is thought to indicate a vicious temper. Burton applies the phrase to an ugly woman. "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be thin, leane, chitty-face, have clouds in her face, be crooked," etc —(*Anatomy of Melancholy*.)

"*What willingly he did* CONFOUND"—i. e. *Destroy*.

SCENE III.

"*Her* MOTION *and her* STATION"—"Station" is the act of *standing*, as "motion" is the act of *moving*. So in HAMLET—"A *station*, like the herald Mercury."

"— *I repent me much*
That I so HARRIED *him.*"

To "harry" is to *harass*, to worry, to use roughly, to vex, or molest, from the old Norman-French *harier*, of the same meaning, or from the Anglo-Saxon *hergian*. The word occurs frequently in our old writers. Thus, in the "Revenger's Tragedy," (1607:)—

He *harry'd* her amidst a nest of pandars.

So Nash, in his "Lenten Stuff:"—"As if he were *harrying* and chasing his enemies."

Walter Scott revived the use of the word in his poems.

SCENE IV.

"— *he not* TOOK' T"—The first edition has "not *look'd*," which seems a clear misprint, though the Pictorial edition retains it.

"—*did it from his teeth*"—i. e. To appearance only; not seriously. Thus Dryden, in his "Wild Gallant:"—"I am confident she is only angry from the teeth outward." So Chapman, in his version of the fifteenth "Iliad:"—

She laughed, but meerly from her lips.

And Fuller, in his "Holie Warre," (book iv. chap. 17:)—"This bad breath, though it came but from the teeth of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others."

"*I'll raise the preparation of a war*
Shall STAIN *your brother.*"

This seems so obscure, in the ordinary sense of "stain," that Theobald changed it to *strain*, and Boswell suggested *stay*; either of which may have been the author's word. Yet, as we find in some of the poets of the time, "stain," used in the scuse of *to eclipse*, to throw in the *shade*, it may have been the word, and is therefore retained. Thus, among several examples quoted by the commentators, we have, in Churchyard's poem of "Charitie," (1595)—

Whose beauty *stains* the fair Helene of Greece.

Scene V.

"— *denied him* RIVALITY"—i. e. *Equal rank*. In Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus are styled by Bernardo "the *rivals*" of his watch.

"— *thou hast a pair of chaps,—no more*"—This line is sometimes pointed and read as if the sense were, "Thou world hast no longer a pair of jaws;" but the sense is, "Thou hast but one pair of jaws, and no more."

Scene VI.

"*Being an* OBSTRUCT"—The original has *abstract*, which the edition of Knight retains, and several editors defend, as meaning a *separation*. It seems clearly a mispriut for "obstruct," which is generally adopted.

"— *his potent* REGIMENT"—i. e. *Government, authority*; the ordinary sense of the word in Shakespeare's day. Thus, in the "Faerie Queene," we have, "When he had resigned his *regiment*;" and Lyly, (in 1597)—"Hecate in Philo's regiment."

Scene VII.

"*Thou hast* FORSPOKE"—i. e. *Spoken against*, or *forbidden*.

"*If not denounc'd against us, why should not we*," etc.

The modern reading is—

Is't not? Denounce against us why should not we

With Malone and Knight, we follow the original, the meaning of which is, If there be no special deuunciation against us, why should we uot be there?

"— MERELY *lose*"—i. e. *Entirely*.

"— TAKE IN *Toryne*"—i. e. Gain by *conquest*.

"*O noble emperor, do not fight by sea*," etc.

So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but threescore ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two-and-twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now, as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut, who, as Antonius passed by him, cried unto him, and said, O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet. Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although, indeed, he had no great courage himself.—North's *Plutarch*.

"*Not in the power on't*"—An obscure phrase, of which Malone has given the most probable sense:—"His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely, his land force,) but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea."

"— *in such* DISTRACTIONS"—i. e. *Detachments*.

Scene VIII.

"— *upon this* JUMP"—i. e. Upon this *hazard*, as the verb to "jump" is used in Macbeth and Coriolanus.

"— CANTLE *of the world*"—i. e. *Portion*.

"— *the* TOKEN'D *pestilence*"—i. e. The pestilence which is mortal, when those spots appear on the skin which were called God's *tokens*.

"— *Yon'* RIBALD NAG *of Egypt*"—i. e. That *obscene jade*—a natural burst of indignation. The old folios print it "*ribaudred* nag." which Stevens has changed to *ribald-rid*; but the ancient form of "ribald" was *ribaud*, or *ribauld*, or *ribaudrous*, as *ribaldry* was spelled *ribaudrie*. *Ribaudred*, then, seems to have been a mere misprint for one of the older forms of "ribald." Thus, in Troilus and Cressida, we have, in the folios, "*ribauld crows*." "*Hag* of Egypt" is also the reading of many of the modern editions; but the allusion to the "brize," or *gad-fly*, the summer torment of horses and cattle, indicates "*nag*" to be the word inteuded.

"*The* BRIZE *upon her*"—i. e. The *gad-fly*, so troublesome to cattle in summer.

Scene IX.

"— *He, at Philippi, kept*
His sword even like a DANCER," etc.

That is—Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. A passage in All's Well that Ends Well explains this allusion:—

Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to *dance* with.

So, in Titus Andronicus, we have, "a dancing rapier by your side." The Poet ascribes the customs of his own age to that of Antouy.

"— *the* MAD *Brutus*"—"Nothing can be more in character than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madness*."—Warburton.

"*Dealt on* LIEUTENANTRY"—Stevens has well explained this passage, which Johnson and others misunderstood. He says, "Dealt on lieutenantry" means *fought by proxy*, made war by his *lieutenants*, or on the strength of his lieuteuants. In a former scene Ventidius says:—

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person.

To "deal on" anything is an expression often used by old writers. In Plutarch's "Life of Antony," Shakespeare found the following words:—"They were always more fortunate when they made warre *by their lieutenants* than by themselves."

Scene X.

"*As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf*
To HIS *grand sea*."

Capell explains this passage thus:—"The sea, that he (the dew-drop) arose from." "His" for *its* is often found in old English, even where no figurative change of gender was intended.

"*The circle of the Ptolemies*"—i. e. The crown or diadem of the Egyptian kings, which is "now hazarded to thy grace"—i. e. now placed within the chance of thy favour and pardon, or the reverse.

Scene XI.

"Think, *and die*"—As before remarked on a parallel passage of Julius Cæsar, (act ii. scene 1,) "think" is used in its ancient sense of *anxious thought*, like the "take no thought" of our English Bible, for *be not anxious*, or *solicitous*. This sense is so common in old English, that there is no ground whatever for the odd alteration of Hanmer, adopted in several valuable editions, of "*Drink* and die."

"— nick'd *his captainship*"—i. e. (says Stevens) Set the mark of *folly* upon it. So in the Comedy of Errors:—

—— and the while
His man with seissars *nicks* him like a fool.

"*The* mered *question*"—"Mere" is a *boundary*, and to mere is to mark, to limit. Spenser thus uses the word as a verb. "Question" is used, as in Hamlet, for *object*, or *subject*:—

—— the king,
That was and is the *question* of these wars.

Antony was the subject, to which the whole war was limited.

"*To lay his gay comparisons apart,*
And answer me declin'd, *sword against sword*," etc.

Johnson explains the passage thus:—"I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power."

"*A messenger from Cæsar.*"

Therewithal he sent Thyreus, one of his men, unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who, bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that, besides, greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour, insomuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar, and bade him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now, specially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. To be short, if this mislike thee, (said he,) thou hast Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee; hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance. From henceforth, Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For, first of all, where she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence, so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich.—North's *Plutarch*.

"— *begin to* square"—i. e. Begin to *Quarrel*.

"*Say to great Cæsar this in* disputation," etc.

So the old text, and the sense is good. Say to him in *discussion*, nothing but my submission. Yet there is probability in Warburton's amendment, "in *deputation*"—i. e. say you, as my *deputy*, this to him.

"*Like boys unto a* muss"—i. e. A *scramble*—a word now considered only as childish or vulgar, but used by the best authors as late as Dryden, who speaks of "a *muss* of more than half the town."

"— *one that looks on* feeders"—Antony is comparing Cleopatra with Octavia. "One that looks on *feeders*" is one that bestows favours on *servants*. *Eaters*, "feeders," were terms for servants in the old dramatists. Gifford has shown, in a note to the "Silent Woman," that Dr. Johnson was mistaken when he interpreted the passage in the text to mean that Antony was abused by Thyreus—by one that looked on while others fed.

"*By the* discandering *of this pelleted storm*," etc.

This is the word of the original, but the invariable modern reading is *discandying*; and Malone explains that "*discandy* is used in the next act." But how is it used?—

—— The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do *discandy*, melt their sweets,
On blossoming Cæsar.

The expletive *melt their sweets* gives us the peculiar and more forcible meaning in which the word is here used. But the pelleted storm, which makes Cleopatra's brave Egyptians lie graveless, is utterly opposed to the melting into sweetness of the word *discandying*. To *squander* is to scatter, and so Drydeu uses the word:—

They drive, they *squander*, the huge Belgian fleet.

To *dis-cander*, we believe then, is to *dis-squander*. The particle *dis* is, as Mr. Richardson has stated, "frequently prefixed to words themselves meaning separation, or partition, and augmenting the force of those words." We therefore, without hesitation, restore the original "discandering," in the sense of *dis-squandering*.—Knight.

"— *and* fleet"—The old word for *float*, which words were used indiscriminately.

"— *one other* gaudy *night*"—i. e. A night of *rejoicing*—from the Latin *gaudium*. A "gaudy" day, in the Universities and Inns of Court, is a *feast* day. Nares, in explanation of the term, quotes from an old play:—

—— A foolish utensil of state,
Which, like old plate upon a *gaudy* day's
Brought forth to make a show, and that is all.

Act IV.—Scene I.

"*I have many other ways to die; mean time*
Laugh at his challenge."

Upton would read—

He hath many other ways to die: mean time
I laugh at his challenge.

This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one:—"Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so."—Farmer.

Scene II.

"— *and cry, 'Take all'*"—i. e. Let the survivor "take all;" no composition—victory or death. So in King Lear:—

—— unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will, *take all.*

"*Call forth my household servants; let's to-night*," etc.

Then Antonius seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest both by sea and land. So, being at supper, (as it is reported,) he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board that they should fill his cup full, and make as much of him as they could, for, said he, You know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master; it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory than valiantly to die with honour.—North's *Plutarch*.

"— *the gods* yield *you for 't*"—In As You Like It we have the familiar expression, "God 'ild you," which is equivalent to God yield you, or God *reward* you.

"*Ho, ho, ho!*"—Boswell suggests that these interjections were intended to express an hysterical laugh; but the old usage of "ho" was to express *stop, desist*—being but another form of *whoe*, still used to horses. Thus

Lord Berner, in bis "Froissart"—"There was no *ho* between them;" and Burton ("Anatomy of Melancholy") bas, "He is mad, mad, no *whoe* with him."

Scene III.

"Peace, what noise?"

Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of suudry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as tbey used in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after tbe manner of the Satyrs; and it seemed that this dauce went tbrough the city unto tbe gate that opened to the euemies, and that all the troop that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him that did forsake them.—North's *Plutarch.*

Scene VI.

"—*the* three-nook'd *world*"—i. e. The *three-cornered* world. It is not easy to explain why three corners, and no more, were allowed the world; but such was tbe language of the times. Tbus in King John:—

> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we will shock them.

"—saf'd *the bringer*"—i. e. Made *safe*. This is one of the only two instauces of this use of the word, in any author, the other being in Cbapman's "Odyssey."

Scene VIII.

"—*this great* fairy"—The term "fairy," in former time, was applied, not only to imaginary diminutive beings, but also occasionally to *witches*, and *enchanters;* in which last sense it is used in the text.

Scene IX.

"—raught *him*"—"Raught," in olden Englisb, was the preterite of *reach*, and was also used for *reft;* so tbat it may here bave either signification.

"—(*order for sea is given;*
They have put forth the haven,") etc.

Tbis passage is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot soldiers shall stay with bim, upon the hills adjoining to the city—

> Where their appointment we may best discover.

There is, therefore, no need or propriety of Malone's insertion of "Let's seek a spot," or Rowe's "Further on," before "Wbere their appointment," etc.

"But *being charg'd, we will be still by land,*" etc.

That is—*Unless* a cbarge is made upon us, we will remain quiet on land. "But," in this sense of *unless*, or *without*, is often found in old English, as well as in later Scotch. Stevens quotes two lines from a version of an old French romance—

> —— as schip *boute* mast,
> *Boute* anker, or ore, etc.

"—*this* grave *charm*"—Some of the editors of tbe last century print, without reason, "*gay* charms;" but the words mean, this *deadly* or *destructive* piece of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet "grave" is often used by Chapman, in bis translation of Homer. Thus, in the nineteenth book:—

> But not far hence the fatal minutes are
> Of thy *grave* ruin.

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis.*

"*Like a right gipsy, hath, at* fast and loose," etc.

The allusion is to the game of "fast and loose," or *pricking at the belt or girdle*, still practised by juggling cheats, and which was practised by the gipsies in Shakespeare's time, as appears in an epigram of Thomas Freeman's, in his collection, called "Run and a Great Cast," (1614,) which is printed in tbe *Variorum Shakespeare*, together with Sir John Hawkins's description of tbe game.

"*For poor'st diminutives, for* dolts"—We retain the original. Tbe ordinary reading is—

> For poor'st diminutives *to* dolts;—

and it is explained that the poorest diminutives are the smallest pieces of money. Others read "for *doits*"—diminutives and doits each meaning small moneys. "Poor'st diminutives" are the children of the humblest condition, and classed with "dolts"—the silly and ignorant of a larger growth; the whole forming wbat Cleopatra, in tbe last scene of the play, calls the "shouting varletry" of Rome. We must, therefore, nnderstand "for" to mean *for the gratification of*, or adopt a suggestion by Malone, "be shown *fore*," etc.

We have, with Knight, preferred this old reading to the later reading and explanation, because the context does not lead to the idea of Cleopatra's being made a sbow for money, but represents her as made a public show in Cæsar's triumph.

Scene XI.

"*Was never so* emboss'd"—Tbis word is used in the old bunting sense, for *foaming at the mouth.*

Scene XII.

"*They are black vesper's* pageants"—T. Warton rightly reminds us, that the beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. The followiug apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Boswell:—"I feare some of you are like tbe *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lion, or elephant, or unicorue; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is notbing but cloth, and sticks, and ayre."

"This is, witbout doubt, one of the finest pieces of poetry iu Shakespeare. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind,—are jnst like the mouldering scbemes of human greatness."—Hazlitt.

"*The rack dislimns*"—i. e. Tbe fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.

"My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely."

Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the mean time sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius, believing it, said unto himself, What dost thou look for furtber, Antonius, sith spiteful fortune hatb taken from thee the only joy thou haddest, for whom tbou yet reservedst thy life? When he had said these words, be went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and, being naked, said thus:—O, Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind tban a woman. Now he bad a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him that he should kill him when he did command him, and then he willed him to keep his promise. Tbis man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though be had meant to bave

stricken his master; but, turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me. Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to despatch him; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying and tormenting himself, until at last there came a secretary unto him called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument.—NORTH's *Plutarch.*

"— PLEACH'D *arms*"—i. e. *Folded, interwoven.*

"— DISPOS'D *with Cæsar*"—i. e. *Made terms* with.

SCENE XIII.

"*O Charmian, I will never go from hence.*"

Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, "trised" Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight; for they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for the women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra, stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bade her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk he earnestly prayed her and persuaded her that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour, and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar; and, as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days, but rather that she should think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman.—NORTH's *Plutarch.*

"*I dare not, dear*"—Cleopatra dares not come down out of the monument, to bestow the poor last kiss.

"— BROOCH'D *with me*"—i. e. Adorned as with a *brooch;* a name then given to any ornamental jewel.

"*Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes*
And still CONCLUSION," etc.

"With her sedate *determination*, silent coolness of *resolution*," explains Johnson. But this meaning is hardly conveyed by the words, nor would such a temper be specially offensive to Cleopatra. I agree with Nares, (Glossary,) that she meant "deep but quiet censure, looking demure all the while." The "conclusion" is the opinion formed, by inference, from observation.

"QUICKEN *with kissing*"—i. e. *Revive* by my kiss. To "quicken," according to Baret, is "to make *livelie* and *lustie;* to make strong and sound; to *refresh.*"

"— *the meanest* CHARES"—A "chare," or *char,* is a single act, or piece of work; a turn, or bout of work, (from the Anglo-Saxon, *cyran,* to turn.) Hence, a *charwoman.* The word, now quite obsolete in England, is still retained in the United States, in the form of *chores;* signifying any of the smaller work about a farm or house, in the sense here used.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"— *The round world*
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens."

The Johnson and Stevens editors and commentators agree in pronouncing that some words or lines have been lost here, and amend in several ways; but we retain the old lines as first printed, and agree with Knight, that nothing can more forcibly express the idea of a general convulsion than that the wild beasts of the forest should have been hurled into the streets where men abide, and the inhabitants of cities as forcibly thrown into the lions' dens. Of the proposed amendments the best is that of Malone, thus:—

The round world should have shook,
Thrown hungry lions into civil streets, etc.

"— FOLLOW'D *thee to this*"—i. e. *Hunted* thee to this.

"— *should divide*
Our equalness to this."

That is—Should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

"*A poor Egyptian yet*"—i. e. Yet an Egyptian, or subject of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.

SCENE II.

"*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.*"

Malone says, "Our author here, (as in KING HENRY VIII., act v. scene 1,) has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument." The higher interior elevation of the old English stage has already been noticed, and by its aid Cleopatra and her two attendants were exhibited in the monument above, in the rear of the stage; while the Romans appear in front below.

"— *and never palates more the dung*
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's."

Voluntary death (says Cleopatra) is an act which *bolts up change;* it produces a state—

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's;—

which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. It has been already said in this play, that—

—— our *dungy* earth
Feeds man as beast.

"The Æthiopian king, (in Herodotus, book iii.,) upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprised if men, who eat nothing but *dung,* did not attain a longer life."

Such is the comment of Johnson and of Stevens, which gives the sense of the author, if the punctuation be as above, and as it is in the folio of 1623, referring the "nurse" to "dung." But if we read with another pointing—

—— and never palates more the dung;
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's—

the common "nurse" of all men must then refer to that which "ends all other deeds," (i. e. *death.*) I prefer the former printing and sense.

"— *pray in aid for kindness*"—A phrase drawn from the technical language of the English common law:—"In real actions the tenant may *pray* in *aid*, or call for the assistance of another to help him plead. Thus a tenant for life may pray in aid of him that hath the reversion; that is, that he be joined in the action, and help defend," etc. (III. Blackstone's *Commentaries*, 300.)

"*Proculeius and two of the Guard*," etc.

The stage-direction is wanting in the older editions. This is added in the modern editions, from the account thus given in North's "Plutarch:"—

"But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spoke together. For Proculeius came to the gates, that were very thick and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some crannies through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons; and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar, who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bade him purposely hold her with talk whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was 'trised' up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in the monument with her saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out, O, poor Cleopatra, thou art taken! Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and, taking her by both the hands, said unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to 'appeache' him as though he were a cruel and merciless man that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her."

"— *I will eat no meat, I'll not drink*"—i. e. I will not eat, and, if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither.—JOHNSON.

"*My country's high* PYRAMIDES"—The Latin plural of *pyramid*; used as a word of four syllables here, as it is by Sandys, Drayton, and other contemporary poets.

"— *his rear'd arm*
CRESTED *the world*," etc.

Dr. Percy thinks that "this is an allusion to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet." To "crest" is to *surmount*.

"*As* PLATES *dropp'd from his pocket*"—Pieces of *silver money* were called "plates." So in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta:"—

Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred *plates?*

It is from the Spanish name of silver money, *plata*, which, about the age of Elizabeth, was introduced into English.

"*Which is the queen of Egypt?*"

Shortly after Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. * * * * * When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius. Cæsar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At length she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well favouredly. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. Alas! said she, O Cæsar! is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought unto this pitiful and miserable estate: and that mine own servants should now come to accuse me, though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that, they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me? Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself.—NORTH'S *Plutarch*.

"*I cannot* PROJECT *mine own cause*"—To "project" is to *delineate*, to *shape*, to *form*. So in "Look About You," a comedy, (1600:)—

But quite dislike the *project* of your suite.

"— MODERN *friends*"—i. e. *Common, ordinary*.

"WITH *one that I have bred*"—"With" for *by;* a common old English idiom, now become merely colloquial and inelegant, if not incorrect.

"*Make not your thoughts your prisons*"—i. e. Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.—JOHNSON.

"— *Cæsar through Syria*
Intends his journey," etc.

Dolabella sent her word secretly, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed herself she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now, whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman, and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see such goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table, written and sealed, unto Cæsar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself: howbeit he sent one before him in all haste that might be to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead, and tremhling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, Is that well done, Charmian? Very well, said she

again, and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings. She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspic was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs the aspic should bite her before she should see her. Howbeit, that, when she should have taken away the leaves from the figs, she perceived it, and said, Art thou here then? And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten. Other say again she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspic, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm.—NORTH's *Plutarch.*

"*Some squeaking Cleopatra* BOY *my greatness,*" etc.

It has been already observed, that the parts of females were played by boys on our ancient stage. Nash, in his "Pierce Pennilesse," makes it a subject of exultation that "our players are not as the players beyond sea, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts." To obviate the impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of the "Raging Turk," (1631,) has no female character.

The fulfilment of the prophecy was not confined to the English stage, for the history of the French theatre informs us that, in the "Cleopatra" of Jodelle, one of the earliest French tragedies, the part of the heroine was performed by the author, who was fortunately young and boyish in appearance.

"— SIRRAH, *Iras, go*"—"Sirrah" was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women. It is nothing more than the exclamation, *Sir ha!* and we sometimes find it in its primitive form, "*A syr a*, there said you wel." (*Confutation of Nicholas Shaxton*, 1546.) The *Heus tu* of Plautus is rendered by an old translator, *Ha Sirra.* In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of Malta," one gentlewoman says to another, "*Sirrah*, why dost thou not marry?"

"*In this* WILD *world*"—Stevens and Dyce think that the original word was *vild*, the old orthography for *vile;* and the misprint is one often found in the old dramatists. Many modern editions have "*wide* world," which is clearly wrong.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others. The most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia. The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any sort of connection or care of disposition.—JOHNSON.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA does not furnish, perhaps, so many striking beauties as JULIUS CÆSAR, but is at least equally redolent of the genius of Shakespeare. Antony, indeed, was given him by history, and he has but embodied, in his own vivid colours, the irregular mind of the Triumvir, ambitious and daring against all enemies but himself. In Cleopatra he had less to guide him; she is another incarnation of the same passions, more lawless and insensible to reason, as they are found in women. This character being not one that can please, its strong and spirited delineation has not been sufficiently observed. It is, indeed, only a poetic originality: the type was in the courtesan of common life; but the resemblance is that of Michael Angelo's Sybils in a muscular woman. In this tragedy, the events that do not pass on the stage are scarcely made clear enough to one who is not previously acquainted with history; and some of the persons appear and vanish again without sufficient cause. He has, in fact, copied Plutarch too exactly.—HALLAM.

To these cold criticisms, yet not wholly unjust, of these two great names, we may put in contrast the more fervid sympathy of Coleridge, of Campbell, and of Scott:—

"Shakespeare can be complimented only by comparison with himself: all other eulogies are either heterogeneous, as when they are in reference to Spenser or Milton; or they are flat truisms, as when he is gravely preferred to Corneille, Racine, or even his own immediate successors, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and the rest. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of MACBETH, LEAR, HAMLET, and OTHELLO. *Feliciter audax* is the motto for its style comparatively with that of Shakespeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed.

"This play should be perused in mental contrast with ROMEO AND JULIET;—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. But the art displayed in the character of Cleopatra is profound; in this, especially, that the sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature, and that it is supported and reinforced by voluntary stimulus and sought-for associations, instead of blossoming out of spontaneous emotions.

"Of all Shakespeare's historical plays, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is by far the most wonderful. There is no one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much;—perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. As a wonderful specimen of the way in which Shakespeare lives up to the very end of this play, read the last part of the concluding scene. And if you would feel the judgment as well as the genius of Shakespeare in your heart's core, compare this astonishing drama with Dryden's *All for Love.*"—COLERIDGE.

"If I were to select any historical play of Shakespeare, in which he has combined an almost literal fidelity to history with an equal faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and in which he superinduces the merit of skilful dramatic management, it would be the above play. In his portraiture of Antony there is, perhaps, a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we can discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her, than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth:—he paints her as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil.

"At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue; but with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding match. The latter poet's "All for Love" was regarded by himself as his master-piece, and is by no means devoid of merit; but so inferior is it to the prior drama, as to make it disgraceful to British taste for one hundred years that the former absolutely banished the latter from the stage. A French critic calls Great Britain the island of Shakespeare's idolaters; yet so it happens, in this same island, that Dryden's "All for Love" has been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"Dryden's *Marc Antony* is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakespeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation, 'There's a great spirit gone!' and his reflections on his own enthralment by Cleopatra, mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero."—T. CAMPBELL.

WALTER SCOTT, in his edition of Dryden's works, has drawn an admirable critical parallel between this play and the scarcely less splendid drama of "All for Love," written by Dryden, in professed imitation, as he himself says, of "the divine Shakespeare;" which, that he "might perform more freely, he disencumbered himself from rhyme," which he had hitherto, in conformity to the taste of his age, borrowed from France, considered indispensable to heroic dialogue. As the criticism is only to be found in Scott's edition of Dryden's complete works, which has never been reprinted in the United States, many of the readers of this edition will be gratified by finding it inserted here:—

"The first point of comparison is the general conduct, or plot, of the tragedy. And here Dryden, having, to use his own language, undertaken to shoot in the bow of Ulysses, imitates the wily Antinous in using art to eke out his strength, and suppling the weapon before he attempted to bend it.

"Shakespeare, with the license peculiar to his age and character, had diffused the action of his play over Italy, Greece, and Egypt; but Dryden, who was well aware of the advantage to be derived from a simplicity and concentration of plot, has laid every scene in the city of Alexandria. By this he guarded the audience from that vague and puzzling distraction which must necessarily attend a violent change of place. It is a mistake to suppose, that the argument in favour of the unities depends upon preserving the deception of the scene; they are necessarily connected with intelligibility of the piece. It may be true, that no spectator supposes that the stage before him is actually the court of Alexandria; yet, when he has once made up his mind to let it pass as such during the representation, it is a cruel tax, not merely on his imagination, but on his powers of comprehension, if the scene be suddenly transferred to a distant country. Time is lost before he can form new associations, and reconcile their bearings with those originally presented to him; and if he be a person of slow comprehension, or happens to lose any part of the dialogue, announcing the changes, the whole becomes unintelligible confusion. In this respect, and in discarding a number of uninteresting characters, the plan of Dryden's play must be unequivocally preferred to that of Shakespeare in point of coherence, unity, and simplicity. It is a natural consequence of this more artful arrangement of the story, that Dryden contents himself with the concluding scene of Antony's history, instead of introducing the incidents of the war with Cneius Pompey, the negotiation with Lepidus, death of his first wife, and other circumstances, which, in Shakespeare, only tend to distract our attention from the main interest of the drama. The union of time, as necessary as that of place to the intelligibility of the drama, has, in like manner, been happily attained; and an interesting event is placed before the audience with no other change of place, and no greater lapse of time, than can be readily adapted to an ordinary imagination.

"But, having given Dryden the praise of superior address in managing the story, I fear he must be pronounced in most other respects inferior to his grand prototype. Antony, the principal character in both plays, is incomparably grander in that of Shakespeare. The majesty and generosity of the military hero is happily expressed by both poets; but the awful ruin of grandeur, undermined by passion, and tottering to its fall, is far more striking in the Antony of Shakespeare. Love, it is true, is the predominant, but it is not the sole ingredient in his character. It has usurped possession of his mind, but is assailed by his original passions, ambition of power, and thirst for military fame. He is, therefore, often, and it should seem naturally represented, as feeling for the downfall of his glory and power, even so intensely as to withdraw his thoughts from Cleopatra, unless considered as the cause of his ruin. Thus, in the scene in which he compares himself to 'black vesper's pageants,' he runs on in a train of fantastic and melancholy similes, having relation only to his fallen state, till the mention of Egypt suddenly recalls the idea of Cleopatra. But Dryden has taken a different view of Antony's character, and more closely approaching to his title of 'All for Love.' 'He seems not now that awful Antony.' His whole thoughts and being are dedicated to his fatal passion; and though a spark of resentment is occasionally struck out by the reproaches of Ventidius, he instantly relapses into love-sick melancholy. The following beautiful speech exhibits the romance of despairing love, without the deep and mingled passion of a dishonoured soldier, and dethroned emperor:—

Ant. [*Throwing himself down.*]
Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place, thou pressest on thy mother earth,
Is all thy empire now: Now, it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in the narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then, Octavia,
For Cleopatra will not live to see it,
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar;
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some music; look that it be sad:
I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,
And hurst myself with sighing—— [*Soft music.*]
'Tis somewhat to my humour: Stay, I fancy
I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bank,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncombed locks, matted like mistleto,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmuring brook
Runs at my foot.
Ven. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.
Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.

"Even when Antony is finally ruined, the power of jealousy is called upon to complete his despair, and he is less sensible to the idea of Cæsar's successful arms, than the risk of Dolabella's rivalling him in the affections of Cleopatra. It is true, the Antony of Shakespeare also starts into fury upon Cleopatra permitting Thyreus to kiss her hand; but this is not jealousy—it is pride offended, that she, for whom he had sacrificed his glory and empire, should already begin to court the favour of

the conqueror, and vouchsafe her hand to be saluted by a 'jack of Cæsar's.' Hence Enobarbus, the witness of the scene, alludes immediately to the fury of mortified ambition and falling power:—

'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

"Having, however, adopted an idea of Antony's character, rather suitable to romance than to nature, or history, we must not deny Dryden the praise of having exquisitely brought out the picture he intended to draw. He has informed us, that this was the only play written to please himself; and he has certainly exerted in it the full force of his incomparable genius. Antony is, throughout the piece, what the author meant him to be: a victim to the omnipotence of love, or rather to the infatuation of one engrossing passion.

"In the Cleopatra of Dryden, there is greatly less spirit and originality than in Shakespeare's. The preparation of the latter for death has a grandeur which puts to shame the same scene in Dryden, and serves to support the interest during the whole fifth act, although Antony has died in the conclusion of the fourth. No circumstance can more highly evince the power of Shakespeare's genius, in spite of his irregularities; since the conclusion in Dryden, where both lovers die in the same scene, and after a reconciliation, is infinitely more artful and better adapted to theatrical effect.

"In the character of Ventidius, Dryden has filled up, with ability, the rude sketches, which Shakespeare has thrown off in those of Scæva and Eros The rough old Roman soldier is painted with great truth; and the quarrel betwixt him and Antony, in the first act, is equal to any single scene that our author ever wrote, excepting, perhaps, that betwixt Sebastian and Dorax; an opinion in which the judgment of the critic coincides with that of the poet. It is a pity, as has often been remarked, that this dialogue occurs so early in the play, since what follows is necessarily inferior in force. Dryden, while writing this scene, had unquestionably in his recollection the quarrel betwixt Brutus and Cassius, which was justly so great a favourite in his time, and to which he had referred as inimitable in his prologue to 'Aureng-Zebe.'

"The inferior characters are better supported in Dryden than in Shakespeare. We have no low buffoonery in the former, such as disgraces Enobarbus, and is hardly redeemed by his affecting catastrophe. Even the Egyptian Alexas acquires some respectability from his patriotic attachment to the interests of his country, and from his skill as a wily courtier. He expresses, by a beautiful image, the effeminate attachment to life, appropriated to his character and country:—

O, that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasped, the faster melts away.

"The Octavia of Dryden is a much more important personage than in the ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA of Shakespeare. She is, however, more cold and unamiable: for, in the very short scenes in which the Octavia of Shakespeare appears, she is placed in rather an interesting point of view. But Dryden has himself informed us, that he was apprehensive the justice of a wife's claim upon her husband would draw the audience to her side, and lessen their interest in the lover and the mistress. He seems accordingly to have studiedly lowered the character of the injured Octavia, who, in her conduct towards her husband, shows much duty and little love; and plainly intimates, that her rectitude of conduct flows from a due regard to her own reputation, rather than from attachment to Antony's person, or sympathy with him in his misfortunes. It happens, therefore, with Octavia, as with all other very good selfish kind of people; we think it unnecessary to feel any thing for her, as she is obviously capable of taking very good care of herself. I must not omit, that her scolding scene with Cleopatra, although anxiously justified by the author in the preface, seems too coarse to be in character, and is a glaring exception to the general good taste evinced throughout the rest of the piece.

"It would be too long a task to contrast the beauties of these two great poets, in point of diction and style. But the reader will doubtless be pleased to compare the noted descriptions of the voyage of Cleopatra down the Cydnus. It is given in Shakespeare, in act ii. scene 2. The parallel passage in Dryden runs thus:—

The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold,
The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereïds, round her couch were placed;
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.
Dol. No more: I would not hear it.
Ant. O, you must!
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take them: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That played about her face! But if she smiled,
A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad:
That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they played,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight;
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more:
For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.
Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarmed with murder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, Oh, tell her not
That I accused her of my brother's death?

"In judging betwixt these celebrated passages, we feel almost afraid to avow a preference of Dryden, founded partly upon the easy flow of the verse, which seems to soften with the subject, but chiefly upon the beauty of the language and imagery, which is flowery without diffusiveness, and rapturous without hyperbole. I fear Shakespeare cannot be exculpated from the latter fault; yet I am sensible, it is by sifting his beauties from his conceits that his imitator has been enabled to excel him.

"It is impossible to bestow too much praise on the beautiful passages which occur so frequently in 'All for Love.' Having already given several examples of happy expression of melancholy and tender feelings, I content myself with extracting the sublime and terrific description of an omen presaging the downfall of Egypt:—

Scrap. Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,
In a lone aisle of the temple while I walked,
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the dome: The doors around me clapt;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead.
From out each monument, in order placed,
An armed ghost starts up: The boy-king last
Reared his inglorious head. A peal of groans
Then followed, and a lamentable voice
Cried,—'Egypt is no more!' My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knocked;
On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,
And so, unfinished, left the horrid scene.

"Having quoted so many passages of exquisite poetry, and having set this play in no unequal opposition to that of Shakespeare, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to mention by what other poets the same subject has been treated. Daniel, Mary Countess of Pembroke, May, and Sir Charles Sedley, each produced a play on the fortunes of Antony. Of these pieces I have never read the three former, and will assuredly never read the last a second time."

To this list of English poets who have, as Dryden phrases it, "tried the bow of Ulysses," Scott might have added the "False One" of Fletcher, where Cleopatra is exhibited in what Shakespeare makes her style her "sallad days," in her youthful love for Julius Cæsar. It is full of poetical beauty, but otherwise the heroine, a lovely, majestic, and lofty personage, has nothing in common with the Shakespearian Cleopatra, or much with her history.

Above thirty tragedies, in various languages, are extant, of which Cleopatra is the heroine, besides others noticed in dramatic catalogues, which have probably

died in manuscript. That of Lady Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sydney, is said to have been the first dramatic composition by a female, in English. It is, however, not quite an original, being an adaptation and translation of a French tragedy, by Garnier. This poet was a scholar, a student and imitator of the Greek and Latin poets, especially of Seneca and Lucan; and, with much bad taste, his verses, of which La Harpe and other critics give specimens, exhibit not a little rhetorical splendour. It was his drama, first printed in 1580, which the Countess of Pembroke translated and published, as "Antonius," in 1592, and in a second edition in 1602. From her rank and her connection with Sir Philip Sydney, it is every way probable that Shakespeare must have read the book; and his retentive memory may have transfused some of its thoughts into his own drama. But the commentators are silent on this point, and I have not been able to procure either Garnier or his noble translator, for the use of this edition. Jodelle, the father of the French stage, had handled the same theme some years before, and there are said to be sixteen French tragedies on this subject, of which the last was the "Cleopatra" of Marmontel—a second-rate and frigid piece, of the old classic taste of the French stage.

To these might be added a drama of a far nobler strain, the "*Pompee*" of Corneille, of which Cleopatra is the heroine, in the days of the "mightiest Julius's" loves—not in those of Antony. The poet has, to use his own words, "in the character of Cleopatra preserved so much resemblance to the original as could be ennobled by the most splendid qualities. I have made her (says he) to love only from ambition, so that she appears to have no passion except so far as it may promote her own greatness." This presents but a cold counterpart to the Cleopatra of the two English dramatists. Otherwise the piece is one worthy to be read with Shakespeare's Roman dramas; for, with some bad taste and extravagance, it is full of the noblest passages. Cæsar's address to the remains of his dead rival—

> Restes d'un demi-dieu, dont a peine je puis,
> Egaler le grand nom, tout vainqueur que j'en suis—

affords a stately counterpart to the manly grief of Aufidius over the fallen Coriolanus, or Antony's lofty eulogy of the dead Brutus.

There are several (at least four) Italian tragedies on the story of Antony and Cleopatra. Of these one only belongs to the literature of Europe—the "Cleopatra" of Alfieri. His Cleopatra is a very atrocious woman—false, ambitious, and sternly bad. His Antony is a brave and credulous hero, much like his ancestor Hercules, who "loves not wisely, but too well." Nothing can be more far apart than the splendour of diction and imagery, the crowded variety of characters and incidents, and the bright, glancing, quickly-varying shades and changes of individual character, of the Shakespearian drama; and the simple plot, the few and strongly marked personages, the hard and unshadowed outline of those few, the pure but often harsh simplicity of style, varied with none of the lesser traits that give personal individuality, in the "Cleopatra" of Alfieri. It is, nevertheless, the work of genius, and has so much of thought, and power, and bitter passion, that he who reads Alfieri and does not feel these merits, is hardly able to do justice to the variety and magnificence of Shakespeare.

There are some German plays on the same subject, of which the "Octavia" of Kotzebue is the only one of which I know any thing. It was attempted as a new experiment in dramatic rhythm, which is said by critics not to have been successful. The interest of the piece turns wholly on the mild virtues of Octavia. It has not kept its place on the German stage, nor gained any foothold in the literature of Europe.

Pyramid and Sphynx.

SOURCE AND MATERIALS OF THE PLOTS OF

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, JULIUS CÆSAR, AND CORIOLANUS.

The readers of this edition have seen, from the frequent quotations in the notes, and references to North's "Plutarch," how very largely Shakespeare was indebted to that translation for the materials of his three great Roman historical tragedies. The critics and commentators have been so sparing in their accounts of this translation, and one or two of them so unjust, that some account of it will not be out of place here.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Jacques Amyot, a learned French priest, afterwards bishop of Auxerre, translated into French a selection of Plutarch's "Lives," which so charmed the "reading public" of the day, that he was urged to complete the whole; and he was rewarded with rich ecclesiastical preferment, to enable him to do so. His scholarship was, perhaps, not of the highest order, and he was accused, on the strength of some mistakes or oversights in his version, of having translated, not from the Greek original, but from the Italian. This, however, was quite unfounded, whatever assistance, as a moderate Greek scholar, he might have received from prior versions. But though not the most accurate of Grecians, he was a man of taste and talent, had seen much of the world, and (as he observes of Plutarch) had himself "dealt much in weighty affairs of state," had lived among the highest and ablest personages of his times, and, like the old Grecian too, was himself a most delightful narrator of the events and anecdotes of his own country. To this he added a remarkable command of his own language, imperfectly formed and unpolished as it then was; thus giving to his translation, according to the high authority of Racine, a charm and grace which modern elegance and correctness have never equalled. He was thus enabled to fulfil his own idea of the duty of a good translator, which (he says in his preface) is "not merely to render the meaning of his author, but to reflect his very mind and manner." The most remarkable proof of the excellence of this translation is that, though first printed in 1558, it is still regarded as the most agreeable and popular French version of Plutarch, although several others have been since made, with more scholar-like accuracy, by eminent translators. Within the present century, it has been repeatedly reprinted in Paris, following the old French text, and with no other change than the addition of the notes of Brotier, and other modern scholars.

In 1579, Sir Thomas North, an English gentleman, translated the whole of Amyot's translation of the "Lives" into English, and printed them in one large folio. His English, though now, in the progress of the two languages, become more antiquated than Amyot's French, is as spirited, graceful, and idiomatic, with that same undefinable air of an original, which is so seldom found in translations. He made his version very honestly from the French, without professing any knowledge of the Greek: printing it with the title of "The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romaines, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer, Plutarke of Chæronea; Translated out of Greek into French by James Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre, etc.; and out of French into English by Sir Thomas North, Knight—1570." It was, of course, not without some errors; and an epigram of the times, preserved by Dr. Farmer, thus assailed it:—

> 'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,
> That Latin French, that French to English straid;
> Thus 'twixt one Plutarch, there's more difference
> Than i' the same Englishman return'd from France.

This was altogether unjust; for, whatever slight errors there may be in the sense, North's graceful freedom of style, and command of all the riches of our ancient language, have made, under all these strange disadvantages, a translation breathing far more of the spirit of the original than any of the others, made under more auspicious circumstances, and, in itself, one of the most delightful books of our older literature. The present editor bought his copy, of the edition of 1612, on the strength of a criticism contained in William Godwin's rambling volume, entitled the "Lives of Edward and John Philips," rich in literary history and excellent criticism; and he cannot better express his own opinion of North's transalation than by extracting Godwin's remarks:—

"The French critics, with one voice, acknowledge Amyot, who lived and died in the sixteenth century, for the prince of all their writers, in translation. The old English translation of 'Plutarch's Lives,' by Sir Thomas North, (1579,) has the disadvantage of being avowedly taken from the French of Amyot; and yet I must confess that, till this book fell into my hands, I had no genuine feeling of Plutarch's merits, or knowledge of what sort of a writer he was. The philosopher of Cheronea subjects himself, in his biographical sketches, to none of the rules of fine writing; he has not digested the laws and ordinances of composition, and the dignified and measured step of an historian; but rambles just as his fancy suggests, and always tells you, without scruple or remorse, what comes next in his mind. How beautiful does all this show in the simplicity of the old English! How aptly does this dress correspond to the time and manner of thinking in the author! When I read Plutarch in Sir Thomas North, methinks I see the gray-headed philosopher, full of information and anecdote—a veteran in reflection and experience, and smitten with the love of all that is most exalted in our nature; pouring out, without restraint, the collections of his wisdom, as he reclines in his easy chair, before a cheerful winter's blaze. How different does all this appear in the translation of the Langhornes! All that was beautiful and graceful before, becomes deformity in the finical and exact sprucenss with which they have attired it."—(Godwin's *Lives of Edward and John Philips.*)

This well-filled folio, of 1250 pages, Shakespeare studied diligently; for, not content with drawing thence the plots and main characters of his Roman tragedies, and embodying its noblest speeches into still nobler verse, he has gathered up from different parts slight and transient tints of character, and entwined them into his dialogue, so as to give a matchless individuality and variety to his historic personages, such as we look for in vain among the Roman and Grecian heroes of Corneille, of Racine, or of Alfieri, magnificent as are the conceptions and majestic as are the personages of those great poets.

Whether Shakespeare went at all beyond his "Plutarch" for such materials, is a question I am not prepared to decide. In Coriolanus he certainly did not; for, though Livy had been translated before he wrote that play, he makes use of no fact or circumstance not in Plutarch. Had he consulted Livy, either in the original or in Holland's translation, he would have found several thoughts and expressions quite in unison with the spirit of Plutarch's narrative, and such as he would not willingly have rejected. But he was evidently content with the grand materials he found in Plutarch, and these, without the addition of any other historical accessories—such as a writer like Walter Scott would have delighted to interweave with his main narrative—he

has enriched with his own observation of life and character, and vivified by his creative, life-giving imagination. In JULIUS CÆSAR and ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, there are a few allusions and incidents which might induce the belief that he had looked further into Roman history, though Plutarch is never lost from sight. Thus, in JULIUS CÆSAR, Malone and others have thought that some of his incidents might be traced to Suetonius, whose "Lives of the Cæsars" had also been already translated. I am myself inclined to believe that Lucan—probably not directly, but through the imitation of preceding dramatists—had assisted to give to the speeches of Julius Cæsar something of that stately assumption which, little suited as it is to the character of that most unaffected of all great men, is yet singularly like, in taste and style, to the somewhat arrogant self-confidence and swelling declamation of the hero of the "Pharsalia." The English reader will feel this as much as the classical scholar, by comparing the speeches of Shakespeare's Julius with those to the rebellious army and to the pilot, in the fifth book of the "Pharsalia," as given in the animated version of Rowe

Again, in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, the character of Lepidus—a Justice Shallow raised, by accident, to be the "triple pillar of the world"—is brought out with a spirit and distinctness much beyond what Plutarch alone would have suggested, and yet corresponding with the character of the triumvir, as we gather it from other ancient sources. Plutarch gives us but slight and transient notices of Lepidus, and nowhere draws his character. Yet Shakespeare's Lepidus is, in conversation and behaviour, precisely that most empty of men, (*vir omnium vanissimus*, as Paterculus calls him,) which the real triumvir appears to have been actually, from all the notices of him in Greek and Latin authors. Whether the hints in Plutarch, connected with the Poet's practical observation of folly in high places, were sufficient to expand themselves into this graphic commentary on the adage, "*quam parvâ sapientiâ regitur mundus*," so historically true in the individual, or whether the Poet in this case, as in some others, was indebted to a prior poet or dramatist on the same subject, or to his desultory reading in some other quarters, it must be left for future and more minute inquirers to decide.

Pompey's Statue.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

TROILUS & CRESSIDA.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

FIRST PUBLICATION AND ORIGINAL PREFACE—PERPLEXING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY, AND THEORIES AND OPINIONS OF CRITICS—POSSIBLE SOLUTION OF THOSE DIFFICULTIES, AND CONJECTURAL HISTORY OF THE COMPOSITION OF THE PLAY—STATE OF THE TEXT, ETC.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA made its first appearauce in 1699, in a quarto pamphlet, with a sort of preface by the publisher, asserting that the play had never been acted. This was in Shakespeare's forty-fifth year, when he had attained the height of his dramatic popularity. The first edition bore the following title, which, like the preface, is evidently not from the author's own hand:—"The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loues, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted for R. Bonian and H. Walley. 1609—4to." The preface, found in all the copies bearing this title-page, is as follows:—

"*A never Writer to an ever Reader. News.*—Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook any thing comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them, more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of wit in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed,) but for so much worth, as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus: and believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasure's loss, and judgment's, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills, I believe, you should have prayed for them, rather than have been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' healths) that will not praise it.—*Vale.*"

It appears to have been performed very soon after this publication; for, in the same year, there was another issue of the same impression, by the same publishers, omitting the address to the reader, and substituting the new title—"The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare."

The play finally appeared in the folio of 1623, with some slight additions, and such verbal changes as show that it was there printed from a different manuscript, and probably one which, having been used for the theatrical copies, had received some correction from the author himself. In the folio, as Mr. Collier remarks, "the dramatic works of Shakespeare are printed in three divisions—'Comedies,' 'Histories,' and 'Tragedies;' and a list, under those heads, is inserted at the commencement. In that, TROILUS AND CRESSIDA is not found; and it is inserted near the middle of the folio of 1623, without any paging, excepting that the second leaf is numbered 79 and 80: the signatures also do not correspond with any other in the series. Hence it was inferred by Farmer, that the insertion of TROILUS AND CRESSIDA was an afterthought by the player-editors, and that when the rest of the folio was printed, they had not intended to include it. It seems to us, that there is no adequate ground for this notion, and that the peculiar circumstances which we have stated may be accounted for by the supposition, that TROILUS

AND CRESSIDA was executed by a different printer. The paging of the folio of 1623 is in several places irregular, and in the division of 'Tragedies' (at the head of which TROILUS AND CRESSIDA is placed) there is a mistake of one hundred pages. The list of 'Comedies,' 'Histories,' and 'Tragedies,' at the beginning of the volume, was most likely printed last, and the person who formed it accideutally omitted TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, because it had been as accidentally omitted in the pagination. No copy of the folio of 1623 is known, which does not contain TROILUS AND CRESSIDA."

This is not only a satisfactory solution of the typographical irregularity, but also refutes the assumption founded upon it, by Stevens, that "perhaps this drama was not entirely of Shakespeare's construction," as "it appears to have been unknown to his associates, Heminge & Condell, till after the first folio was almost printed off."

The play is, in all respects, a very remarkable and singular production; and it has perplexed many a critic, not, as usual, by smaller difficulties of readings and interpretation, but by doubts as to the author's design and spirit. Its beauties are of the highest order. It contains passages fraught with moral truth and political wisdom—high truths, in large and philosophical discourse, such as remind us of the loftiest disquisitions of Hooker, or Jeremy Taylor, on the foundations of social law. Thus the comments of Ulysses, (act i. scene 3,) on the universal obligation of the law of order and degree, and the confusion caused by rebellion to its rule, either in nature or in society, are in the very spirit of the grandest and most instructive eloquence of Burke. The piece abounds too in passages of the most profound and persuasive practical ethics, and grave advice for the government of life; as when, in the third act, Ulysses (the great didactic organ of the play) impresses upon Achilles the consideration of man's ingratitude "for good deeds past," and the necessity of perseveraunce to "keep honour bright." Other scenes again, fervid with youthful passion or rich in beautiful imagery, are redolent with intense sweetness of poetic fancy. Such is that splendid exhortation of Patroclus to Achilles, of which Godwin has justly said, that "a more poetical passage, if poetry consists in sublime, picturesque, and beautiful imagery, neither ancient nor modern times have produced."—(*Life of Chaucer.*)

> Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wanton Cupid
> Shall from your neck unloose his amorous folds,
> And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
> Be shook to air.

Nor is there auy drama more rich in variety and truth of character. The Grecian camp is filled with real and living men of all sorts of temper and talent, while Thersites, a variation and improvement of the original deformed railer of the "Iliad," is, in his way, a new study of human nature, not (as some writers view him) a mere buffoon, but a sort of vulgar and cowardly Iago, without the "Ancient's" courage and higher intellect, but with the same sort of wit and talent, and governed by the same self-generated malignity. So, too, Ulysses' sarcastic sketch of Cressida is a gem of art, at once arch, sagacious, and poetic.

With all this, there is large alloy of inferior matter, such as Shakespeare too often permitted himself to use, in filling up the chasms of the scene, between loftier and brighter thoughts. More especially is there felt, by every reader, a sense of disappointment at the unsatisfactory effect of the whole, arising mainly from the want of unity in that effect, and iu the interest of the plot—at the desultory and purposeless succession of incident and dialogue, all resembling (as W. Scott well observes) "a legend, or a chronicle, rather than a dramatic composition." That power of comprising the varied details of any great work in one view, and, while preserving the individuality aud truth of the parts, blending them in the effect of one whole—the *ponere totum* of Horace—so essential to excellence in all of the higher works either of art or of literature, hardly appears here. Yet it is a power that Shakespeare never wanted or neglected, even in his earlier comedies; and at the date of TROLIUS AND CRESSIDA he had exhibited the highest proof of it, in LEAR, OTHELLO, and MACBETH. He had, even in HENRY IV. and other historical plays, shown how the less pliable incidents and personages of actual history, could be made to harmonize in one central and pervading interest. In this respect TROILUS AND CRESSIDA is so singularly deficient, that Walter Scott ("Life of Dryden") characterizes it as having been "left by its author in a singular state of imperfection;" while Dryden (in the preface to his own alteration of this play) pronounces that "the author began it with some fire," but that he grew weary of his task, and "the latter part of the tragedy is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms;" the characters of Hector, Troilus, and others, having been, in his opinion, "begun and left unfinished."

The plot and incidents present other incongruities, not easy of solution. The main story is founded on the old legendary story of Troy, as the middle ages received it; Chaucer having given the leading idea of the hero and heroine, and the story and other accessories, such as Homer never dreamed of, having been incorporated from old Lydgate and Caxton. Of this we have a striking instance in the murder of Hector by Achilles and his Myrmidons, so contradictory to all the notions Homer gave us of his divine Pelides. Yet, on the other hand, the Grecian chiefs are all so depicted, and with such minuteness, as not to permit a doubt but that the author of these scenes was familiar with some coutemporary translation of the "Iliad."

Moreover, the style, and the verbal and metrical peculiarities, suggest other questions. There is much in the play recalling the rhymes and the dialogue of the Poet's earlier comedies, while the higher and more contemplative passages resemble the diction and measure of his middle period—that of MEASURE FOR MEASURE, and LEAR. It also abounds in singular words, unusual accentuations, and bold experiments in language, such as he most indulged in during that period, but to a greater extent than can, I think, be found in any other play.

Under these circumstances, the Shakespearian critics have found ample room for theory. I have already noticed the supposition of Dryden, and of Walter Scott, that the play was left imperfect, or hurried to a conclusion with little care, after parts had been as carefully elaborated. Another set of English commentators, from Stevens to

Seymour, have satisfied themselves that Shakespeare's genius and taste had been expended in improving the work of an inferior author, whose poorer groundwork still appeared through his more precious decorations. This, Stevens supposes might be the "Troyelles and Cresseda" on which Decker and Chettle were employed, in 1599, as we learn from Henslowe's Diary.

Other critics, of a higher mood of speculation, have resolved all this apparent incongruity into some design of the author not evident, on its face, to the general reader. Thus Coleridge, after puzzling himself how to class this play, and confessing that he "scarcely knew what to say about it," and that there is "no one of his plays so hard to characterize," proposes this theory:—

"I am half inclined to believe that Shakespeare's main object (or shall I rather say his ruling impulse?) was to translate the poetic heroes of Paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer."

He had before (in 1802) transiently suggested the opinion that the drama was in part *ironical*, or, I suppose, mock-heroical. Schlegel, who seems, in some way, to have picked up ideas of Coleridge's, not published till after his death—whether from his unwritten lectures, or from some common source, it is not clear—carries this notion further. He asserts that Shakespeare, "without caring for theatrical effect, here pleased his own malicious wit;" and that the whole is one continued irony of the crown of all heroic tales—the "Tale of Troy." The Poet, therefore, puts in the strongest light the contemptible nature of the origin of the war, and the discord and folly that marked its progress. In short, it is an heroic comedy, parodying every thing in the subject sacred from traditional fame, or the pomp of poetry.

The critic of the Pictorial edition coincides with the same notion of "the grave irony of Troilus and Cressida." His philosophical theory of the play is that of the German critic, Ulrici, that "the whole tendency of the play—its incidents, its characterization—is to lower what the Germans call herodom. Ulrici maintains that 'the far-sighted Shakespeare certainly did not mistake as to the beneficial effect which a nearer intimacy with the high culture of antiquity had produced, and would produce, upon the Christian European mind. But he saw the danger of an indiscriminate admiration of this classical antiquity; for he who thus accepted it must necessarily fall to the very lowest station in religion and morality;—as, indeed, if we closely observe the character of the eighteenth century, we see has happened. Out of this prophetic spirit, which penetrated with equal clearness through the darkness of coming centuries and the clouds of a far-distant past, Shakespeare wrote this deeply significant satire upon the Homeric herodom. He had no desire to debase the elevated, to deteriorate or make little the great, and still less to attack the poetical worth of Homer, or of heroic poetry in general. But he wished to warn thoroughly against the over-valuation and idolatry of them, to which man so willingly abandons himself. He endeavoured, at the same time, to bring strikingly to view the universal truth that every thing that is merely human, even when it glorified with the nimbus of a poetic ideality and a mythical past, yet, seen in the bird's-eye perspective of a p moral ideality, appears very small.'"

I suppose that there are very few readers, in the practical and utilitarian world of England and America will give the very practical Shakespeare credit for so remote an object as a satire in which so few of his re audience could possibly sympathize, and which, in after ages, could escape the observation of Dryden, J Walter Scott, and even of the sagacious and over-refining Warburton. "There is, besides, a truth and reality in the character of the Grecian chiefs, of Troilus, and Thersites, and especially of Cressida, in second, and third acts, making them as substantial and as life-like as any personages in the great Roma all which seems quite irreconcileable with their being mock-heroic or burlesque personages, in any s high philosophy and the practical ethics of a large portion of the dialogue are quite as incompatible w design.

Still, all these guesses and theories, however over-refined and remote from common perceptions, dogmatic and conjectural, alike show the difficulty felt by the reader of taste and discrimination— how a drama, which in so many of its parts displays all the riches and energy of the Poet's mind, w zenith, should, as a whole, leave an effect so impotent and incongruous.

This result, in spite of the attempts of the critics of the German school to explain it away into disgu otherwise, is palpable—the cause we can but conjecture; and I need not, therefore, apologize for stating theory. It is this: In Romeo and Juliet, the Merry Wives of Windsor, and more especially in Hamlet have the direct evidence of the manner in which Shakespeare, after having sketched out a play on the fashion his youthful taste and skill, returned in after years to enlarge and remodel it, and enrich it with the matured frui of years of observation and reflection. The same habit, as we have repeatedly had occasion to observe, in the Introductory Remarks to several of the plays, may be traced in the numerous corrections and enlargements of other earlier plays, beginning with Love's Labour's Lost, which first appeared in print with the announciation that it was "newly corrected and augmented," to Cymbeline, which there is so good reason to believe, with Coleridge, was "an entire *refaciemento*" of an early dramatic attempt, remodelled years after, when the author's "celebrity as a poet, and his interest as a manager, enabled him to bring forward the lordly labours of his youth."

Now, we learn from Mr. Collier, (Preface,) that in the Stationers' Register is found an entry of "7 Feb. 1602-3, Mr. Roberts. The Booke of Troilus and Cressidee, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men." The company, with which Shakespeare was connected, was known as "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants," until 1603; and this Mr. Roberts is the same publisher who, two years before, had published the Midsummer-Night's Dream, and

was thus connected, as a publisher, with Shakespeare. It is true that this entry might possibly have been (as some of the editors suppose) the play of Decker and Chettle, already mentioned, which was in preparation for Henslowe, in 1599. But this was afterwards brought out under the title of "Agamemnon," and was besides composed for another and a rival theatrical company—the Earl of Nottingham's. We have, moreover, in the "*Histrio-Mastix*"—a contemporary dramatic satire, something like Sheridan's modern "*Critic*"—a direct ridicule of Shakespeare's incident of Cressida's receiving from Troilus his "sleeve" as a pledge of love, both characters being there introduced in a burlesque interlude. This piece, having been written and acted during the reign of Elizabeth, cannot be of a later date than 1602, and must refer to a "Troilus" of prior date, which must have been Shakespeare's, unless we suppose the same incident to have been used in both pieces.

This strong presumption of Shakespeare's play having been acted, in some form, before 1602, is corroborated by still stronger internal indications. The original plot is certainly from Chaucer's "Troilus and Creseide," which is founded on the old romantic version of the Trojan war, in many particulars in direct contradiction with the Homeric narrative, and in others not at all indebted to it. This version of the Trojan war, with Caxton and Lydgate for the author's guides, where he left Chaucer, clearly furnished the original plot and characters. The story of Calchas, the death of Hector, the Sagittary, and many other particulars, all betray their origin in these sources. Chaucer's tale furnished a natural and enticing theme to a young poet; and the author of Romeo and Juliet, before 1595, might well have preceded it with the lighter loves of Cressida.

In 1596, George Chapman published his translation of the first seven books of the "Iliad," in a new edition; in 1600, he increased the number to fifteen, which were completed some years after.* Chapman was not only a brother dramatist, but, as his biography informs us, a personal friend of Shakespeare's, who, therefore, could not but have read this "Homer," independently of its great attractions in itself. His translation, with much redundancy and extravagance, and exhibiting almost as little of the grand simplicity of the original as Pope's, yet breathes an impetuous and fiery animation which, with his free and spirited versification, and his bold invention of compound epithets, render many loftier portions of his version exceedingly Homeric. "Brave language are Chapman's Iliads," said a critical contemporary; and there can be little doubt that Shakespeare was familiar with it. The author of the first three acts of Troilus and Cressida certainly was so; and it is equally clear to me that he had become acquainted with the true Homeric characters after his first concoction of his play, and engrafted them upon his own youthful production.

All the more purely intellectual portions, the moral and political reasonings, and some of the nicer touches of character, have as much the impress of afterthoughts, inserted in a groundwork of a different taste and composition, as the added passages of "thoughtful philosophy" in Hamlet have when compared with the dialogue in the first printed copy. On the other hand the bustle and excursions, and stage-directions of the last act, are exactly in the melodramatic taste of those latter scenes of Cymbeline, which, on account of their resemblance to the tragedies of Shakespeare's predecessors, have been pronounced to be the spared remnants of the original drama, almost wholly re-written, after an interval of many years.

It would seem that the author became satisfied, perhaps before he had finished his work, that the revised play was little fitted for the stage, and against his usual practice, at that period, committed it to the press; for its first edition is not one of those mutilated copies justly complained of by his folio editors, but certainly printed from a tolerably correct manuscript. For some reason, soon after its publication, it was thought expedient to try its success on the stage; probably because the manager thought that the Poet's popularity would make up for any deficiency of stage-effect.

Such a re-casting and improvement of a juvenile work, unless it was wholly re-written—which seems never to have been Shakespeare's method—the work would bear the characteristics of the several periods of its composition: with the vernal flush of his youthful fancy, it would have its crudity of taste, but contrasted with the maturer richness of thought, and the laboured intensity of compressed expression, of his middle career.

There is some support to this theory, that Coleridge, in 1802, classed this play as belonging to an epoch of the poet's mind when, with the greater energy of poetry, and "all the world of thought," there was still some of the crudeness and awkwardness of growth; but when again, he reviewed the same question of chronological arrangement of Shakespeare's dramas, in 1819, he placed Troilus and Cressida at the very last point in the cycle of his plays. But at least the theory, if not founded on much positive evidence, has the merit of being an hypothesis involving all the observed phenomena; and the Copernican theory of astronomy itself was adopted, and long maintained, on no more conclusive proof. If more accurate investigation should overthrow this conjecture, it will be no great mortification to have erred, when the most sagacious and accomplished of my predecessors have failed before me.

The text may, in the main, be regarded as in a very satisfactory state. All the original editions were printed with tolerable accuracy, and Mr. Collier's recent collation of the two issues of the quarto editions, has furnished two valuable corrections of errors that had puzzled former editors. Messrs. Gifford, Dyce, and other later critics, have been enabled, by their greater familiarity with the old dramatists and poets, to clear up other obscurities. There are not more than two or three places where there appear any necessity to resort to conjectural emendation.

* The first complete edition of "The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets—Done according to the Greek, by George Chapman," is without date; but is ascertained to have been published later than 1603, and before 1611—probably about the last date.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

In the preceding remarks, the principal sources of the plot and characters have already been indicated; Chaucer's "Creseide," with some additions or casual recollections of the rest of the romantic version of the Trojan war, as told by Caxton and Lydgate, forming the framework of the plot, while Chapman's "Homer" served to illustrate the original Homeric characters, introduced at large in the first three acts.

Johnson, Malone, Stevens, and all the minor critics of their school, agree in overlooking Chaucer's large share in the plot, and represent the play as wholly founded upon the story of Caxton and Lydgate's "*Troye Boke.*" Even T. Warton, usually so accurate, says, ("History of English Poetry," sect. iii.,) that the old French compilation by Raoul le Faure, was translated into English prose, in 1471, by Caxton, under the title of the "*Recuyel of Historyes of Troy;*" and from Caxton's book, afterwards modernized, Shakespeare borrowed his drama of TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

William Godwin, in his "Life of Chaucer," has done his duty as a biographer to the old poet, by vindicating his share of the invention in this remarkable drama:—

"It would be extremely unjust to quit the consideration of Chaucer's poem of 'Troilus and Creseide,' without noticing the high honour it has received in having been made the foundation of one of the plays of Shakespeare. There seems to have been in this respect a sort of conspiracy, in the commentators upon Shakespeare, against the glory of our old English bard. In what they have written concerning this play, they make a very slight mention of Chaucer; they have not consulted his poem for the purpose of illustrating this admirable drama; and they have agreed, as far as possible, to transfer to another author the honour of having supplied materials to the tragic artist. Dr. Johnson says, 'Shakespeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer.' Mr. Stevens asserts that 'Shakespeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate.' And Mr. Malone repeatedly treats the 'History of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Caxton,' as 'Shakespeare's authority' in the composition of this drama. * * * * The fact is, that the play of Shakespeare we are here considering has for its main foundation the poem of Chaucer, and is indebted for many accessory helps to the books mentioned by the commentators. * * * * * * * * * * *

"We are not, however, left to probability and conjecture as to the use made by Shakespeare of the poem of Chaucer. His other sources were Chapman's translation of Homer, the 'Troy Book' of Lydgate, and Caxton's 'History of the Destruction of Troy.' It is well known that there is no trace of the particular story of 'Troilus and Creseide' among the ancients. It occurs, indeed, in Lydgate and Caxton; but the name and actions of Pandarus, a very essential personage in the tale as related by Shakespeare and Chaucer, are entirely wanting, except a single mention of him by Lydgate, and that with an express reference to Chaucer as his authority. Shakespeare has taken the story of Chaucer, with all its imperfections and defects, and has copied the series of its incidents with his customary fidelity; an exactness seldom to be found in any other dramatic writer."—(GODWIN'S *Life of Chaucer*, vol. i. chap. 16.)

CASSANDRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
} his Sons.

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
} Trojan Commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks
PANDARUS, Uncle to CRESSIDA.
MARGARELON, a bastard Son of PRIAM.
AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.
MENELAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
} Grecian Commanders

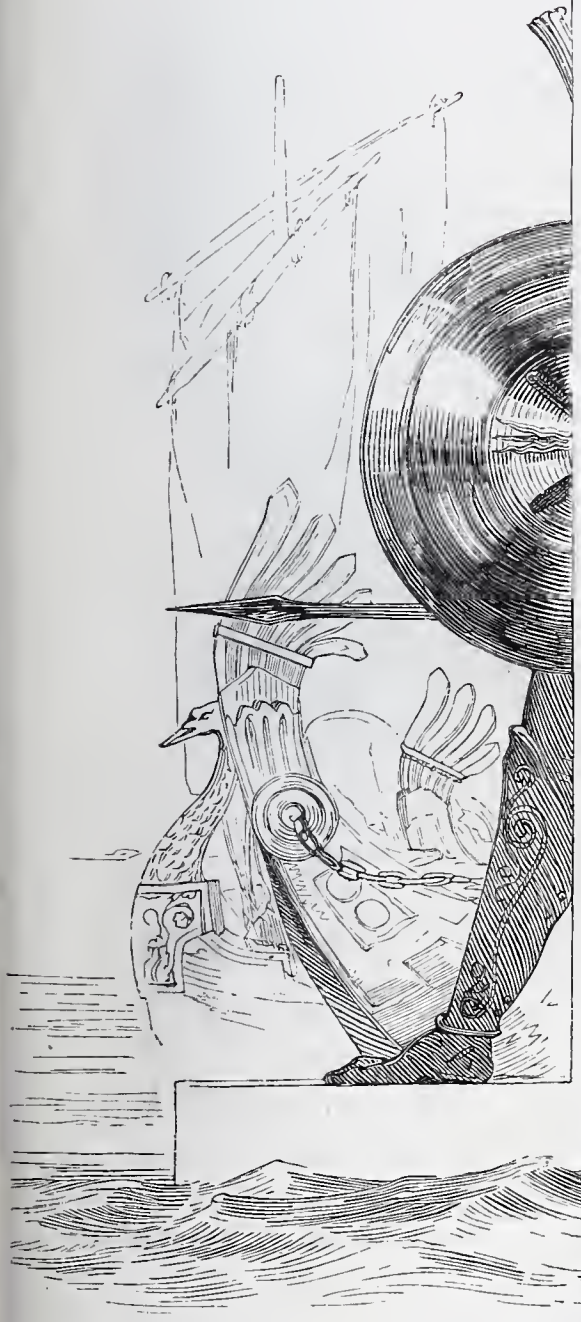
THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian
ALEXANDER, Servant to CRESSIDA.
Servant to TROILUS.
Servant to PARIS.
Servant to DIOMEDES.

HELEN, Wife to MENELAUS.
ANDROMACHE, Wife to HECTOR.
CASSANDRA, Daughter to PRIAM, a Prophetess
CRESSIDA, Daughter to CALCHAS.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE —Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE



In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps,—and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding: but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking: nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman;—this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair 'tis the better for her; an she be not she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *An alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn, chaste, against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—
But to the sport abroad:—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA, *and* ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of everything; but everything so

out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

CRESSIDA.

Alex As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a

were himself! Well, the gods are above. Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above; his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin!—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he, "pluck it out, and give it him." But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place: here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS *passes over the stage.*

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you

yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords? anything, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece.

PARIS *passes over.*

Is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such another woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him.]

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*
I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle;

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.
[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achiev'd, men us command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from my eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* AGAMEMNON'S *Tent.*

Senet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.
Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,

Agamemnon,—thou great commander,—hear what Ulysses speaks.

And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.
Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To* AGAMEMNON.
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
[*To* NESTOR.
I give to both your speeches,—which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.
Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—"Excellent!—'Tis Agamemnon just.—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'dress'd to some oration."
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent;
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the sceue of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet;—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket sounds.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter Æneas.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How?
Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I'll be he.
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian mould
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.
Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.
[*Exeunt all but* ULYSSES *and* NESTOR.
Ulyss. Nestor!
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes,
It is most meet: Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:

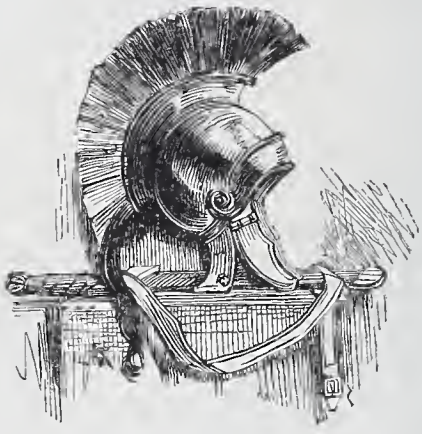
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who, miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should wear with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*



ACT II

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX, *and* THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinew'dest leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this?
How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX *offers to strike him,* ACHILLES *interposes.*

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so;—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue

AJAX. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:"—Hector, what say you to't?
Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—"Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?
Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!
Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?
Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
Tro. What's aught but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer; 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected.
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have spoil'd them: nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go, go,")
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried—"Inestimable!") why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!
Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?
Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.
Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age, and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasure such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry!

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: Now
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion

Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* ACHILLES' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus;* if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter: Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals?—Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles:—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, it is pride: But why, why? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: But it was a strong counsel a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy:
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously of his own part beheld,
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him
We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lines, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you. [*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: Is't not strange? [*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why, will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst itself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry—"No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles;
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—"Achilles go to him."

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll push him
Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind!

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. A should not bear it so, a should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.
Nest. He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To* AGAMEMNON.
Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—
Ulyss. If he were proud—
Dio. Or covetous of praise—
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne—
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Ulyss. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

Act IV. Scene 1.—Æneas meeting Paris.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS, *and a Servant.*

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[*Music within.*

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimenal assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS, *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none o him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

PAR. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.
Helen. Commend me to your niece.
Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*
[*A retreat sounded.*
Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.
Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Troy. PANDARUS' *Orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS, *and a Servant, meeting.*

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?
Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?
Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*
Pan. Have you seen my cousin?
Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!
Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit* PANDARUS.
Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repured nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit* PANDARUS.
Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an't were dark you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.
Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.
Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.
[*Exit* PANDARUS.
Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?
Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?
Cres. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!
Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?
Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.
Tro. Fears make devils or cherubins; they never see truly.
Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst oft cures the worse.
Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.
Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?
Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.
Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?
Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.
Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?
Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy

of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

TRO. O, Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My soul of counsel from me: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you:
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone:—I speak I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love:
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not: For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth.
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said, as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand: here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene I.—Helen unarming Hector.

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES, *and* CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON, *and* NESTOR.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* AJAX.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his part to others:

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to airy air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock—a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars: he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, *and Servant with a torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who's that there?
Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But, when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despitefull'st gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you: 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,
Myself, or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore?
Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris.—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *Court before the House of* PANDARUS.

Enter TROILUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow, then.
Tro. Prithee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you aweary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Prithee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.
Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—
Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!
[*Knocking.*
Cres. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Tro. Ha, ha!
Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt* TROILUS, *and* CRESSIDA.
Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.
Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?
Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?
Pan. Here! what should he do here?
Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much to speak with me.
Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?
Æne. Who!—nay then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y' are 'ware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS *is going out, enter* TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?
Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.
Tro. Is it concluded so?
Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to affect it.
Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt* TROILUS, *and* ÆNEAS.
Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? Who was here?
Pan. Ah, ah!
Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!
Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?
Pan. Prithee, get thee in. 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!
Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.
Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.
Pan. Thou must.
Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I will go in, and weep;—
Pan. Do, do.
Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *Before* PANDARUS' *House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *A Room in* PANDARUS' *House.*

Enter PANDARUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong as that
Which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweet duck!
Cres. O Troilus! Troilus!
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?
Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.
Cres. Have the gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.
Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?
Tro. A hateful truth.
Cres. What, and from Troilus too?
Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.
Cres. Is't possible?
Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasting with the salt of broken tears.
Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?
Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.
Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit* PANDARUS.
Cres. I must then to the Grecians?
Tro. No remedy.
Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?
Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—
Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?
Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.
Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.
Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.
Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?
Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.
Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?
Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afraid.
Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think I will?
Tro. No.
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss, and let us part

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.
Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the seal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.
Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.
Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt* Troilus, Cressida, *and* Diomed.
[*Trumpet heard.*
Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.
Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.
Dei. Let us make ready straight.
Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter Ajax, *armed;* Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, *with* Cressida.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O dcadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.
[DIOMED *leads out* CRESSIDA.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojans' Trumpet.

NES. Our general doth salute you with a kiss

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other Trojans, with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[AJAX, *and* HECTOR, *enter the lists.*
Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.
Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam; a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has he gives; what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say—"This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, "This is he,") could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld' I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [*To* TROILUS.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said unto my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well:
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive you: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but* TROILUS, *and* ULYSSES.

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd: she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* ACHILLES' *Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks: fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHIL. *and* PATR.

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMED, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.

Heet. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Heet. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those
That go, or tarry.
Agam. Good night.
[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON, *and* MENELAUS.
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.
[*Aside to* TROILUS.
Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so good night.
[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES, *and* TROILUS *following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NESTOR.
Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it that it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *Before* CALCHAS' *Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?
Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?
Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS, *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them* THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now, my charge?
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*
Tro. Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List!
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I'll tell you what:
Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are a forsworn—
Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pray thee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and hell torments, I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve: Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. No matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens:—Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: Whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women, yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past:—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!
Do come:—I shall be plagued.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night. I prithee, come.—
[*Exit* DIOMEDES.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O then conclude,
Mine sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
[*Exit* CRESSIDA.
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against thyself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: As much as I do Cressida love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.
[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES.
Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR, *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone:
By the everlasting gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, it is true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;

HECT. Andromache, upon the love you bear me, get you in.

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to so count violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow:
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit* CASSANDRA.
Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!
Hect. How now? how now?
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Tro. Away!—Away!
Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.
Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM, *and* HECTOR.
Alarums.
Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Tro. What now?
Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.
Tro. Let me read.
Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?
Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.
Pan. Why! but hear you.
Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those

crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, —is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.
Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!
Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt* TROILUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?
Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.
Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*
Ther. God-a-mercy that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter DIOMEDES, *and a Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse!
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Serv. I go, my lord.
[*Exit Servant.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimacus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does; and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
Dio. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize. I will not look upon.
Tro. Come both you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brothor?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The Same.

Enter ACHILLES, *with Myrmidons.*

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner executo your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—The Same.

Enter MENELAUS, *and* PARIS, *fighting: then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!
[*Exeunt* PARIS, *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.
Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES, *and Myrmidons.*

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. [HECTOR *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou; now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separate.
My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheaths his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—The Same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums.
[*Within.*] Achilles!
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS, *and Trojans.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector?—The gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murtherer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet:—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS, *and Trojans.*

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,*
PANDARUS.

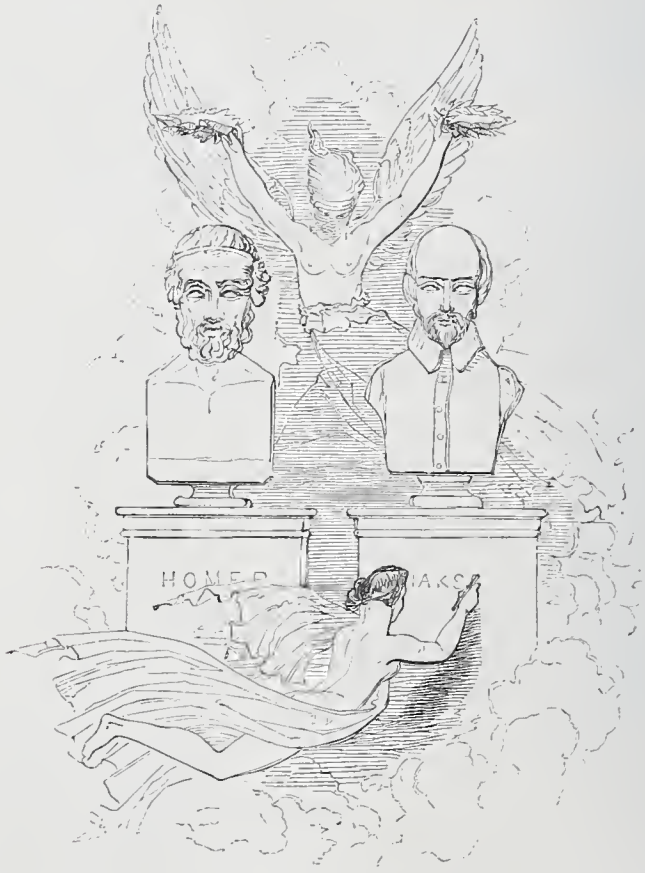
Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name,
[*Exit* TROILUS.

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones! —O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so desired, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*



View of Tenedos.

NOTES ON TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Prologue.

"*The princes* ORGULOUS"—i. e. *Proud*, (the French *orgueilleux*.) Lord Berners, in his translation of Froissart, several times uses the word; as, "The Flemings were great, fierce, and *orgulous*."

"*Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,*
And ANTENORIDES," etc.

The names of the gates thus stand in the folio of 1623:—

Darden and Timbria, Helas, Chetas, Troien,
And *Antenanidus*.

There can be little doubt that Shakespeare had before him Caxton's translation of the "Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy," and there the names of the gates are thus given:—"In this cittie were sixe principall gates: of which the one was named Dardane, the second Tymbria, the thyrd Helias, the fourth Chetas, the fifth Troyan, and the sixt *Antenorides*." But he was also familiar with the "Troy Boke," of Lydgate, in which the six gates are described as Dardanydes, Tymbria, Helyas, Cetheas, Trojana, Anthonydes. It is difficult to say whether Shakespeare meant to take the *Antenorides* of Caxton, or the *Anthonydes* of Lydgate; or whether, the names being pure inventions of the middle age of romance-writers, he deviated from both. As it is, we have retained the "Antenorides" of the modern editors.

"— FULFILLING *bolts*"—The verb *fulfil* is here used in the original sense of *fill full*—a sense still retained in the liturgy of the Church of England, which has, "*fulfilled* with grace and benediction."

"SPERR *up the sons of Troy*"—The original has *stirre* up, which Tieck considers preferable to Theobald's substitution of "*sperr* up." Desirous as we are to hold to the original, we cannot agree with Tieck. The relative positions of each force are contrasted. The Greeks pitch their pavilions on Dardan plains; the Trojans are shut up in their six-gated city. The commentators give us examples of the use of "sperr," in the sense of *to fasten*, by Spenser and earlier writers. They have overlooked a passage in Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida," (book v.,) which Shakespeare must have had before him in the composition of his play:—

For when he saw her dorés *sperred* all,
Wel nigh for sorrow adoun he gan to fall.
KNIGHT.

"*A prologue* ARM'D"—Johnson has pointed out that the Prologue was spoken by one of the characters in *armour*. This was noticed, because in general the speaker of the Prologue wore a black cloak. (See Collier's "Annals of the Stage.")

Johnson thus paraphrases the lines:—"I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play."

"*Leaps o'er the* VAUNT"—i. e. The *avant;* that which went before—the *van*. So, in LEAR, we have "*vaunt-couriers*."

ACT I.—SCENE I.

"*Call here my* VARLET"—i. e. *Servant*. Tooke considers that "varlet" and *valet* are the same; and that, as well as *harlot*, they mean *hireling*. But, in the old usage of chivalry, it signified an attendant on a knight. Hollingshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt, says:—"Divers were relieved by their *varlets*, and conveyed out of the field."

"*So, traitor! when she comes!—When is she thence?*"

The older editions all give this line in this form:—

So (traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

This is evidently a confused misprint, which few readers could unravel for themselves. The taste and sagacity of Rowe corrected the first half of the line, while Pope restored the other half; so that we have the line as doubtless the Poet wrote. Such are the humble but necessary labours of editors.

"*Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,*
In whose comparison all whites are ink," etc.

Knight cautions the reader not to take this passage as an interjection, beginning, "O! that her hand;" for what does Troilus desire?—the wish is incomplete. The meaning is rather—In thy discourse thou handlest that hand of hers, in whose comparison, etc. "Handlest" is here used metaphorically, with an allusion at the same time to its literal meaning. Shakespeare has repeatedly dwelt upon the beauty of the female hand; as, in ROMEO AND JULIET:—

—— They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand.

In the WINTER'S TALE, Florizel descants, with equal warmth and fancy, on the hand of Perdita:—

—— I take thy hand; this hand
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the fanned snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

"— *and* SPIRIT *of sense*
Hard as the palm of ploughman," etc.

"In comparison with her hand, the 'spirit of sense,' the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman."—JOHNSON.

Warburton rashly altered this to "*spite* of sense." Hanmer reads, "*to th'* spirit of sense." Johnson does not rightly understand the passage, and therefore erroneously explains it. It appears to me to mean—The spirit of sense, (i. e. *sensation,*) in touching the cygnet's down, is harsh and hard as the palm of a ploughman, compared to the sensation of softness in pressing Cressid's hand.

"— *she has the* MENDS *in her own hands*"—An old proverbial phrase, in which "mends" is a colloquial abridgement of *amends;* and so the phrase is sometimes found written. The sense is, She must make the best of a bad bargain; she must help herself as well as she can.

"— *She's a fool to stay behind her father*"—According to Shakespeare's authority, the "Destruction of Troy," Calchas was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him, saying, Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou return not back again to Troy; but go thou with Achilles unto the Greeks, and depart never from them; for the Greeks shall have victory of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods." Calchas discreetly took the hint, and immediately joined the enemies of his country.

"*Between our Ilium and where she resides,*" etc.

According to the old English poets and romancers, "Ilium," or *Ilion,* (it is spelled both ways,) was the name of Priam's palace. According to the "Destruction of Troy," it was "one of the richest and the strongest that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty and so high as that it seemed to them that saw them from far, they raught up into the heaven." There is a more particular allusion to these towers in act iv. scene 5. According to classical authority, which the Poet but partially follows, Ilium, properly speaking, is the name of the city; Troy, that of the country.

"*How now, prince* TROILUS"—The old spelling was *Troylus,* and, according to it, Shakespeare and his predecessors often pronounced it as a dissyllable, and not, as the classic poets have it, in three syllables. So in his RAPE OF LUCRECE:—

Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* swounds.

Pope, in his "Homer," has made the same classical lapse, (book xxiv.:)—

Nestor the brave, renowned in ranks of war;
And *Troilus,* dreadful on his rushing car.

"— *This woman's answer* SORTS"—i. e. *Fits, suits,* is *congruous.* So in KING HENRY V.:—

It *sorts* well with thy fierceness.

SCENE II.

"*Before the sun rose he was harness'd* LIGHT," etc.

The common explanation is that he was *lightly armed,* as going to combat on foot. But I agree with Singer, Dyce, etc., that "*light* here has no reference to the *mode* in which Hector was armed, but to the *legerity* or *alacrity* with which he armed himself before sunrise. *Light* and *lightly* are often used for *nimbly, quickly, readily,* by our old writers. No expression is more common than *light of foot.* And Shakespeare has even used *light of ear.*"

"— *a very man* PER SE"—The Latin-English, half-naturalized phrase, "*per se,*" made such a figure, in political life, under President Tyler, that the American reader will be amused with meeting it in old English poetical and dramatic use, as collected by Stevens. It meant an extraordinary or incomparable person, like the letter *A by itself.* The usual mode of this old expression is *A per se.* Thus, in Henrysoun's "Testament of Cresseid," often attributed to Chaucer:—

Of faire Cresseide, the floure and *a per se* of Troy and Greece.

So in "Blunt Martin Constable," (1602:)—"That is the *a per se,* the cream of all."

"— *against the* HAIR"—Equivalent to a phrase still in use—*Against the grain.* The French say, *A contre poil.*

"— COMPASSED *window*"—A "compassed" window is a *circular bow* window. The same epithet is applied to the cape of a woman's gown, in the TAMING OF THE SHREW:—"A small *compassed* cape." A coved ceiling is yet, in some places, called a *compassed* ceiling.

"— *so old a* LIFTER"—i. e. *Thief.* We still say, a *shop-lifter.*

"— *Two and fifty hairs*"—So the quarto and folio. All the modern copies read *one and fifty.* "How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons?" says Theobald. This is an exactness which Priam and his chroniclers would equally have spurned. The *Margarelon* of the romance-writers, who makes his appearance in act v., is one of the additions to the old classical family.—KNIGHT.

"— *that it* PASSED"—i. e. It was *excessive;* passed *expression.* So in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR:—"Why, this *passes,* Master Ford." Cressida retorts in the common acceptation of the word.

"— *give you the* NOD"—To "give the nod" was a term in the game at cards, called *noddy.* The word also signifies a *silly fellow.* Cressid means to call Pandarus a *noddy,* and says he shall, by more nods, be made more significantly *a fool.*

"*That's Hector, that, that, look you,*" etc.

This scene, in which Pandarus so characteristically describes the Trojan leaders, is founded upon a similar scene in Chaucer, in which the same personage recounts the merits of Priam's two valiant sons:—

Of Hector needeth nothing for to tell;
In all this world there n'is a better knight
Than he, that is of worthiness the well,
And he well more of virtue hath than might;
This knoweth many a wise and worthy knight:
And the same praise of Troilus I say:
God helpe me, so I know not suché tway.

Pardie, quod she, of Hector there is soth,
And of Troilus the same thing trow I,
For dredéless* men telleth that he doth
In armés day by day so worthily,
And bear'th him here at homé so gently
To ev'ry wight, that allé praise hath he
Of them that me were levest praiséd be.†

* Doubtless. † Whose praise I should most desire.

Ye say right soth, I wis, quod Pandarus.
For yesterday whoso had with him been
Mighten have wonder'd upon Troilus;
For never yet so thick a swarm of been*
Ne flew, as Greekés from him 'gonnen fleen,
And through the field in every wightés ear
There was no cry but "Troilus is there!"

Now here, now there, he hunted them so fast,
There n'as but Greekés blood and Troilus;
Now him he hurt, and him all down he cast;
Aye where he went it was arrayéd thus:
He was their death, and shield and life for us,
That as that day there durst him none withstand
While that he held his bloody sword in hand.

"— *give* MONEY *to boot*"—Thus the folio, using an old phrase, equivalent to our "give a good deal to boot." The common reading is, "give *an eye* to boot," following the quarto, which was probably a misprint; but there is little to choose.

"— *no* DATE *in the pie*"—To understand this quibble, it should be remembered that "dates" were a common ingredient in ancient pastry; as, in ROMEO AND JULIET:—

They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry.

"*To bring, uncle*"—We restore the old punctuation, instead of printing the line "To bring uncle,"—as if the speaker asked her whether he would not bring something. "To be with a person *to bring*," is an old proverbial phrase, of constant occurrence, something like our modern slang phrases, "I'll be up to him"—"I'll pay him." She plays upon his use of the beginning of the phrase, as he does upon its other sense.

"ACHIEV'D, MEN US *command; ungain'd, beseech.*"

This edition adopts the ingenious and very satisfactory correction of the original, proposed by Mr. Harness. In the old edition, the lines stand thus:—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech;—

which is retained by the editors generally, who thus explain it:—"The meaning of this obscure line seems to be—Men, after possession, become our commanders; before it, they are our suppliants." Our correction preserves the sense, and removes the obscurity.

SCENE III.

"*Upon her* PATIENT *breast*"—The old quartos have "*ancient* breast;" the folio, "patient"—both happy and poetic epithets, but the last the most so.

"*Like* PERSEUS' *horse*"—The flying horse, Pegasus, was said, in mythology, to have sprung from the blood of Medusa, killed by Perseus; and in this sense might well enough be termed the horse of Perseus; though, as the poets afterwards gave him to Bellerophon, the critics find a difficulty in the passage.

"— *the* BRIZE"—i. e. The *gad-fly*.

"— *the thing of courage*"—The "thing of courage" is the tiger, who is said to roar and rage most in storms and high winds.

"*As venerable Nestor,* HATCH'D IN SILVER," etc.

Ulysses evidently means to say that Agamemnon's speech should be *writ in brass;* and that venerable Nestor, with his *silver hairs*, by his speech should *rivet the attention* of all Greece. The phrase "hatch'd in silver," which has been the stumbling-block, is a simile borrowed from the art of design; to *hatch* being to fill a design with a number of consecutive fine lines; and to *hatch in silver* was a design inlaid with lines of silver, a process often used for the hilts of swords, handles of daggers, and stocks of pistols. The lines of the graver on a plate of metal are still called *hatchings*. Hence, "hatch'd in silver," for *silver-haired*, or *gray-haired*. Thus, in "Love in a Maze," (1632:)—

Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd*
With silver. SHIRLEY.

This Gifford, in his edition of Shirley, explains:—"That is, *ornamented* with a *white or silvery beard.* This explains the 'venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,' on which the commeutators have wasted so many words."

"*When rank Thersites opes his* MASTIFF *jaws,*" etc.

The old text has *Mastick*, which all the editors, except Knight, agree in considering as a typographical error for "mastiff," and so print it. Knight retains *mastick*, and thus explains it:—"*Masticke* is printed with a capital initial, as markiug something emphatic. In all modern editions, the word is rendered *mastive*. We are inclined to think that *mastick* is not a typographical mistake. Every one has heard of Prynne's celebrated book, '*Histrio-Mastix:* The Player's Scourge;' but it is not so generally known that this title was borrowed by the great controversialist from a play first printed in 1610, but supposed to be written earlier, which is a satire upon actors and dramatic writers, from first to last. We attach little importance to the circumstance that the author of that satire has introduced a dialogue between Troilus and Cressida; for the subject had most probably possession of the stage before Shakespeare's play. But it appears to us by no means improbable that an epithet should be applied to the 'rank Thersites,' which should pretty clearly point at one who had done enough to make himself obnoxious to the Poet's fraternity."

"*When that the general is not like the hive,*" etc.

The meaning is, says Johnson. "When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees—the repository of the stock of every individual; that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole—what honey is expected? what hope of advantage?"

"*The heavens themselves, the planets,*" etc.

It is possible that the Poet had this thought suggested by an analogous passage, of equal eloquence, in his contemporary Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," of which the first parts were published in 1594. If it were not, it was no very strauge coincidence between the thoughts of men of large and excursive minds, at once poetical and philosophical, applied to the most widely differing subjects. There is a noble passage in the first book of Hooker, singularly like this in thought, and in sustained, lofty, moral eloquence. In his magnificent generalization of Law, as at once the rule of moral action and government, and the rule of natural agents, he says:—"If nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch, now united above our heads, should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and, by irregular volubility, turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now, as a giant, doth run his unwearied course, should, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves, by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the withered breast of their mother,—what would become of man himself? See we not that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?"—(HOOKER'S *Eccl. Pol.*, book i. sect. 3.)

Hooker's subsequent remarks, on "the law of the common weal," singularly remind the reader of the more rapid view given by the Poet of "the unity and married calm of states," and the ills by which it is disturbed.

"— *this* CENTRE"—By "this centre" Ulysses means the *earth*, which, according to the system of Ptolemy, is the centre around which the planets move.

* Bees.

"— *when the planets,*
In evil mixture," etc.

Meaning, in astrological phrase, when the planets form malignant configurations; when their aspects are evil towards one another.

"— *their* FIXURE"—This is the Shakespearian word, both here and in the WINTER'S TALE; not *fixture*, as generally printed.

"— BROTHERHOODS *in cities*"—i. e. *Companies* of various arts or trades; *confraternities.*

"*Thy* TOPLESS DEPUTATION"—"Deputation" is *deputed power*, such as Agamemnon held; he being the chief of the army by the choice of his brother kings. "Topless" is used, as it is often in old poets, for that which has nothing *overtopping* it—*superior.* Thus, in an old drama, of 1598, we find "*topless* honours;" and in another, of 1604, ("Doctor Faustus,") we have "the *topless* towers of Ilium."

"— GOD *Achilles*"—So in the old copies. It is frittered down into *good*, in the ordinary text. Knight, with justice, restored the old reading, giving the transient sneer at the godlike state of Achilles, and the worship paid him.

"— *to make* PARADOXES"—"Paradoxes" may be taken, with some latitude of its usual sense, for *absurd representations* of men or things—contrary to truth, on the face of them. Yet there is great probability in Johnson's conjecture, that "paradoxes" is a misprint for *parodies.*

"*A stranger to those most imperial looks,*" etc.

"And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakespeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. In the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:—

> But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
> I never saw till now.

Those who are acquainted with the embellishments of ancient manuscripts and books, well know that the artists gave the costume of their own time to all ages. But in this anachronism they have been countenanced by other ancient poets, as well as Shakespeare."—STEVENS.

"— JOVE'S ACCORD"—Malone and Stevens see difficulties in this passage: the former proposed to read, "Jove's *a god;*" the latter, "*Love's a lord.*" There is no point after the word "accord" in the quarto copy, which reads "*great* Jove's accord." Theobald's interpretation of the passage is, I think, correct:—"They have galls, good arms, etc., and Jove's *consent;* nothing is so full of heart as they."

"— *more than in* CONFESSION"—i. e. *Profession*, made with idle "vows to the lips of her whom he loves."

"*The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,*
Whose grossness little characters sum up," etc.

"The *intent* is as plain and palpable as *substance*, and it is to be collected from small circumstances, as a gross body is made up of many small parts." This is Warburton's explanation. Stevens says that "*substance is estate*, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small *characters*, (i. e. *numerals*:) *grossness* is the gross *sum.*

"— *make no* STRAIN"—i. e. Make no *difficulty*, no *doubt*, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. Thus, in a subsequent scene, Ulysses says:—

> I do not *strain* at the position;
> It is familiar.

"*The lustre of the better yet to show,*" etc.

The quarto reads—

> The lustre of the better shall exceed,
> By showing the worse first.

This reading is preferred by many editors. Our text gives the variation of the folio, which is probably a change by the author himself.

"*The* SORT *to fight with Hector*"—i. e. The *lot*, (Lat. *sors;* Fr. *sorte.*) Like many other words used by Shakespeare, (see note at end of MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM,) this is used in its original and Latin sense, which it has quite lost in common usage.

"— *the dull brainless Ajax*"—Malone has shown that Shakespeare, misled by the "Destruction of Troy," confounded Ajax *Telamonius* with Ajax *Oileus*, for in that book the latter is called simply Ajax, as the more eminent of the two. "*Ajax* was of a huge stature, great and large in the shoulders, great armes, and always was well clothed, and very richly, and was of no great enterprise, and spake very quicke."

"— TARRE *the mastiffs on*"—"Tarre" is an obsolete word for to *set on*, and seems specially and originally used for the setting on of dogs, from the double *r* resembling the sound used to excite dogs to attack.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"*The plague of Greece*"—Alluding to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army; but I suppose there is also a poor play upon *grease* and "Greece," as referring to the heavy, "beef-witted" Ajax.

"— *thou mongrel beef-witted lord*"—So, in TWELFTH NIGHT, Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, "I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does no harm to my wit." Thersites calls Ajax mongrel on account of his father being a Grecian, and his mother a Trojan.

"— *thou* VINEW'DEST *leaven*"—"Vinewed," *vinny*, signifies *decayed, mouldy;* the word in the text is the superlative of "vinewed." The modern editors have "*unsalted,*" from the quarto. In the preface to our translation of the Bible, we have "*fenewed* traditions." Thus Beaumont, in 1602, says:—"Many of Chaucer's words have become *vinewed*, and hoary." Horne Tooke ("Diversions of Purley") has made this word a text for much contemptuous criticism on the Shakespearian critics of his day.

"COBLOAF"—"Cobloaf" is, perhaps, equivalent to *ill-shapen lump.* Minshew says, "a *cob-loaf* is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire."

"— PUN *thee into shivers*"—i. e. *Pound;* a word still used in the midland counties of England.

"*Thou stool for a witch*"—"In one way of trying a witch, they used to place her on a chair, or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as on the wooden horse."—GREY.

"— *an* ASSINEGO *may tutor thee*"—i. e. An *ass;* a word traced, by the commentators, to the Spanish and Portuguese, but it was of very common use in the old dramatists, and is said to be still a provincial word in England.

"— *by the* FIFTH *hour of the sun*"—So the folio; the quarto has *first*, which obtains in most modern editions. Thersites, at the end of act iii., speaks of the hour as "eleven o'clock," and thus shows what was the Poet's idea. The matter is only important for the reason well suggested by Knight:—"The knights of chivalry did not encounter at the *first* hour of the sun; by the *fifth*, of a summer's morning, the lists would be set, and the ladies in their seats. The usages of chivalry are those of this play."

SCENE II.

"— *many thousand* DISMES"—"Disme" was an old word for a *tenth*, but here used for a collection of *tens*, as if it were "'mongst many thousand *tens.*"

"*You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,*" etc.

From his "Homer" Shakespeare turned to the old Gothic romancer, and there he found the reproach of Troilus to Helenus, in the following very characteristic passage:—"Then arose up on his feet Troylus, the youngest son of King Pryamus, and began to speak in this manner: O noblemen and hardy, how be ye abashed for the words of this cowardly priest here? * * * If Helenus be afraid, let him go into the Temple, and sing the divine service, and let the other take revenge of their injurious wrongs by strength and force of arms. * * * All they that heard Troylus thus speak allowed him, saying that he had very well spoken. And thus they finished their parliament, and went to dinner."

"—*that is* INCLINABLE"—So in the folio; the quarto has *attributive*—apparently an alteration of the author himself.

"—*in unrespective* SIEVE"—i. e. "Into a *common voider*. It is well known that *sieves* and *half-sieves* are *baskets*, to be met with in every quarter of Covent Garden; and baskets lined with tin are still employed as *voiders*. In the former of these senses *sieve* is used in 'The Wits,' by Sir W. Davenant:—

—— apple-wives
That wrangle for a *sieve*.

Dr. Farmer says that, in some counties, the baskets used for carrying out dirt, etc., are called *sieves*. The folio copy reads, by mistake, 'unrespective *same*.'"—SINGER.

Knight adheres to the folio *same*, which he thus defends:—"*Same* is the word of the folio; the quarto has *sive*, which gives us the common reading of *sieve*. The second folio has *place*. The commentators say that *sieve* is a basket, and they tell us that *sieves* and *half-sieves* are well known in Covent Garden. That is true; but a sieve of fruit is a basket of *picked* fruit—of the finest fruit, sorted from the commoner, according to the original notion of sieve, which implies separation. *Same*, on the contrary, is used as a noun, in the sense of a heap, or mass, collected in one place, in strict accordance with its Saxon derivation. Such use of the word is uncommon, but it is not the less correct."

"*Your breath* OF *full consent*"—This seems to be the Poet's own correction of an earlier reading, given in the quartos, and followed in the ordinary editions—"Your breath, *with* full consent."

"—*an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive*"—This aunt was Hesione, Priam's sister, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax.

"—*makes* STALE *the morning*"—So the folio; the quartos, with most editors, have "makes *pale*." Of the two, "stale" is more opposed to "freshness" than *pale;* and we find a similar use of "stale" in a contemporary poet. Lyly (1600) says that, in comparison of a beauty of his poem—

Then Juno would have blusht for shame,
And Venus looked *stale*.

"—*do a deed that fortune never did*"—i. e. "Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are now going to do what Fortune never did."—MALONE.

"*Enter Cassandra, raving*"—So the first editions; but the folio, with a more business-like character, to show how this was to be exhibited, has, "with her hair about her ears."

"*Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought*
Unfit to hear moral philosophy."

On this passage Stevens observes, "Let it be remembered, as often as Shakespeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. Even classic authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of Statius's 'Thebiad,' Amphiarus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him."

The minor commentators have been very merry on the anachronism of Hector being made to quote Aristotle. It was doubtless a careless oversight of the Poet, who could easily have informed himself on the subject. But we may understand here that Aristotle is the general name of any great philosophical authority. The German Ulrici has, however, quite another idea of the matter, and, after presenting his theory that this whole play is a satire on classical Herodom, adds to it another theory, of equally fanciful refinement, in connection with these lines:—

"Shakespeare, in working up his materials, has had another design in the background, respecting himself and his art. We know that Ben Jonson, his friend as a man, but his decided opponent as a dramatist, had taken, as the object of his critical and poetical activity, the restoration of the dramatic art in his lifetime to the ancient form, according to the (certainly misunderstood) rules of Aristotle; and afterwards, upon that principle, to form the English national drama. Shakespeare, although frequently attacked, had never openly and directly engaged in the advocacy of the contrary principle. He despised the contest; doubtless because nothing was to be decided upon by vague, abstract reasoning upon the merits of a theory. But the points of his opponent's arrows were broken off as soon as it was proved, in the most striking manner, that the spirit and character, customs and forms of life of antiquity, were essentially different and distinct from those founded upon Christian opinions, and represented in a Christian point of view. It would appear at once as a most contradictory beginning to wish to transfer foreign ancient principles of art into the poetry of Christianity. And how could Shakespeare, the Poet, produce a proof more strong, striking, and convincing, than to embody his own principles in a poem open to all eyes? But we must not expect to find such a by-end made prominent; the Poet, indeed, hedges it round, and scarcely leaves any thing palpable. * * * * * Only one single dismembered feature he suffered to remain, perhaps in order to act as a direction to the initiated. I mean the passage where Hector reproaches Troilus and Paris that they had discussed very superficially the controversy as to the delivering up of Helen:—

—— not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

The words have certainly their value in themselves, for their comic effect. Nevertheless, may not this very useless and unfitting anachronism contain a satirical horse-whip for Shakespeare's pedantic adversaries, who everywhere invoked their Aristotle, without sense or understanding?"

"—CANONIZE *us*"—"The hope of being registered as a saint is rather out of its place at so early a period as this of the Trojan war," says Stevens. To this Singer well replies:—"It is not so meant; the expression must not be taken literally. It merely means to be 'inscribed among the heroes, or demigods.' '*Ascribi numinibus*' is rendered, by old translators, 'to be canonized, or made a saint.'"

"—EMULATION *in the army crept*"—"Emulation" is here put for *envious rivalry, factious contention*. It is generally used by Shakespeare in this sense. The reason will appear from the following definition:—"To have envie to some man, to be angry with another man which hath that which we covet to have, to envy at that which another man hath, to studie, indevour, and travaile to do as well as another—*emulatio* is such kinde of *envy*."

SCENE III.

"—*short-*ARMED. *ignorance*"—i. e. Short *reaching* ignorance, as the Poet has elsewhere, "high-reaching." The phrase, however is odd; and Dyce, in his "Re-

marks," maintains that it should be "short-*aimed* ignorance."

"*If I could have remembered a gilt* COUNTERFEIT"—To understand this joke it should be known that "counterfeit" and *slip* were synonymous:—"And, therefore, he went out and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*."—GREENE'S *Thieves Falling out, true men come by their Goods.*

"— *Let thy* BLOOD *be thy direction*"—i. e. Thy *passions;* natural *propensities.*

"*Make that demand of the* PROVER"—i. e Ask of him who *proves*, or *experiences*, your folly. In the folio, this is strangely altered into "thy *creator.*"

"HE SHENT *our messengers*"—The quarto reads *sate;* the folio, *sent.* Theobald made the change to "shent;" meaning to *rebuke.* Collier thinks that the misprint is in "he," for *we*—"*We sent* our messengers."

"*The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy,*" etc.

Up to the time when Sir Thomas Brown wrote his "Vulgar Errors," (about 1670,) there was a prevailing opinion that the elephant had no joints, and that it could not lie down. Its joints, according to the passage before us, were not "for flexure." Sir T. Brown refutes the error by appealing to the experience of those who had, "not many years past," seen an elephant, in England, "kneeling, and lying down."

"— *the savage* STRANGENESS'—i. e. *Distance of behaviour, shyness;* a sense retained in New England.

"— UNDERWRITE *in an observing kind*"—To "underwrite" is synonymous with to *subscribe*, which is used by Shakespeare, in several places, for to *yield*, to *submit.*

"*His pettish* LUNES"—i. e. Fitful *lunacies.* The quarto reads:—

> His *course and time*, his ebbs and lunes, *and* if
> The passage and whole *stream of his commencement*
> Rode on his tide.

This is evidently an alteration and an improvement of the author's own, in the copy from which the folio was printed. "Lunes" is there misprinted *lines;* but the word is frequent in our Poet, as in the WINTER'S TALE.

> "— *'twixt his mental and his active parts,*
> *Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,*" etc.

This passage will be best explained by a parallel one in JULIUS CÆSAR:—

> The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little *kingdom*, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.

"*He is so* PLAGUY *proud*"—This strikes the modern ear as a vulgarism, and Stevens denounces it as the "interpolation of some foolish player." But originally it was no more vulgar than *pestilently*, for which it is here used, and with direct allusion to that fearful visitation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "Plaguy" was so little appropriated to its modern colloquial use, that Lord Stirling uses it in his poem on the "Doomsday," where he speaks of the "plaguy breath" of sinners.

"— *the death*-TOKENS *of it*"—Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected with the plague:—"Spots of a dark complexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges and forewarnings of *death.*"—HODGES *on the Plague.*

> Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
> Are mere forerunners of their ends.
> BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S *Valentinian.*

"— *with his own* SEAM"—i. e. *Fat.* The *grease, fat*, or *tallow* of any animal; but chiefly applied to that of a hog.

"— *with my arm'd fist I'll* PASH *him*"—The word is used twice by Massinger, in his "Virgin Martyr;" and Mr. Gifford has adduced an instance from Dryden. He justly observes, it is to be regretted that the word is now obsolete, as we have none that can adequately supply its place—to *dash* signifying to throw one thing with violence against another; to "pash" is to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces.

"— FORCE *him with praises*"—"Force" is taken in its customary sense, for "*stuff* him with praise." We had, in fact, in old English, two words of distinct sense, both spelled "force"—one from the French *force*, and the Latin *fortis;* the other from the French *farcir.* The last is now obsolete, except in the compound *forced-meat;* in which sense we have, in this play, "malice *forced* with wit," (act v. scene 1.)

"— *his* ADDITION *yield*"—i. e. Yield his *title*, his celebrity for *strength.* "Addition," in legal language, is the title given to each party, showing his degree, occupation, etc.; as, esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, etc.

"*Shall I call you* FATHER"—"Because Nestor was an old man, the modern editors make *him* reply to the question of Ajax. In Shakespeare's time it was the highest compliment to call a man, whose wit or learning was reverenced, 'father.' Ben Jonson had thus his sons. The flattery of Ulysses has won the heart of Ajax; Nestor has said nothing."—KNIGHT.

The quartos have here given the reply to Nestor, which, for the reason above assigned, seems erroneous. The custom of thus adopting a father was a familiar one of former days. Thus Cotton dedicated his treatise on fishing to his "father" Walton; and Ashmole, in his "Diary," observes:—"AP. 3. Mr. Wm. Backhouse, of Swallowfield, in com. Berks, caused me to call him *father* henceforward."

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*I hope I shall know your honour better.*"

"The servant means to quibble: he hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than at present. In his next speech, he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better; and hence affirms that he is in the state of grace."

"— *my* DISPOSER *Cressida*"—Stevens would give this speech to Helen, and read *deposer*, instead of "disposer." Helen, he thinks, may address herself to Pandarus; and, by her deposer, mean that Cressida had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus.

"Disposer" appears to have been an equivalent term, anciently, for *steward*, or *manager.* If the speech is to be attributed to Helen, she may mean to call Cressida her *hand-maid.*

"— *I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so*"—This trait of Paris, painted as a man of spirit and ability, yet wasting important hours in submission to the whims of his mistress, oddly resembles the anecdotes, of which the English memoirs are full, of the habits of Charles II.; and to this the coincidence of the name, Nell, adds effect. It affords a proof of the general truth of the portrait, that the grandson of the monarch who reigned when this play was written, should have thus, half a century afterwards, reënacted the sauntering indolence of Paris.

SCENE II.

"*Love's thrice*-REPURED *nectar*"—i. e. Thrice-*refined.* "Repured" was restored by Collier, from the quarto of 1609, which gives a distinct and elegant sense, in place of the "thrice-*reputed*" of other old editions, followed in the common text.

"— *you must be watched ere you be made tame*"—Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in the TAMING OF THE SHREW:—"To watch her as we watch these kites." Hawks were tamed by being kept from sleep.

"— *rub on, and kiss the mistress*"—The allusion is to bowling. What is now termed the "jack," seems, in Shakespeare's time, to have been called the "mistress." A bowl that kisses the "jack," or "mistress," is in the most advantageous situation. "Rub on" is a term used in the same game; as, in "No Wit like a Woman's," a comedy by Middleton, (1657:)—

—— So, a fair riddance:
There's three rubs gone; I've a clear way to the mistress.

And in Decker's "Satiro-Mastix," (1602:)—"Since he hath hit the mistress so often in the fore-game, we'll even play out the rubbers."

"— *the* FILLS"—i. e. *Thills, shafts.*

"— *a kiss in* FEE-FARM"—"A 'kiss in fee-farm' is a kiss of *duration*, that has bounds, a 'fee-farm' being a grant of lands in *fee;* that is, for ever reserving a certain rent. The same idea is expressed more poetically in CORIOLANUS, when the jargon of law was absent from the Poet's thoughts:—

—— O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge."

STEVENS.

"— *The* FALCON *as the* TERCEL"—Pandarus probably means that he will match his niece against her lover. The "tercel" is the male hawk; by the "falcon" is generally understood the female.

"— '*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*'"—"Have set their hands and seals," would complete the sentence. So, afterwards:—"Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it." Shakespeare appears to have had here an idea in his thoughts that he has several times expressed; as, in MEASURE FOR MEASURE:—

But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

And in his VENUS AND ADONIS:—

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing!

"— *let my lady apprehend no* FEAR"—From this passage a "Fear" appears to have been a personage in pageants, or perhaps in ancient moralities. To this circumstance Aspatia alludes, in the "Maid's Tragedy:"—

—— and then a *Fear:*
Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.

"*That my integrity and truth to you*
Might be AFFRONTED *with the match and weight*," etc.

The word "affronted" was used in the sense of *confronted*. Dr. Johnson thus explains the passage:—"I wish that my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love."

"*As true as steel, as plantage to the moon*," etc.

"As true as steel" is an ancient proverbial simile. "As plantage to the moon" alludes to the old superstitious notion of the influence of the moon over whatever was planted, sown, or grafted. Farmer illustrates the phrase by an extract from Scott's "Discoverie of Witchcraft:"—"The poor husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moon maketh plants fruitful; so as in the full moon they are in the best strength; decaying in the wane; and in the conjunction do utterly wither and vade."

SCENE III.

"— *through the sight I bear in things* TO COME"—The old copies all agree in reading—

That, through the sight I bear in things *to love;*—

and it is doubtful whether the last word be meant for *love*, or *Jove*, (according to the old mode, *Iove.*) Neither of the words give any sense without a change of punctuation, such as—

—— through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandoned Troy.

The emendation of the text, adopted by some of the early editors, seems to me far more probable and clear. But the ordinary readings are thus explained:—

"That through the sight I bear in things *to love*," Stevens thinks, may be explained—"No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen." "To *Jove*" is supported by Johnson and Malone; to which Mason makes this objection:—"That it was *Juno*, and not Jove, that persecuted the Trojans. Jove wished them well; and, though we may abandon a man to his enemies, we cannot, with propriety, say that we abandon him to his friends."

"— *such a* WREST *in their affairs*"—Douce seems to have pointed out the true sense. A "wrest" was the technical term for the instrument for tuning harps, etc. "He is the instrument to tune their affairs, which will be slack without him."

"*In most accepted* PAIN"—Hanmer and Warburton read, "In most accepted *pay*." But the construction of the passage, as it stands, appears to be—"Her presence shall strike off, or recompense the service I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted."

"— *That man, how dearly ever* PARTED"—i. e. However excellently *endowed;* with however precious *parts* enriched. Ben Jonson has used the word, in the same manner, in "Every man out of his Humour:"—"Macilente, a man well *parted*, a sufficient scholar," etc.

"*The* UNKNOWN *Ajax*"—i. e. Ajax, who has abilities which were never *brought into view*, or *use.*

"— *great Troy* SHRIEKING"—This epithet, which is the quarto reading, strikes me as more probable and poetical than the folio's word, *shrinking.* In an after scene, we find, "Hark, how Troy roars," etc.

"*Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,*
And drave great Mars to faction."

This alludes to the descent of deities to combat on either side before Troy. In the fifth book of the "Iliad," Diomed wounds Mars, who, on his return to heaven, is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle.

"— *one of Priam's daughters*"—i. e. Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom Achilles was afterwards killed by Paris.

"*There is a mystery (with whom relation*
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state," etc.

Meaning, probably, there is a secret administration of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover.

"*The fool slides o'er the ice that you* SHOULD *break.*"

"Should" is used in the sense of *would.* The fool Ajax slides boldly and easily over difficulties that would impede your more cautious way.

"— *shook to* AIRY *air*"—This is the reading of the folio; the quarto has "air," without the Shakespearian repetition, expressive of the perfect and complete vanishing of the dew-drop.

"*Omission to do what is necessary*
Seals a commission to a blank of danger," etc.

By neglecting our duty, we "commission" or enable that danger of dishonour to lay hold upon us, which could not reach us before.

"*An appetite that I am sick withal,*
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace," etc.

In the "Destruction of Troy," we have the same thought, which is in the high spirit of chivalry, but has received a richer colouring in the poetry of Shakespeare:—

"The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the tents of the Greeks, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasuro to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before.'

ACT IV.—Scene I.

"*During all question of the gentle truce*," etc.

Æneas wishes Diomedes health, while there is no question, or argument, between them, but what arises out of the truce.

"—*the most* despitefull'st *gentle greeting*"—The quarto has *despiteful;* the folio, the double superlative, which we retain, as preserving a common construction of the age of Shakespeare.

"*But he as he*"—i. e. The merits of each, being weighed, are exactly equal; in each of the scales a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one.

"*We'll* not *commend what we intend to sell*," etc.

That is, (says Johnson,) "We will not practise the seller's art; we will not praise what we mean to sell dear." This is hardly the obvious sense, and there is probably a misprint. Perhaps it should be, "We'll not *condemn* what we intend to sell." Jackson, often ingenious among many absurd emendations, proposes—"We'll *but* commend what we intend to sell." Not meaning to sell Helen, we do not praise her. Warburton would read—

We'll not commend what we intend *not* sell.

"Not sell" sounds harsh; but such elliptical expressions are not unfrequent in these plays.

Scene II.

"—*a poor* capocchia"—Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, explains "*capocchia*" as "a shallow skonce, a loggerhead."

"*We must give up to Diomedes' hand*
The lady Cressida."

This part of the story is thus told, in the "Destruction of Troy:"—

"Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo had left the Troyans, had a passing fair daughter, and wise, named Briseyda—Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troylus, named her Cresida—for which daughter he prayed to King Agamemnon, and to the other princes, that they would require the King Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to King Priamus at the instance of Calcas, but the Troyans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthy to die, that had left his own land and his natural lord, for to go into the company of his mortal enemies; yet, at the petition and earnest desire of the Greeks, the King Priamus sent Briseyda to her father."

Scene III.

"*It is* great morning"—An idiom from the old French, for *broad day;* which the French have retained in their *grand matin.*

Scene IV.

"*And* violenteth *in a sense as strong*"—To *violent* is an expressive old word, found in Fuller's "Worthies," and other old authors, both in verse and prose. It is the quarto reading, and should be retained, though many modern editors prefer the folio reading, which seems to me a mere error of the press:—"And *no less* in a sense as strong."

"—*I will throw my glove to Death himself*"—i. e. I will challenge Death himself in defence of thy fidelity.

"*The Grecian youths are full of* quality;
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

"These are three fine lines, perfectly intelligible:—this love is well composed with the gift of nature, which gift (natural quality) is flowing, and swelling over, with arts and exercise. The second line is not found in the quarto, which reads—

The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise.

The Poet strengthened the image in his last copy; but he did not anticipate that editors would arise, who, having two readings, would make a hash, and give us—

The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

Knight.

"Full of quality" is highly *accomplished.* "Quality," like *condition*, is applied to manners, as well as dispositions.

"— seal *of my petition*"—"Seal" is the reading of all the old copies. Warburton changed this to *zeal*, which everybody follows,—in ignorance of the strong meaniug attached to "seal" in Shakespeare's age. Did the commentators never hear of such a line as—

Seals of love, hut *seal'd* in vain? Knight.

Yet the reading, "*zeal* of my petition," preferred by most editors, has a good and clear sense, as referring to the *warmth* of the petition he has just made. Troilus has before spoken of his love (his "fancy") as "more bright in zeal than the devotion" he owes the gods.

Scene V.

"—*a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip*"—Stevens has adduced, from that antique storehouse of all curious matters, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," a curiously resembling passage from the great pulpit orator of the Greek church, which, as he says, might almost make us think that Shakespeare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom, who says:—"*Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce:*"—i. e. "They say nothing with their mouthes, they speake in their gaite, they speake with their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies."

But Shakespeare did not go to books for his insight into female character.

"—*a* coasting *welcome*"—i. e. A *conciliatory* welcome, that makes silent advances before the tongue has uttered a word. So in Venus and Adonis:—

Anon she hears them chaunt it lustely.
And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.

So Johnson and Malone; but, as Nares observes, to *coast* seems of old to have nearly the sense of to *accost*. In this sense, the plain interpretation is—"Those that give an *accosting* or salutary welcome, before any such overture is made on the other side."

"— securely *done*"—In the sense of the Latin *securus;* a negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. So in the last act of the "Spanish Tragedy:"—

O damned devil, how *secure* he is.

"*Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector*," etc.

"Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other's pride, and valour more than other's valour."—Johnson.

"—*dignifies an* impure *thought with breath*"—The original word is printed, in the quarto, *impare*, and in the folios *impaire*, which Johnson long ago thought was intended for "impure;" but later editors agree to retain it as *impair*, which they interpreted *unequal*, chiefly on the alleged authority of Chapman's preface to his "Achilles' Shield," (1598.) But Dyce has shown (Remarks) that *impair*, as used by Chapman, is merely the obsolete noun for an *impairment*, a loss, an injury; and could have no application here. "Impure" seems certainly to have been intended by the Poet.

"*Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son*," etc.

This incident, which is one of the occasions in which Shakespeare, following the old romance-writers, desires to exhibit the magnanimity of Hector, is found in the "Destruction of Troy:"—

"As they were fighting, they spake and talked to-

gether, and thereby Hector knew that he was his cousin-german, son of his aunt; and then Hector, for courtesy, embraced him in his arms, and made great cheer, and offered to him to do all his pleasure, if he desired auything of him, and prayed him that he would come to Troy with him for to see his lineage of his mother's side: but the said Thelamon, that iutended to nothing but to his best advantage, said that he would not go at this time. But he prayed Hector, requesting that, if he loved him so much as he said, that he would for his sake, aud at his instance, cease the battle for that day, and that the Troyans should leave the Greeks in peace. The unhappy Hector accorded unto him his request, and blew a horn, and made all his people to withdraw into the city."

"— *Neoptolemus so mirable*"—Johnson thinks that, by "Neoptolemus," Shakespeare meant *Achilles:* finding that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, he cousidered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. Or he was probably led into the error by some book of the time. By a passage in act ii. scene 3, it is evident that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy:—

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home, etc.

"— *her loud'st* O YES"—This is the well-known corruption of the Norman-French *Oyez*, (Hear Ye!) still preserved in the English courts in this form, and in some parts of the United States, as a proclamation for opening and adjourning courts. The corruption is so well understood, and has become so much of an English word, that there is no reason for altering the original reading to *Oyez*, as has been done in very many editions.

"— *and see your knights*"—These "knights," to the amount of about two hundred thousand, Shakespeare found, with all the appendages of chivalry, in the old "Troy Book." Malone remarks that *knight* and *squire* excite ideas of chivalry. Pope, in his "Homer," has been liberal iu his use of the latter.

"— *most* IMPERIOUS *Agamemnon*"—"Imperious," in Shakespeare's day, seems used with much latitude, as nearly synonymous with *imperial*, though sometimes distinguished from it by its use iu our modern sense. Bullokar, a lexicographer of that age, in his "English Expositor," thus distinguishes the words:—"*Imperial;* royal, chief-like, emperor-like: *Imperious;* that commandeth with authority, lord-like, stately." Still, I think that, in poetic and rhetorical use, the line was not distinctly drawn between these approximating senses.

"— UNTRADED *oath*"—i. e. *Unused, uncommon.*

"*Labouring for destiny*"—i. e. As the minister or vicegerent of destiny.

"— SCORNING *forfeits and subduements*"—So the folio; the quarto—

Despising many forfeits and suhduements.

"— *lord Ulysses*, THOU"—The repetition of "thou," in this manner, was an old mode of expressing contempt or anger, as in this play, (act v. scene 1:)—"Thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou.*" But as there seems no sufficient cause for contempt or anger in the speaker, and the context does not imply it, it is very probable that "thou" is a misprint for *though*, which affords a more natural sense.

"*Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body*
Shall I destroy him?" etc.

"It was a fine stroke of art in Shakespeare, (says the 'Pictorial' editor,) to borrow the Homeric incident of Achilles surveying Hector before he slew him,—not using it iu the actual sense of the conflict, but more characteristically in the place which he has given it. The passage of Homer is thus rendered by Chapman:—

—His bright and sparkling eyes
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through all that prize
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
Appear'd to him; and this was, where th' unequal winding bone
That joins the shoulders and the neck had place, and where there lay
The speeding way to death; and there his quick eye could display
The place it sought,—even through those arms his friend Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him."—(*Book* xxii.)

"*You may have every day enough of Hector,*
If you have stomach; the general state I fear," etc.

Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you have the *inclination;* but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to be *at odds* with him—to contend with him."

"— PELTING *wars*"—i. e. *Petty, insignificant.* So in MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM—"every *pelting* river."

"*There in the full* CONVIVE *you*"—A "couvive" is a *feast.* "The sitting of friends together at a table, our auncestors have well called *convivium*, (a *banket*,) because it is a living of men together."—HUTTON.

The word is several times used in "Helyas the Kuight of the Swanne."

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"*Thou crusty* BATCH"—A "batch" is all that is baked at oue time, without heatiug the oven afresh. So Ben Jonson, in his "Catiline:"—

Except he were of the same meal and *batch.*

Thersites has already been called a *cob-loaf.*

"— *the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull*"—Alluding to Jupiter's assuming the form of a bull, to carry off Europa, he sneers at the *horns* of Menelaus—a never worn-out joke of the old stage.

"*Sweet* DRAUGHT"—"Draught" is the old word for *forica.* It is used in the translation of the Bible, in Hollingshed, and by all old writers.

SCENE II.

"— *if he can take her* CLIFF"—i. e. Her *key*, (*clef* French:)—a mark in music, at the beginning of the lines of a song, etc., which indicates the pitch, and whether it is suited for a bass, treble, or tenor voice.

"*Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*"

This sleeve, which had been previously given by Troilus to Cressida, appears (says Malone) to have been an ornamented cuff, such as was worn by some of our young nobility, at a tilt, in Shakespeare's age. (See Spenser's "View of Ireland," p. 43, edit. 1633:)—"Also the deep smock sleive, which the Irish women use, they say was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary: and yet that should seem to be rather an old English fashion; for in armoury, the fashion of the manche which is given in arms by many, being indeed nothing else but a sleive, is fashioned much like to that sleive."

"The story of Cressida's falsehood is prettily told by Chaucer. Shakespeare has literally copied one of the incidents:—

She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve.

But we still trace the inconsistency of character in Chaucer's Cressida. Mr. Godwin laments that Shakespeare has not interested us in his principal female, as Chaucer has done. Such an interest would have been bought at the expense of truth."—KNIGHT.

"*Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;*
But with my heart the other eye doth see."

"One eye (says Cressida) looks on Troilus; but the other follows Diomed, where my heart is fixed." Stevens observes that the characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than

from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakespeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. Lydgate, speaking of Cressida, says only:—

> She gave her heart and love to Diomed,
> To show what trust there is in womankind;
> For she of her new love no sooner sped,
> But Troilus was clean out of her mind
> As if she never had him known or seen;
> Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean.

"*I cannot conjure, Trojan*"—i. e. She must have been here, for I have no power to raise a magic representation of her by conjuration.

"—*stubborn* CRITICS, *apt, without a theme*"—The annotators here say that "critic" is taken in the sense of *cynic*. It is rather taken in the sense of *censurer*, as was, and is still, common. Thus Iago says, "I am nothing if not *critical*."

"*If there be rule in unity itself*," etc.

That is—if it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons.

"BI-FOLD *authority*"—"The folio reads, '*By foul* authority,' etc. There is a madness in that disquisition, in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against* himself, upon 'authority' which he knows not to be valid. The words *loss* and *perdition*, in the subsequent line, are used in their common sense; but they mean the loss or perdition of *reason*."—JOHNSON.

"— *O madness of* DISCOURSE"—"Discourse," in older English, comprehends all *reasoning*, whether expressed in words, or only mental.

"— ARIACHNE'S *broken woof*"—Many editors, anxious for the Poet's classical accuracy, have corrected this to *Arachne*, at the expense of the metre. It is evidently a mere slip of the Poet's memory, in a point of schoolboy learning, and cannot be corrected without making a very harsh line, which he did not intend. One quarto reads *Ariachna's;* the other *Ariathna's;* the folio "Ariachne's." It is evident Shakespeare intended to make *Ariachne* a word of four syllables. Stevens thinks it probable that the Poet may have written, "*Ariadne's* broken woof," confounding the two stories in his imagination, or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth.

"— *O* INSTANCE"—Here "instance" is used for *proof*, as in HENRY IV., (Part II.:)—"I have received a certain *instance* that Glendower is dead." In RICHARD III.:—"His fears are shallow, wanting *instance*."

"*May worthy Troilus be half attach'd*," etc.

That is—"Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses."—JOHNSON.

"*Stand fast, and wear a* CASTLE *on thy head*," etc.

A particular kind of close *helmet* was called a "castle." In the "History of Prince Arthur," (1634, chap. 153,) we find, "Do thou thy best, (said Sir Gawaine;) therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soon come after, and break the strongest castle that thou hast upon thy head." But it here seems to have a more general sense:—"Wear a defence as strong as a castle on your head, if you want to be safe."

SCENE III.

"— *Do not count it holy*
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to so count violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity."

These lines were not in the first editions, but were added in the folio, and unfortunately so misprinted as to give no sense, thus:—

> —— Do not count it holy
> To hurt by being just: it is as lawful:
> For we would count give much to as violent thefts.
> And rob, etc.

Knight proposes to amend thus:—

> For we would give much, *to use* violent thefts.

"To use thefts" is clearly not Shakespearian. Perhaps *count*, or *give*, might be omitted, supposing that oue word had been substituted for another in the manuscript, without the erasure of that first written; but this omission will not give us a meaning. We have ventured to transpose *count*, and omit *as*:—

> For we would give much, to count violent thefts.

We have now a clear meaning:—It is as lawful, because we desire to give much, to connt violent thefts *as holy*—

> And rob in the behalf of charity.

Collier prints the line, "For us to give much count to violent thefts," which affords no distinct sense. The reading now first proposed, in this editiou, makes no verbal change but of *as* into *so*, and transposes *count*, which is evidently out of place in the original. The whole then means—"Do not count it holy to inflict injury in the pursuit of right; we might as well so count (i. e. *count holy*) violent thefts committed to enable us to give liberally." "Violent" was probably meant to be pronounced *vi'lent*, with no unusual poetical license.

"— *keeps the weather of my fate*"—To "keep the weather" is to keep the *wind*, or *advantage*. "*Estre au dessus du vent*" is the French proverbial phrase.

"— *the* DEAR *man*"—i. e. The man really of *worth*.

"— *better fits a lion than a man*"—"The traditions and stories of the darker ages (says Johnson) abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man."

"*Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame*
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name."

"This couplet, which we here find in the folio, is again used by Troilus, towards the conclusion of the play—the last words which Troilus speaks. In all modern editions the lines are omitted in the close of the third scene. Stevens says, 'the Poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner.' Why not? Is the repetition unnecessary? Is not the loathing which Troilus feels towards Pandarus more strongly marked by this repetition? We have no doubt about the restoration of the lines."—KNIGHT.

SCENE IV.

"*What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?*
Art thou of blood and honour?"

This idea is derived from the ancient books of chivalry. A person of superior birth might not be challeuged by an inferior; or, if challenged, might refuse the combat. In this spirit, Cleopatra says—

> These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
> A meaner than themselves.

In Melvil's "Memoirs," we find it stated:—"The laird of Grainge offered to fight Bothwell, who answered, that he was neither earl nor lord, but a baron; and so was uot his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse; but his heart failed him, and he grew cold in the business."

SCENE V.

"*Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse*," etc.

This circumstance is also minutely copied from the "Destruction of Troy:"—

"And of the party of the Troyans came the king Ademon that jousted against Menelaus, and smote him, and

hurt him in the face: and he and Troylus took him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great company of knights, and fought with Troylus at his coming, and smote him down, and took his horse, and sent it to Briseyda, and did cause to say to her by his servant that it was Troylus's horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."

"— *the dreadful* SAGITTARY
Appals our numbers," etc.

In the "Three Destructions of Troy," we are told, that "Beyond the royalme of Amasonne came an auncyent Kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named Epystrophus, and brought a M. [thousand] Knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called Sagittayre, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and tofore a man. This beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen red as a cole, and shotte well with a howe. This beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe."

"— GALATHE, *his horse*"—The name of Hector's horse is taken from Lydgate or Caxton. In Lydgate we find—

And sought, by all the means he could, to take
Galathé, Hector's horse.

"— *like scaled* SCULLS"—i. e. *Shoals* of fish. We have the word in Milton, ("Paradise Lost," book vii.:)—

Fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
Bank the mid sea.

Drayton, too, makes one of his rivers say—

My silver-scaled *sculls* about my banks do sweep.

SCENE VI.

"— *I will not look upon*"—Equivalent to saying, "I will not be a looker-on;" as, in HENRY VI., (Part III.:)—

Why stand we here—wailing our losses—
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were played in jest by counterfeited actors?

I'll FRUSH *it*"—i. e. *Break it* to pieces.

SCENE VII.

"— *execute your* AIMS"—This restoration, by Collier, of the original text, from one of the quartos, overlooked by prior editors, renders useless the labours of critics to explain the "execute your *arms*," which is the general reading.

SCENE IX.

"*Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death!*"

Shakespeare borrowed the circumstance which preceded the death of Hector from the Gothic romancers:—

"When Achilles saw that Hector slew thus the nobles of Greece, and so many other that it was marvel to behold, he thought that, if Hector were not slain, the Greeks would never have victory. And forasmuch as he had slain many kings and princes, he ran upon him marvellously; * * * but Hector cast to him a dart fiercely, and made him a wound in his thigh: and then Achilles issued out of the battle, and did bind up his wound, and took a great spear in purpose to slay Hector, if he might meet him. Among all these things Hector had taken a very noble baron of Greece, that was quaintly and richly armed, and, for to lead him out of the host at his ease, had cast his shield behind him at his back, and had left his breast discovered: and as he was in this point, and took none heed of Achilles, he came privily unto him, and thrust his spear within his body, and Hector fell down dead to the ground."

"— *the* VAIL *and darking of the sun*"—"The 'vail' of the sun" is the *sinking, setting*, or *vailing* of the sun.

"*Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.*"

From the same authorities Shakespeare took the incident of Achilles employing his Myrmidons for the destruction of a Trojan chief; but they tell the story of Troilus, and not of Hector:—

"After these things the nineteenth battle began with great slaughter; and afore that Achilles entered into the battle he assembled his Myrmidons, and prayed them that they would intend to none other thing but to enclose Troylus, and to hold him without flying till he came, and that he would not be far from them. And they promised him that they so would. And he thronged into the battle. And on the other side came Troylus, that began to flee and beat down all them that he caught, and did so much, that about mid-day he put the Greeks to flight: then the Myrmidons (that were two thousand fighting men, and had not forgot the commandment of their lord) thrust in among the Troyans, and recovered the field. And as they held them together, and sought no man but Troylus, they found him that he fought strongly, and was enclosed on all parts, but he slew and wounded many. And as he was all alone among them, and had no man to succour him, they slew his horse, and hurt him in many places, and plucked off his head helm, and his coif of iron, and he defended him in the best manner he could. Then came on Achilles, when he saw Troilus all naked, and ran upon him in a rage, and smote off his head, and cast it under the feet of his horse, and took the body and bound it to the tail of his horse, and so drew it after him throughout the host."

Knight adds, that Shakespeare again goes to his "Homer," when Achilles trails Hector "along the field:"—

This said, a work not worthy him he set to; of both feet
He bor'd the nerves through from the heel to th' ankle, and then knit
Both to his chariot with a thong of white leather, his head
Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid
The arms repurchas'd, and scourg'd on his horse that freely flew;
A whirlwind made of startled dust drave with them as they drew.
With which were all his black-brown curls knotted in heaps and fill'd,
And there lay Troy's late gracious, by Jupiter exil'd,
To all disgrace in his own land, and by his parents seen.
(CHAPMAN'S *Translation*.)

Stevens has thus pointed out the sources of this variation of the Homeric story:—"Heywood, in his 'Rape of Lucrece,' (1638,) gives the same account of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers. In Lydgate, and the old story-book, the same account is given of the death of Troilus. Lydgate, following Guido of Colonua, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, reprehends the Grecian poet as the original offender."

"— STICKLER-LIKE, *the armies separate*"—The business of a "stickler" was to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are said to have been called "sticklers" from carrying *sticks* or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. Minshew gives this explanation in his "Dictionary," (1617:)—"A stickler between two; so called as putting a stick or staff between two fencing or fighting together." The phrase, so uncouth to us, was familiar in the Poet's day.

"*Along the field I will the Trojan trail.*"

Stevens quotes old Lydgate as the source of this incident in the play, the Poet changing *Troilus* into *Hector*. His thirty-first chapter is entitled, "How Achilles slew the worthy Troylus unknyghtly, and after trayled his body through the fyelds, tyed to his horse." Mr. Knight, on the contrary, supposes Shakespeare to "go to his 'Homer' when Achilles trails Hector along the field." But there is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare was a Greek scholar, and at the time when this play was printed, (1609,) it does not appear that Chapman had published more than the first nineteen books of his translation of the "Iliad." His entire translation of "The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets," which is without date, appears from the date of the entry of its copy to have appeared in 1611, or later. Now, this incident of the treatment of Hector's body is in the twen-

ty-second book of the "Iliad." It is, therefore, rather to be presumed that Shakespeare got this classical incident from the "Æneid," either in the original or from the translation of Phaer, (1584,) or of Stanyhurst, of about the same date. The scholar will recollect, in the second "Æneid," the vision of the sad Hector:—

> Raptatus bigis, ut quondam aterque cruento
> Pulvere, per que pedes trajectus lora tumentes.
>
> Such as he was, when by Pelides slain,
> Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain;
> Swol'n were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
> Through the bor'd holes, his body black with dust, etc.

"This play is more correctly written than most of Shakespeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt; for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and condemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer: they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakespeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer."—Johnson.

"The Troilus and Cressida of Shakespeare can scarcely be classed with his dramas of Greek and Roman history; but it forms an intermediate link between the fictitious Greek and Roman histories, which we may call legendary dramas, and the proper ancient histories; that is, between the Pericles, or Titus Andronicus, and the Coriolanus, or Julius Cæsar. Cymbeline is a *congener* with Pericles, and distinguished from Lear by not having any declared prominent object. But where shall we class the Timon of Athens? Perhaps immediately below Lear. It is a Lear of the satirical drama; a Lear of domestic or ordinary life;—a local eddy of passion on the high road of society, while all around is the week-day goings on of wind and weather: a Lear, therefore, without its soul-searching flashes, its ear-cleaving thunder-claps, its meteoric splendours,—without the contagion and the fearful sympathies of nature, the furies, the frenzied elements, dancing in and out, now breaking through, and scattering,—now hand in hand with,—the fierce or fantastic group of human passions, crimes, and anguishes, reeling on the unsteady ground, in a wild harmony to the shock and the swell of an earthquake. But my present subject was Troilus and Cressida; and I suppose that, scarcely knowing what to say of it, I by a cunning of instinct ran off to subjects on which I should find it difficult not to say too much, though certain after all that I should still leave the better part unsaid, and the gleaning for others richer than my own harvest.

"Indeed, there is no one of Shakespeare's plays harder to characterize. The name and the remembrances connected with it, prepare us for the representation of attachment no less faithful than fervent on the side of the youth, and of sudden and shameless inconstancy on the part of the lady. And this is, indeed, as the gold thread on which the scenes are strung, though often kept out of sight and out of mind by gems of greater value than itself. But as Shakespeare calls forth nothing from the mausoleum of history, or the catacombs of tradition, without giving, or eliciting, some permanent and general interest, and brings forward no subject which he does not moralize or intellectualize,—so here he has drawn in Cressida the portrait of a vehement passion, that, having its true origin and proper cause in warmth of temperament, fastens on, rather than fixes to, some one object by liking and temporary preference.

> There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
> At every joint and motive of her body.

This Shakespeare has contrasted with the profound affection represented in Troilus, and alone worthy the name of love;—affection, passionate indeed,—swoln with the confluence of youthful instincts and youthful fancy, and growing in the radiance of hope newly risen, in short enlarged by the collective sympathies of nature;—but still having a depth of calmer element in a will stronger than desire, more entire than choice, and which gives permanence to its own act by converting it into faith and duty. Hence with excellent judgment, and with an excellence higher than mere judgment can give, at the close of the play, when Cressida has sunk into infamy below retrieval and beneath hope, the same will, which had been the substance and the basis of his love, while the restless pleasures and passionate longings, like sea-waves, had tossed but on its surface,—this same moral energy is represented as snatching him aloof from all neighbourhood with her dishonour, from all lingering fondness and languishing regrets, while it rushes with him into other and nobler duties, and deepens the channel, which his heroic brother's death had left empty for its collected flood. yet another secondary and subordinate purpose Shakespeare has inwoven with his delineation of these two characters,—that of opposing the inferior civilization, but purer morals, of the Trojans to the refinements, deep policy, but duplicity and sensual corruptions, of the Greeks.

"To all this, however, so little comparative protection is given,—nay, the masterly group of Agamemnon, Nestor, and Ulysses, and still more in advance, that of Achilles, Ajax, and Thersites, so manifestly occupy the foreground, that the subservience and vassalage of strength and animal courage to intellect and policy seems to be the lesson most often in our Poet's view, and which he has taken little pains to connect with the former more interesting moral impersonated in the titular hero and heroine of the drama. But I am half inclined to believe, that Shakespeare's main object, or shall I rather say, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry,—and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer.

"The character of Thersites, in particular, well deserves a more careful examination, as the Caliban of demagogic life;—the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse;—just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist of his betters;—one whom malcontent Achilles can inveigle from malcontent Ajax, under the one condition, that he shall be called on to do nothing but abuse and slander, and that he shall be allowed to abuse as much and as purulently as he likes, that is, as he can;—in short, a mule,—quarrelsome by the original discord of his nature,—a slave by tenure of his own baseness,—made to bray and be brayed at, to despise and be despicable. 'Aye, sir, but say what you will, he is a very clever fellow, though the best friends will fall out. There was a time when Ajax thought he deserved to have a statue of gold erected to him, and handsome Achilles, at the head of the Myrmidons, gave no little credit to his *friend Thersites!*'"—Coleridge.

William Godwin, in his "Life of Chaucer," thus compares the management of the same subject by the two great masters of English poetry:—

"Since two of the greatest writers this island has produced have treated the same story, each in his own peculiar manner, it may be neither unentertaining nor uninstructive to consider the merit of their respective modes of composition as illustrated in the present example. Chaucer's poem includes many beauties, many

genuine touches of nature, and many strokes of an exquisite pathos. It is on the whole however written in that style which has unfortunately been so long imposed upon the world as dignified, classical and chaste. It is naked of incidents, of ornament, of whatever should most awaken the imagination, astound the fancy, or hurry away the soul. It has the stately march of a Dutch burgomaster as he appears in a procession, or a French poet as he shows himself in his works. It reminds one too forcibly of a tragedy of Racine. Every thing partakes of the author, as if he thought he should be everlastingly disgraced by becoming natural, inartificial and alive. We travel through a work of this sort as we travel over some of the immense downs with which our island is interspersed. All is smooth, or undulates with so gentle and slow a variation as scarcely to be adverted to by the sense. But all is homogeneous and tiresome; the mind sinks into a state of aching torpidity; and we feel as if we should never get to the end of our eternal journey. What a contrast to a journey among mountains and vallies, spotted with herds of various kinds of cattle, interspersed with villages, opening ever and anon to a view of the distant ocean, and refreshed with rivulets and streams; where if the eye is ever fatigued, it is only with the boundless flood of beauty which is incessantly pouring upon it! Such is the tragedy of Shakespeare.

"The historical play of TROILUS AND CRESSIDA exhibits as full a specimen of the different styles in which this wonderful writer was qualified to excel, as is to be found in any of his works. A more poetical passage, if poetry consists in sublime picturesque and beautiful imagery, neither ancient nor modern times have produced, than the exhortation addressed by Patroclus to Achilles, to persuade him to shake off his passion for Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, and resume the terrors of his military greatness.

> Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
> Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
> And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
> Be shook to air.—(*Act* iii. *Scene* 3.)

"Never did morality hold a language more profound, persuasive and irresistible, than in Shakespeare's Ulysses, who in the same scene, and engaged in the same cause with Patroclus, thus expostulates with the champion of the Grecian forces.

> For emulation hath a thousand sons,
> That one by one pursue. If you give way,
> Or hedge aside from the direct forthright.
> Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
> And leave you hindmost: there you lie,
> Like to a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
> For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
> And trampled on.
>
> ——— O, let not virtue seek
> Remuneration for the thing it was!
> For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
> Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
> To envious and calumniating time.
> One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—
> That all with one consent praise new-born gauds,
> And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
> More praise than they will give to gold o'erdusted.
> Then marvel not, thou great and complete man!
> That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax.
>
> ——— The cry went once on thee,
> And still it might, and yet it may again,
> If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
> And case thy reputation in thy tent.

"But the great beauty of this play, as it is of all the genuine writings of Shakespeare, beyond all didactic morality, beyond all mere flights of fancy, and beyond all sublime, a beauty entirely his own, and in which no writer ancient or modern can enter into competition with him, is that his men are men; his sentiments are living, and his characters marked with those delicate, evanescent, undefinable touches, which identify them with the great delineation of nature. The speech of Ulysses just quoted, when taken by itself, is purely an exquisite specimen of didactic morality; but when combined with the explanation given by Ulysses, before the entrance of Achilles, of the nature of his design, it becomes the attribute of a real man, and starts into life.

"When we compare the plausible and seemingly affectionate manner in which Ulysses addresses himself to Achilles, with the key which he here furnishes to his meaning, and especially with the ephitet 'derision,' we have a perfect elucidation of his character, and must allow that it is impossible to exhibit the crafty and smooth-tongued politician in a more exact or animated style. The advice given by Ulysses is in its nature sound and excellent, and in its form inoffensive and kind; the name therefore of 'derision' which he gives to it, marks to a wonderful degree the cold and self-centered subtlety of his character.

"Cressida's confession to Troilus of her love is a most beautiful example of the genuine Shakespearian manner. What charming ingenuousness, what exquisite *naiveté*, what ravishing confusion of soul, are expressed in these words! We seem to perceive in them every fleeting thought as it rises in the mind of Cressida, at the same time that they delineate with equal skill all the beautiful timidity and innocent artifice which grace and consummate the feminine character. Other writers endeavour to conjure up before them their imaginary personages, and seek with violent effort to arrest and describe what their fancy presents to them: Shakespeare alone (though not without many exceptions to this happiness) appears to have the whole train of his characters in voluntary attendance upon him, to listen to their effusions, and to commit to writing all the words, and the very words, they utter.

"The whole catalogue of the *dramatis personæ* in the play of TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humour in the author, are drawn with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakespeare. This is a species of honour which ought by no means to be forgotten when we are making the eulogium of our immortal bard, a sort of illustration of his greatness which cannot fail to place it in a very conspicuous light. The dispositions of men perhaps had not been sufficiently unfolded in the very early period of intellectual refinement when Homer wrote; the rays of humour had not been dissected by the glass, or rendered perdurable by the pencil, of the poet. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax and his Nestor are, each of them, rather a species than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction, than of the vivacity of a moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, the Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakespeare on the other hand, are absolute men, deficient in nothing which can tend to individualise them, and already touched with the Promethean fire that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless form. From the rest perhaps the character of Thersites deserves to be selected (how cold and school-boy a sketch in Homer!) as exhibiting an appropriate vein of sarcastic humour amidst his cowardice, and a profoundness and truth in his mode of laying open the foibles of those about him, impossible to be excelled.

"Before we quit this branch of Shakespeare's praise, it may not be unworthy of our attention to advert to one of the methods by which he has attained this uncommon superiority. It has already been observed that one of the most formidable adversaries of true poetry, is an attribute which is generally miscalled dignity. Shakespeare possessed, no man in higher perfection, the true dignity and loftiness of the poetical afflatus, which he has displayed in many of the finest passages of his works with miraculous success. But he knew that no man ever was, or ever can be, always dignified. He knew that those subtler traits of character which identify a man, are familiar and relaxed, pervaded with passion, and not played off with an eternal eye to decorum. In

this respect the peculiarities of Shakespeare's genius are no where more forcibly illustrated than in the play we are here considering. The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire, and marched with a slow and measured step. No poet till this time, had ever ventured to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them. Shakespeare first suppled their limbs, took from them the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes, which might render them completely beings of the same species with ourselves.

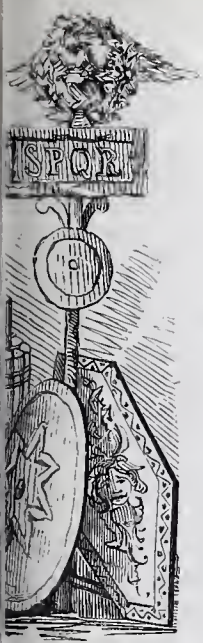
"Yet, after every degree of homage has been paid to the glorious and awful superiorities of Shakespeare, it would be unpardonable in us, on the present occasion, to forget one particular in which the play of TROILUS AND CRESSIDA does not eclipse, but on the contrary falls far short of its great archetype, the poem of Chaucer. This too is a particular, in which, as the times of Shakespeare were much more enlightened and refined than those of Chaucer, the preponderance of excellence might well be expected to be found in the opposite scale. The fact however is unquestionable, that the characters of Chaucer are much more respectable and loveworthy than the correspondent personages in Shakespeare. In Chaucer Troilus is the pattern of an honourable lover, choosing rather every extremity of want and the loss of life, than to divulge, whether in a direct or an indirect manner, any thing which might compromise the reputation of his mistress, or lay open her name as a topic for the vulgar. Creseide, however (as Mr. Urry has observed) she proves at last a 'false unconstant whore,' yet in the commencement, and for a considerable time, preserves those ingenuous manners and that propriety of conduct, which are the brightest ornaments of the female character. Even Pandarus, low and dishonourable as is the part he has to play, is in Chaucer merely a friendly and kind-hearted man, so easy in his temper that, rather than not contribute to the happiness of the man he loves, he is content to overlook the odious names and construction to which his proceedings are entitled. Not so in Shakespeare: his Troilus shows no reluctance to render his amour a subject of notoriety to the whole city; his Cressida (for example in the scene with the Grecian chiefs, to all of whom she is a total stranger) assumes the manners of the most abandoned prostitute; and his Pandarus enters upon his vile occupation, not from any venial partiality to the desires of his friend, but from the direct and simple love of what is gross, impudent and profligate. For these reasons Shakespeare's play, however enriched with a thousand beauties, can scarcely boast of any strong claim upon our interest or affections.—It may be alleged indeed that Shakespeare, having exhibited pretty much at large the whole catalogue of Greek and Trojan heroes, had by no means equal scope to interest us in the story from which the play receives its name: but this would scarcely be admitted as an adequate apology before an impartial tribunal."

Act V. Scene IX.—Death of Hector. 62

TITUS ANDRONICUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS



THIS PLAY REJECTED AS SPURIOUS BY MANY ENGLISH CRITICS—EXTERNAL PROOF AS TO ITS AUTHENTICITY—ITS CHARACTERISTICS OF MANNER, ETC., AND THE INDICATIONS THEY AFFORD OF ITS BEING A YOUTHFUL WORK OF SHAKESPEARE'S, OR OTHERWISE—OPINIONS OF CONTINENTAL AND LATER ENGLISH CRITICS.

A GREAT majority of the English Shakespearian editors, commentators, and critics, including some of the very highest names in literature, have concurred in rejecting this bloody and repulsive tragedy as wholly unworthy of Shakespeare, and therefore erroneously ascribed to him. Yet the external evidence of his authorship of the piece is exceedingly strong—indeed stronger than that for one half of his unquestioned works. It was repeatedly printed during the author's life; the first time (as appears from the Stationers' Register and Langbaine's authority,—no copy being now known to be in existence) in 1593 or 1594, by J. Danter, who was also, in 1597, the publisher of ROMEO AND JULIET, in its original form. It was again reprinted in a quarto pamphlet in 1600 and in 1611. It was finally published in the first folio in 1623, and placed without question amongst the tragedies, between CORIOLANUS and ROMEO AND JULIET. The editors of this first collection of Shakespeare's "Comedies, and Histories, and Tragedies. published according to the true originall copies," announced to their readers, in their preface, "the care and paine" they had taken so to publish "his writings, that where before you were abused with diverse stolen and surreptitious copies maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthe of injurious impostors; even these are now offered to view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them." It is then difficult to believe that editors who thus professed to reject even imperfect copies of genuine plays, should have admitted without doubt a whole play in which their author had no hand. Nor can we suppose them likely to be mistaken in such a matter, when we recollect that these editors were Heminge and Condell, long the managers of a theatrical company which had represented this very play, and to whom its author could not well have been unknown; who were, moreover, for years Shakespeare's associates in theatrical concerns, and his personal friends, and who, in connection with the great original actor of OTHELLO and RICHARD, HAMLET and LEAR, are remembered by the Poet in his will, by a bequest "to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, to buy them rings."

These editors had besides given no slight proof of their care and fidelity on this point, by rejecting at least fourteen other plays ascribed by rumor, or by the unauthorized use of his name, to Shakespeare, and a part of which were afterwards added to their collection by the less scrupulous publishers of the folios of 1664 and of 1685.

TITUS ANDRONICUS is moreover unhesitatingly ascribed to Shakespeare by his contemporary Francis Meres, in the "Comparative discourse of our English Poets, with the Greek, Latine, and Italian Poets," contained in his "Palladis Tamia," 1598. The list of Shakespeare's works there given by Meres, has always been regarded as the best authority for the chronology of all the great Poet's works mentioned in it, and it contains the title of no other piece that ever has been questioned as of doubtful authenticity. Meres is said by Schlegel to have been personally acquainted with the Poet, and "so very intimately, that the latter read to him his sonnets before they were printed." I do not know on what authority he states this fact so strongly; yet it is remarkable that, in 1598, eleven years before Shakespeare's sonnets were printed, Meres had said "the sweete wittie soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his VENUS AND ADONIS, his LUCRECE, his sugared sonnets among his private friends." It is besides certain, on other authority, that Meres, at the date of his publication, was intimately connected with Drayton, and he was very familiar with the literature and literary affairs of his day.

Now all this chain of positive evidence applies, not merely to an obscure play unknown in its day, but to a piece which, with all its faults, suited the taste of the times, was several times reprinted, and was often acted, and that by different theatrical companies, one of which was that with which Shakespeare was himself connected. It would be without example, that the author of such a piece should have been content for years to have seen his work ascribed to another.

Indeed, we find no trace of any doubt on the subject, until 1687, nearly a century after the first edition, when Ravenscroft, who altered TITUS ANDRONICUS to make it apply to a temporary political purpose, asserted that he had "been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters." But Ravenscroft's tradition comes in a most suspicious shape, as he had some years before spoken of the piece as unquestionably and entirely Shakespeare's.*

* "Ravenscroft's contemporary, Langbaine, makes his authority appear of very little value. Langbaine notices an early edition of 'Titus Andronicus,' now lost, printed in 1594; he adds—'Twas about the time of the Popish Plot revived and altered by Mr. Ravenscroft.' Ravenscroft was a living author when Langbaine published his 'Account of the English Dramatic Poets,' in 1691; and the writer of that account says, with a freedom that is seldom now adopted except in anonymous criticism—'Though he would be thought to imitate the silk-worm, that spins its web from its own bowels; yet I shall make him appear like the leech, that lives upon the blood of men.' This is introductory to an account of those plays which Ravenscroft claimed as his own. But, under the head of Shakespeare, Langbaine says that Ravenscroft boasts, in his preface to Titus, 'That he thinks it a greater theft to rob the dead of their praise than

Thus it would really seem on the first view of the question, that it would be as extravagant an opinion to deny this play to be Shakespeare's, as it would be to reject the joint testimony of the editor of Sheridan's works, of his fellow managers in Covent Garden, and of the contemporary critics to the authenticity of any of his dramas, on account of its alleged or real inferiority to the other productions of that brilliant and irregular mind.

But all this external and collateral proof of authenticity is thrown aside by a host of critics, and this without any plausible attempt to explain how the error arose, and why it prevailed so generally and so long. Their argument rests almost entirely upon the manifest inferiority of this play of accumulated physical horrors, to its alleged author's other tragedies, and its difference from their style and versification, so great as to be judged incompatible with their proceeding from the same author. Thus Johnson observes, that "all the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing."

Mr. Hallam, a still higher authority in taste and in knowledge of the elder English literature, pronounces, with a dogmatism quite unusual in his candid and guarded, as well as sure-sighted criticism, that "Titus Andronicus is now by common consent denied to be, in any sense, a production of Shakespeare's; very few passages, I should think not one, resemble his manner." He allows indeed the credit due to Meres's ordinary accuracy in his enumeration, but adds: "In criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony when *res ipsa vociferatur* to the contrary."—(*Lit. of Europe*, vol. ii, chap. 6.)

To these critics of the nobler class may be added the names of Malone, Stevens, Boswell, Seymour, and a host of others, including, I believe, all the commentating editors, except Capell, until within the last ten years. Some few of them, as Theobald and Perry, qualify this rejection by supposing that Shakespeare had added "a few fine touches" to the work of an inferior hand.

For myself, I cannot but think that Mr. Hallam's rejection of all external testimony on such a point, as being incompetent to oppose the internal indications of taste, talent, and style, is in itself unphilosophical, and in contradiction to the experience of literary history. There may be such an internal evidence showing that a work could not have been written in a particular age or language. This may be too strong to be shaken by other proof. The evidence of differing taste, talent, or style, is quite another matter. On the ground taken by Mr. Hallam, Walter Scott's last novel, showing no want of learning and of labor, would be ejected from his works on account of its fatal inferiority to all his other prose and verse, had his biographers chosen, from any reasons of delicacy, to veil from us the melancholy cause of its inferiority, in the broken spirits and flagging intellect of its admirable author.

We might enumerate several of Dryden's works which would hardly stand this test of authenticity; but it will be enough to mention his deplorable and detestable tragedy of Amboyna, written in the meridian of his faculties, yet as bloody and revolting as Andronicus, and far more gross, and this without any redeeming touch of genius or feeling.

More especially is this rule to be sparingly applied to the juvenile efforts of men of genius. We know from a sneer of Ben Jonson's at the critics who "will swear that Jeronymo or Andronicus are the best plays yet," (*Bartholomew Fair, Ind.*.) that these plays had been popular for twenty-five or thirty years in 1614, which throws the authorship of Andronicus back to the time when Shakespeare was scarcely more than one-and-twenty, if he was not still a minor. We have had in our own times the "Hours of Idleness, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor," published in the noble poet's twentieth year. Lord Byron's education and precocious acquaintance with the world, had given him far greater advantages for early literary exploit than Shakespeare could have possibly enjoyed; yet it is no exaggeration of the merits of Andronicus to say that, with all its defects, it approximates more to its author's after excellence, than the commonplace mediocrity of Byron's juvenile efforts do to any of the works by which his subsequent fame was won. Swift's poor Pindaric Odes, written after he had attained manhood, might be denied to be his, for the same or similar reasons, as differing in every respect, of degree and kind, from the talent and taste he afterwards exhibited—as too extravagant and absurd to have been written by the author of the transparent prose, strong sense, and sarcastic wit of Gulliver; and equally incompatible with the mind of the inventor of that agreeable variety of English verse, in its lightest, easiest, simplest dress,—

——— which he was born to introduce;
Refined it first, and showed its use.

Critics have vied with one another in loading this play with epithets of contempt; and indeed, as compared with

the living of their money;' and Langbaine goes on to show that Ravenscroft's practice 'agrees not with his protestation,' by quoting some remarks of Shadwell upon plagiaries, who insinuates that Ravenscroft got up the story that Shakespeare only gave some master-touches to Titus Andronicus, to exalt his own merit in having altered it. The play was revived 'about the time of the Popish Plot, —1678. It was first *printed* in 1687, with this Preface. But Ravenscroft then *suppresses* the original Prologue; and Langbaine, with a quiet sarcasm, says—'I will here furnish him *with part of his Prologue*, which he has *lost;* and, if he desire it, send him the whole:—

'To-day the Poet does not fear your rage,
Shakespeare, by him reviv'd, now treads the stage:
Under his sacred laurels he sits down,
Safe from the blast of any critic's frown.
Like other poets, he'll not proudly scorn
To own that he but winnow'd *Shakespeare's* corn;
So far he was from robbing him of's treasure,
That he did add his own to make full measure.'"—Knight.

the higher products of dramatic poetry, it has little to recommend it. But in itself, and for its times, it was very far from giving the indication of an unpoetical or undramatic mind. One proof of this is, that it was long a popular favorite on the stage. It is full of defects, but these are precisely such as a youthful aspirant, in an age of authorship, would be most likely to exhibit—such as the subjection to the taste of the day, good or bad, and the absence of that dramatic truth and reality which some experience of human passion, and observation of life and manners, can alone give the power to produce.

This tragedy of coarse horror was in the fashion and taste of the times, and accordingly stands in the same relation to the other popular dramas of the age, that the juvenile attempts of Swift and Byron do to the poetry of their day which had excited their ambition. But it differs from their early writings in this, that while they fall very much below their models, this tragedy is at least equal to the once admired tragedies of Peele and Kyd, and if inferior in degree of power, yet not of an inferior class to the scenes of Marlowe and Green, the models of dramatic art and genius of their times. Theatrical audiences had not yet been taught to be thrilled "with grateful terror" without the presence of physical suffering; and the author of ANDRONICUS made them, in Macbeth's phrase, "sup full with horrors." He gave them stage effect and interest such as they liked, stately declamation, with some passages of truer feeling, and others of pleasing imagery. It is not in human nature that a boy author should be able to develope and pourtray the emotions and passions of Lear or of Iago. It was much that he could raise them dimly before "his mind's eye," and give some imperfect outline and foreshadowing of them in Aaron and Andronicus. He who could do all this in youth and inexperience, might, when he had found his own strength, do much more. The boy author of TITUS ANDRONICUS might well have written LEAR twenty years after.

The little resemblance of diction and versification of this play to after works, may also be ascribed to the same cause. We do not need the experience or the authority of Dryden to prove that the mastery of "the numbers of his mother tongue," is one of those gifts which "nature never gives the young."

The young poet, born in an age and country having a cultivated poetic literature, good or bad, must, until he has formed his own ear by practice, and thus too by practice made his language take the impress and colour of his own mind, echo and repeat the tune of his instructors. This may be observed in Shakespeare's earlier comedies: and to my ear many lines and passages of ANDRONICUS,—such as the speech of Tamora in act ii, scene 2, "The birds chant melodies in every bush," etc., etc., and in this same scene the lines in the mouth of the same personage, "A barren detested vale, you see it is," recall the rhythm and taste of much of the poetry of the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. The matchless freedom of dramatic dialogue and emotion, and of lyrical movement—the grand organ swell of contemplative harmony, were all to be afterwards acquired by repeated trial and continued practice. The versification and melody of TITUS ANDRONICUS are nearer to those of Shakespeare's two or three earlier comedies, than those are to the solemn harmony of Prospero's majestic morality.

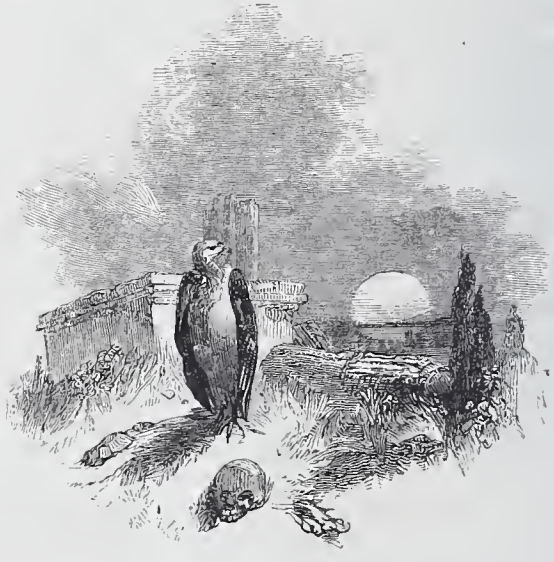
Nor can I find in this play any proof of the scholar-like familiarity with Greek and Roman literature, that Stevens asserts it to contain, and therefore to be as much above Shakespeare's reach in learning as beneath him in genius. This lauded scholarship does not go beyond such slight schoolboy familiarity with the more popular Latin poets read in schools, and with its mythology, and some hackneyed scraps of quotation such as the Poet has often shown elsewhere. The neglect of all accuracy of history, and of its costumes, the confusion of ancient Rome with modern and Christian habits, are more analogous to Shakespeare's own irregular acquirements than to the manner of a regularly trained scholar. Mr. Hallam has said of the undisputed Roman tragedies, that "it is manifest that in these, Roman character and still more Roman manners are not exhibited with the precision of the scholar"—a criticism from which few scholars will dissent as to the manner, though few will agree with it as to "Roman character." But if this be true in any extent of the historical dramas composed in the fullness of the Poet's knowledge and talent, we shall find the same sort of defects in TITUS ANDRONICUS, and carried to a greater excess. The story is put together without any historical basis, or any congruity with any period of Roman history. The Tribune of the people is represented as an efficient popular magistrate, while there is an elective yet despotic emperor. The personages are Pagans, appealing to "Apollo, Pallas, Juno, or Mercury," while at the beginning of the play we find a wedding according to the Catholic ritual, with "priest and holy water," and tapers "burning bright;" and at the end an allusion to a Christian funeral, with "burial and mournful weeds and mournful bell;" to say nothing of Aaron's sneer at "Popish ceremonies," or of the "ruined monastery" in the plain near Rome. (See note, act v, scene 1.)

For all these reasons, I am so far from rejecting this play as spurious, that I regard it as a valuable and curious evidence of the history of its author's intellectual progress. A few years ago this opinion, advanced in the face of such an array of critical decisions, would have appeared paradoxical. The only editor or commentator of the last century who dared to maintain it, was Capell, an acute critic well versed in old English literature, but so unfortunate in a singularly confused style and dark peculiarity of expression, that his opinions carried with them no weight of authority, until recently, when later editors, who have profited by his labours, have joined in acknowledging his merits. But in later times, Schlegel, Horn, Ulricci, and all the authors and translators of the Teutonic school of criticism, have agreed to recognize this as an early work of Shakespeare's; and some of them, in their adoration of the author, have given it higher praise than it deserves. An excellent critical article on Shakespearian literature in the Edinburgh Review for 1840, transiently expresses the same opinion as to its authenticity, but without going into any detail of argument. Finally, the last and best English editions of SHAKESPEARE,—those of Mr. Knight, and that of Mr. Collier—which agree on so few points admitting of any reasonable difference of opinion, concur in considering TITUS ANDRONICUS as one of the earliest, if not the very earliest dramatic production of Shakespeare. Mr. Collier, while "he has no hesitation in assigning it to Shakespeare," only doubts whether he "was the author of the entire tragedy, or was only so *in a qualified sense*, as having made additions to and

improvements on it." Mr. Knight and his critical associates wholly reject this qualification, and maintain with the German critics, "the simple belief that Shakespeare is in *every* sense of the word the author of TITUS ANDRONICUS."

ARCHITECTURAL DECORATIONS AND SCENERY OF THE ROMAN TRAGEDIES.

The period of TITUS ANDRONICUS is so vaguely indefinite, that any of the remains of Roman magnificence, down to the latest period of the Empire, are equally appropriate to it, of whatever date. Nor is there any great probability of much antiquarian inquiry ever being applied to its details. For the architectural decorations and illustrations of JULIUS CÆSAR, and the other historical Roman tragedies, this edition is mainly indebted to the designs of Mr. Poynter, in the London Pictorial. The principle by which Mr. Poynter was guided in making his drawings is thus explained by himself in a note to the Pictorial Editor:—"Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble. I am inclined to think it would be an ungrateful task to illustrate the Rome of brick:—the attempt would produce nothing either true or interesting. I propose, therefore, to give the Forum, the Capitol, &c., not as *scenes*, but as *illustrations*, and to represent them as they actually were some two centuries later."



COSTUME, ARMS, ETC., OF THE ROMAN DRAMAS.

No poetic or dramatic author, in himself, needs less than Shakespeare the aid of historical accuracy of costume, architecture and decoration, except perhaps in the dramas founded on English history. But in our days, when under the impulse given by the Kembles, the stage has become so learnedly exact in its dresses and decorations, and when too the arts of design in every branch have found innumerable subjects in Shakespeare's pages, a knowledge of this historical costume in which these scenes should be arrayed, either on the stage or the canvass, has become a very useful and agreeable adjunct to Shakespearian literature. Indeed, in the present diffusion of pictorial literature, a moderately informed reader or spectator will find his habitual associations disturbed by incongruities and anachronisms, to which Shakespeare and his audience were alike blind.

We have therefore transferred to this edition the substance of the notices of Roman costume in the Pictorial edition, which are applicable alike to the historical period of the republic, to the days of Cæsar and Anthony which ended it, and to the indefinite date of Andronicus in the decline of the Roman empire.

For the very curious learning here collected in an agreeable form, the reader is mainly indebted to J. R. Planché, well known in various literary walks, who himself acknowledges his obligation to the most learned and classical of tailors, M. Combré, of Paris, whose practical and professional skill cleared up difficulties which puzzled Grevus, Gronovus, Montfaucon, and a host of other scholars in the last century.

"From the reign of Augustus downwards innumerable authorities exist for the civil and military costume of the Romans; but before that period much obscurity remains to be dispersed, notwithstanding the labours of learned men.

"Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth King of Rome, an Etruscan by birth, introduced among the Romans many of the manners and habits of his native country. He first distinguished the senators and magistrates by particular robes and ornaments, surrounded the axes carried before great public functionaries with bundles of rods (fasces), and established the practice of triumphing in a golden car drawn by four horses. The toga pura, prætexta, and picta, the trabea, the paludamentum, the tunica palmata, and the curule chairs, were derived from the Etruscans, and from the Greeks and Etruscans the early Romans borrowed their arms, offensive and defensive. It is, therefore, amongst Grecian and Etrurian remains that we must look for the illustration of such points as are still undecided respecting the habits of the Romans during the commonwealth, and not on the columns and arches of the emperors, which may almost be termed the monuments of another nation. The date assigned to the death of Caius Marcius Coriolanus is B. C. 488. Julius Cæsar was assassinated B. C. 44. During four hundred years little alteration took place in the habiliments of the Romans, and the civil and military dress of the earlier play may, with very few exceptions, be worn by similar personages in the other, and exhibit together the most particular dresses in use during the whole period of the republic.

"The civil dress of the higher classes amongst the ancient Romans consisted of a woollen tunic, over which, in public, was worn the *toga*. The toga was also of wool, and its colour, during the earlier ages, of its own natural yellowish hue. It was a robe of honour, which the common people were not permitted to wear, and it was laid aside in times of mourning and public calamities. The form of the toga has been a hotly-contested point; Dionysius Halicarnassus says it was semi-circular; and an ingenious foreigner,* who devoted many years to the inquiry, has practically demonstrated that, though not perfectly semicircular, its shape was such as to be better described by that term than any other.

"The Roman tunic was of different lengths, according to the caprice of the wearer; but long tunics were deemed effeminate during the time of the republic. Cicero, speaking of the luxury of Catiline's companions, says they wore tunics reaching to their heels, and that their togas were as large as the sails of a ship. Some wore two or more tunics; the interior one, which held the place of the modern shirt, was called *interula* or *subucula*. The subucula of Augustus was of wool, according to Suetonius; and there does not appear any proof that linen was used for this garment by men before the time of Alexander Severus, who, according to Lampridius, was particularly fond of fine linen. Women, however, appear to have generally used it, for Varro mentions, as an extraordinary circumstance, that it had long been the custom of the females of a particular Roman family *not* to wear linen garments.

"The common people wore over their tunics a kind of mantle or surtout, called *lacerna*, which was fastened before with a buckle, and had a hood attached to it (*cucullus*). It was generally made of wool, and dyed black or brown. In the time of Cicero it was a disgrace for a senator to adopt such a habit; but it was afterwards worn by the higher orders. The *birrhus* was a similar vestment, also with a hood, but usually of a red colour. When travelling, the heads of the higher classes were generally covered by the *petasus*, a broad-brimmed hat, which they had borrowed from the Greeks. The common people wore the *pileus*, a conical cap, which was also the emblem of liberty, because it was given to slaves when they were made free.

"Various kinds of covering are mentioned for the feet, and many were called by the Romans *calceus* which are found under their own names, as pero, mulleus, phæcasium, caliga, solea, crepida, sandalium, baxea, etc. The caliga was the sandal of the Roman soldiery, such as had nails or spikes at the bottom. The pero is supposed by some to be the boot worn by the senators; the phæcasium was also a kind of boot, covering the foot entirely. According to Appianus, it was of white leather, and worn originally by the Athenian and Alexandrian priesthood at sacrifices: it was worn in Rome by women and effeminate persons.

"The *mulleus* is described by Dion Cassius as coming up to the middle of the leg, though it did not cover the whole foot, but only the sole, like a sandal; it was of a red colour, and originally worn by the Alban kings.

"The *cothurnus*, which it resembled both in colour and fashion, is described as having a ligature attached to the sole, which passed between the great and second toes, and then divided into two bands. And Virgil tells us that it was worn by the Tyrian virgins.

"The armour of the Romans at the commencement of the republic consisted, according to Livy, of the *galea*, the *cassis*, the *clypeus*, the *ocreæ* or greaves, and the *lorica*, all of brass. This was the Etruscan attire, and introduced by Servius Tullius. The *lorica*, like the French *cuirass*, was so called from having been originally made of

* "The late Mons. Combré, costumier to the Theatre Français, Paris. This intelligent person, at the recommendation of Talma, was engaged by Covent Garden Theatre, for the revival of Julius Cæsar, and made the beautiful togas which have since been worn in all the Roman plays at that theatre.

leather. It followed the line of the abdomen at bottom, and seems to have been impressed whilst wet with forms corresponding to those of the human body, and this peculiarity was preserved in its appearance when it was afterwards made of metal. At top, the square aperture for the throat was guarded by the *pectorale*, a band or plate of brass; and the shoulders were likewise protected by pieces made to slip over each other. The galea and cassis were two distinct head-pieces originally, the former, like the lorica being of leather, and the latter of metal: but in the course of time the words were applied indifferently.

"Polybius has furnished us with a very minute account of the military equipment of the Romans of his time; and it is from his description, and not from the statues, which have been generally considered as authorities, but which are of a later date, that we must collect materials for the military costume of the latter days of the republic.

"He tells us then that the Roman infantry was divided into four bodies: the youngest men and of the lowest condition were set apart for the light-armed troops (*velites*); the next in age were called the *hastati;* the third, who were in their full strength and vigour, the *principes;* and the oldest of all were called *triarii*. The velites were armed with swords, light javelins (a cubit and a span in length), and bucklers of a circular form, three feet in diameter; and they wore on their heads some simple covering, like the skin of a wolf or other animal. The hastati wore complete armour, which consisted of a shield of a convex surface, two feet and a half broad and four feet or four feet and a palm in length, made of two planks glued together, and covered, first with calves' skin, having in its centre a shell or boss of iron; on their right thigh a sword, called the Spanish sword, made not only to thrust but to cut with either edge, the blade remarkably firm and strong; two piles or javelins, one stouter than the other, but both about six cubits long; a brazen helmet; and greaves for the legs. Upon the helmet was worn an ornament of three upright feathers either black or red, about a cubit in height, which, being placed on the very top of their heads, made them seem much taller, and gave them a beautiful and terrible appearance. Their breasts were protected by the pectorale of brass; but such as were rated at more than ten thousand drachmæ wore a ringed lorica. The principes and triarii were armed in the same manner as the hastati, except only that the triarii carried pikes instead of javelins. The Roman cavalry, the same author tells us, were in his time armed like the Greeks, but that, anciently, it was very different, for then they wore no armour on their bodies, but were covered in the time of action with only an under garment; they were thereby enabled certainly to mount and dismount with great facility, but they were too much exposed to danger in close engagements.

"The signiferi, or standard-bearers, seem to have been habited like their fellow-soldiers, with the exception of the scalp and mane of a lion which covered their heads and hung down on their shoulders. The eagles of Brutus and Cassius were of silver. The lictors, according to Petronius, wore white habits, and from the following passage of Cicero it would appear they sometimes wore the saga, or paludamentum, and sometimes a small kind of toga:—"Togulæ ad portam lictoribus præsto fuerunt quibus illi acceptis sagula rejecerunt." The fasces were bound with purple ribbons. The axes were taken from them by Publicola; but T. Lartius, the first dictator, restored them. The augurs wore the *trabea* of purple and scarlet; that is to say, dyed first with one colour and then with the other. Cicero uses the word "dibaphus," twice dyed, for the augural robe (Epist. Fam., lib. ii. 16); and in another passage calls it "our purple," being himself a member of the college of augurs. The shape of the aforesaid trabea is another puzzle for the antiquaries. Dyonysius of Halicarnassus says plainly enough that it only differed from the quality of its stuff; but Rubenius would make it appear from the lines of Virgil—

'Parvaque sedebat
Succinctus trabea.'—ÆN 7—

that it was short, and resembled the paludamentum, for which reason he says the salii (priests of Mars), who are sometimes termed "*trabeati*," are called "*paludati*" by Festus.

"The Roman women originally wore the toga as well as the men, but they soon abandoned it for the Greek pallium, an elegant mantle, under which they wore a tunic descending in graceful folds to the feet, called the stola.

"Another exterior habit was called the peplum, also of Grecian origin. It is very difficult, says Montfaucon, to distinguish these habits one from the other. There was also a habit called *crocota*, most probably because it was of a saffron colour, as we are told it was worn not only by women, but by effeminate men revellers, and buffoons.

"The fashions of ladies' head-dresses changed as often in those times as they do now. *Vittæ* and *fasciæ*, ribbons or fillets, were the most simple and respectable ornaments for the hair. Ovid particularly mentions the former as the distinguishing badges of honest matrons and chaste virgins.

"The *calantica* was, according to some, a coverchief. Servius says the *mitra* was the same thing as the calantica, though it anciently signified amongst the Greeks a ribbon, a fillet, a zone. Another coverchief called flammeum or flammeolum, was worn by a new-married female on the wedding-day. According to Nonius, matrons also wore the flammeum, and Tertullian seems to indicate that in his time it was a common ornament which Christian women wore also. The caliendrum, mentioned by Horace (i. Sat. viii. 48), and afterwards by Arnobius, was a round of false hair which women added to their natural locks, in order to lengthen them and improve their appearance. The Roman ladies wore bracelets (*armillæ*) of silver, or gilt metal, and sometimes of pure gold, necklaces, and earrings. Pliny says 'they seek the pearl in the Red Sea, and the emeralds in the depths of the earth. It is for this they pierce their ears.' These earrings were extremely long, and sometimes of so great a price, says Seneca, that a pair of them would consume the revenue of a rich house;' and again, that 'the folly of them (the women) was such, that one of them would carry two or three patrimonies hanging at her ears.' Green and vermillion were favourite colours, both with Greek and Roman females. Such garments were called 'vestes herbidæ,' from the hue and juice of the herbs with which they were stained. The rage for green and vermillion was of long duration, for Cyprian and Tertullian, inveighing against luxury, name particularly those colours as most agreeable to the women: and Martian Capella, who wrote in the fifth century, even says, 'Floridam discoloremque vestem berbida palla contexuerat.' At banquets, and on joyful occasions, white dresses were made use of. Among the many colours in request with gentlewomen, Ovid reckons 'white roses.'

"The dress of the ancient Roman consuls consisted of the tunic, called from its ornament *laticlavian*, the *toga prætexta* (i. e. bordered with purple), and the red sandals called *mullei*. Of all the disputed points before alluded to, that which has occasioned the most controversy, is the distinguishing mark of the senatorial and equestrian classes.

"The latus clavus is said to have been the characteristic of the magistrates and senators, and the augustus clavus that of the equites or knights.

"That it was a purple ornament we learn from Pliny and Ovid; but concerning its shape there are almost as many opinions as there have been pages written on the subject, not one of the ancients having taken the trouble to describe what to them was a matter of no curiosity, or by accident dropped a hint which might serve as a clue to the enigma. Some antiquaries contend that it was a round knob or nail with which the tunic was studded all over; others that it was a flower; some that it was a fibula; some that it was a ribbon worn like a modern order;

and others, again, that it was a stripe of purple wove in or sewn on the tunic; but these last are divided among themselves as to the direction in which this stripe ran.

"The learned Père Montfauçon, in his 'Antiquité Expliquée par les Figures,' observes that Lampridius, in his 'Life of Alexander Severus,' says that at feasts napkins were used adorned with scarlet clavi, 'clavata cocco mantillia.' These clavi were also seen in the sheets that covered the beds on which the ancients lay to take their meals. Ammianus Marcellinus also tells us that a table was covered with cloths so ornamented, and disposed in such a manner, that the whole appeared like the *habit of a prince*.

"Upon this Montfauçon remarks, that, presuming the clavus to be a stripe or band of purple running round the edges of these cloths, it would not be difficult by laying them one over the other to show nothing but their borders, and thereby present a mass of purple to the eye, which might of course be very properly compared to the habit of a prince, but that this could not be effected were the cloths merely studded with purple knobs, or embroidered with purple flowers, as in that case the white ground must inevitably appear. In addition to this he observes that St. Basil, in explanation of a passage in Isaiah, says, he blames the luxury of women 'who border their garments with purple, or who insert it into the stuff itself;' and that St. Jerome, on the same passage, uses the expression of '*clavatum purpura*.'

"Now, though these observations go some way towards proving the clavus to have been a band or stripe (broad for the senators and narrow for the knights), we are as much in the dark as ever respecting the direction it took. It could not have *bordered* the tunic, or surely, like that of the Spaniards, it would have been called prætexta (as the toga was when so ornamented). Nothing appears likely to solve this difficulty but the discovery of some *painting* of Roman times, in which colour may afford the necessary information.

"Noble Roman youths wore the prætexta, and the bulla, a golden ornament, which from the rare specimen in the collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq., we should compare to the case of what is called a hunting-watch. It has generally been described as a small golden ball; but, unless the one we have seen has been by accident much compressed or flattened, we should say they were not more globular than an old-fashioned watch. Macrobius says they were sometimes in the shape of a heart, and that they frequently contained preservatives against envy, etc. On arriving at the age of puberty, which was fourteen, youths abandoned the bulla, and exchanged the *toga prætexta* for the *toga pura*, which was also called the '*toga virilis*,' and '*libera*:'—*virilis*, in allusion to the period of life at which they had arrived; and *libera*, because at the same time, if they were pupilli, they attained full power over their property, and were released from tutela. There is no ascertaining the age of young Marcius, in the tragedy of Coriolanus; but as he only appears in the scene before the Volscian camp when he is brought to supplicate his father, he should wear nothing but a black tunic, the toga and all ornaments being laid aside in mourning and times of public calamity.

"Of Julius Cæsar we learn the following facts relative to his dress and personal appearance. Suetonius tells us that he was tall, fair-complexioned, round-limbed, rather full-faced, and with black eyes; that he obtained from the senate permission to wear constantly a laurel crown (Dion Cassius says on account of his baldness); that he was remarkable in his dress, wearing the laticlavian tunic with sleeves to it, having gatherings about the wrist, and always had it girded rather loosely, which latter circumstance gave origin to the expression of Sulla, 'Beware of the loose-coated boy,' or 'of the man who is so ill girt.' Dion Cassius adds that he had also the right to wear a royal robe in assemblies;* that he wore a red sash and the calcei mullei even on ordinary days, to show his descent from the Alban kings. A statue of Julius Cæsar, armed, is engraved in Rossi's 'Racolta di Statue Antiche e Moderne,' folio, Rome, 1704; also one of Octavianus or Augustus Cæsar:—the latter statue having been once in the possession of the celebrated Marquis Maffei. Octavius affected simplicity in his appearance, and humility in his conduct; and, consistently with this description, we find his armour of the plainest kind. His lorica, or cuirass, is entirely without ornament, except the two rows of plates at the bottom. The thorax is partly hidden by the paludamentum, which was worn by this emperor and by Julius Cæsar of a much larger size than those of his successors. Although he is without the cinctura, or belt, he holds in his right hand the paragonium, a short sword, which, as the name imports, was fastened to it.

"Suetonius tells us that Octavius was in height five feet nine inches, of a complexion between brown and fair, his hair a little curled and inclining to yellow. He had clear bright eyes, small ears, and an aquiline nose,—his eyebrows meeting. He wore his toga neither too scanty nor too full, and the clavus of his tunic neither remarkably broad nor narrow. His shoes were a little thicker in the sole than common, to make him appear taller than he was. In the winter he wore a thick toga, *four* tunics, a shirt, a flannel stomacher, and wrappers on his legs and thighs. He could not bear the winter's sun, and never walked in the open air without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

"From the time of Caius Marius the senators wore black boots or buskins reaching to the middle of the leg, with the letter C in silver or ivory upon them, or rather the figure of a half-moon or crescent.† There is one engraved in Montfauçon, from the cabinet of P. Kircher. It was worn above the heel, at the height of the ankle; but this last honour, it is conjectured, was only granted to such as were descended from the hundred senators elected by Romulus.

"As to the purple of the ancients, Gibbon says 'it was of a dark cast, as deep as bull's blood.'—See also President Goguet's 'Origine des Loix et des Arts,' part ii. l. 2, c. 2, pp. 184, 215. But there were several sorts of purple, and each hue was fashionable in its turn. 'In my youth,' says Cornelius Nepos (who died during the reign of Augustus; Pliny, ix. 39), 'the violet purple was fashionable, and sold for a hundred denarii the pound. Some time afterwards the red purple of Tarentum came into vogue, and to this succeeded the red Tyrian twice dyed, which was not to be bought under one thousand denarii.' Here, then, we have three sorts of purple worn during the life of one man. The red purple is mentioned by Macrobius: he says the redness of the purple border of the toga prætexta was admonitory to those who assumed it to preserve the modesty of demeanour becoming young noblemen; and Virgil says that the sacrificing priest should cover his head with purple, without noticing whether its hue be red or violet. Indeed, purple was a tint applied indiscriminately by the ancients to every tint produced by the *mixture of red and blue*, and sometimes to the pure colours themselves. J. R. P."

* "Cicero also says that Cæsar sat in the rostra, in a purple toga, on a golden seat, crowned: 'Sedebat in rostris collega tuus, amictus toga purpurea, in sella aurea, coronatus.'"—Phil., 2, 34.

† "The crescent is seen upon the standards of the Roman centuries, probably to denote the number 100."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome
BASSIANUS, Brother to SATURNINUS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Brother to TITUS.
LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,
} Sons to TITUS ANDRONICUS
Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to LUCIUS.
PUBLIUS, Son to MARCUS the Tribune.
ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS,
} Sons to TAMORA.
AARON a Moor.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown
Goths and Romans

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA, Daughter to TITUS ANDRONICUS
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of TITUS, Senators, Tribunes, Officers
Soldiers, and Attendants.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Rome.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft: and then enter Saturninus *and his Followers at one door, and* Bassianus *and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justness of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, *aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of* Bassianus.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;

And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.
[*Exeunt Followers of* SATURNINUS.
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.
Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of* TITUS' *Sons. After them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black: then two other Sons. After them* TITUS ANDRONICUS: *and then* TAMORA, *the queen of Goths, and her two Sons,* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS, *with* AARON *the Moor, and others. (as many as can be.) They set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love:
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the tomb.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars:
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!
Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.
Tam. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs and return
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are the brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight:
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.
[*Exeunt* TITUS' *Sons with* ALARBUS.
Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Demet. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen.)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons of ANDRONICUS *again.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Flourish. Sound trumpets, and they lay the coffin in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.
Tit. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and others.*

Marc. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.
Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame:
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This pallianient of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.
Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country;
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world!
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.
Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell!
Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.
Sat. Romans, do me right.
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!
Tit. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.
Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"
Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say, "Long live our emperor, Saturnine!"
[*A long flourish, till they come down.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee!
Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace.
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,—
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.
Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor; [*To* TAMORA.
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.
Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew:
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths;
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[*The Emperor courts* TAMORA *in dumb show.*
Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [*Seizing* LAVINIA.
Tit. How, sir? are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bass. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right
Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.
Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?
Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt* MARCUS, *and* BASSIANUS, *with* LAVINIA.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What! villain boy, barr'st me my way in Rome?
Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [TITUS *kills him.*

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Enter aloft the EMPEROR, *with* TAMORA, *and her two Sons, and* AARON *the Moor.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine?
Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But go thy way; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice
Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths; dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and everything
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.
Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt* SATURNINUS *and his Followers;* TAMORA, *and her Sons;* AARON, *and Goths.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Marc. O, Titus, see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
Tit. No, foolish tribune, no: no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.
Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.
Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.
Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that word?
Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but here.
Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?
Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*
Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul!
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all!
Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
That slew himself: and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise!
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*They put* MUTIUS *in the Tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.
[*They all kneel and say,*
No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
[*Exeunt all but* MARCUS *and* TITUS.
Marc. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus: but I know it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell;
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

Enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA, *and her two Sons, with the Moor, at one side; enter at the other side,* BASSIANUS, *and* LAVINIA, *with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize!
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bass. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, sir; you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.
Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.
Rome, and the righteous heavens, be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all:
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him:
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose;
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all;
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.
[*The preceding fourteen lines are spoken aside.*
Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
King. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable:
And fear not, lords: and you, Lavinia,
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.
Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend: and sure as death I sware,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach:
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills;
So Tamora.
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.
Hallo! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving.*

Demet. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress's grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Aaron. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Demet. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Demet. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aaron. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
Demet. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aaron. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all!

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware; and should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she, and all the world,
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Demet. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aaron. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her whom I do love.
Aaron. To achieve her, how?
Demet. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
Aaron. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
Demet. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aaron. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Demet. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aaron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speed?
Chi. Faith, not me.
Demet. Nor me, so I were one.
Aaron. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves.
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull:
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits.
Per Styga, per manes vehor. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *his three Sons, and* MARCUS, *making a noise with hounds and horns.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal; then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bass. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport: madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.
Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
Demet. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,

When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise:
And, after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aaron. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter BASSIANUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aaron. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

Bass. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of our well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps,
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day;
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestered from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness; I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long;
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Demet. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven:
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Demet. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs him.*

Chi. And this for me struck home to show my strength. [*Stabs him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Demet. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And, with that painted hope, braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. Oh, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
Demet. Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.
[*To* CHIRON.
Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—oh could I find it now!—
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.
Lav. Oh let me teach thee! For my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. Oh Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.
Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.
Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body;—
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.
Demet. Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too long.
Lav. No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—
Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth; bring thou her husband: [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away:
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

Tyre.

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Aaron. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[MARTIUS *falls into the pit.*
Quint. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.
Aaron. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit.*
Mart. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quint. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrued here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quint. If it be dark how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quint. Thy hand once more: I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS, *and* AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left him all alive;
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
[*She gives* SATURNINE *a letter.*

SATURNINUS *reads the letter.*

"*An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

Sat. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murther'd Bassianus here.
Aaron. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps,—[*to Titus.*]—fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How easily murther is discovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—
Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter, Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverent tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murther'd body, some the murtherers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:

Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Demet. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Demet. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so, let's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my cause, I should go hang myself.
Demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS, *from hunting.*

Marc. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece; what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness

As half thy love? why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath defloured thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Poor Bassianus here lies murthered

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS *bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution; and* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[ANDRONICUS *lies down, and the Judges pass by him.*

For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners.*

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his weapon drawn.*

Oh, reverend tribunes! oh, gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators!

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you!

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear
They would not mark me: oh, if they did hear,
They would not pity me:
Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. Oh, happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it, then.
Marc. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.
Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her:
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Marc. Oh, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.
Luc. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Marc. Oh, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband:
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us that have our tongues
Plot some device of further misery
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Marc. Patience, dear niece; good Titus, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wote
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
Tit. Oh, gracious emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
Oh, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle: let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
Aaron. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.
Marc. My hand shall go.
Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!
Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.
Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.
Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aaron. If that be called deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*
[*He cuts off* TITUS's *hand.*

Enter LUCIUS, *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife: what shall be is despatch'd:
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aaron. I go, Andronicus; and, for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee.
Their heads I mean: oh, how this villainy [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. Oh, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To* LAVINIA.
Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet, let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea. Hark how her sighs do blow:
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports: thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell:
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[LAVINIA *kisses* TITUS.

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now farewell flattery: Die Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control my griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.
And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things.
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth:
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again:
He leaves his pledges, dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now, nor Lucius, nor Lavinia, lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs:
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* TITUS's *House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and Young* LUCIUS, *a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
[*To* LAVINIA.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[MARCUS *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murtherer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.
Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly!
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.
Marc. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

BOY. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments.

ACT IV,

SCENE I.—*Before* TITUS's *House.*

Enter TITUS, *and* MARCUS; *then Young* LUCIUS, *and* LAVINIA *running after him, the boy flying from her with his books under his arm.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her son than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator:
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad:
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Causeless, perhaps: but pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA *turns over the books which* LUCIUS *has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see:
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library;
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
What book?
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was:
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! How busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed?
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed.
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.
[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This, after me. I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*
Tit. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius."
Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora,
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Marc. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere,
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?
Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Marc. Ay, that's my boy; thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry for me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:
Ay, marry will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and Boy.*
Marc. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his extasy
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.— *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS *at one door; at another door Young* LUCIUS *and Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.
Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;
[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both.
Demet. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what's the news?
Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape—[*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both:—[*Aside.*]—like bloody villains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*
Demet. What's here? a scroll; and written round about?
Let's see:
"*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauri jaculus, nec arcu."
Chi. O 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.
Aaron. Ay, just a verse in Horace; right, you have it.
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.
[*The preceding seven lines are spoken aside.*
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate,
To bravo the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Demet. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.
Aaron. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Demet. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.
Aaron. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Demet. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods,
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aaron. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Aside. Trumpets sound.*
Demet. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Demet. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords;
O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor?
Aaron. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aaron. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,—
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aaron. To whom?
Nurse. I mean she is brought a-bed.
Aaron. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nurse. A devil.
Aaron. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aaron. Out, you whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.
Demet. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aaron. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aaron. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Demet. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend.
Chi. It shall not live.
Aaron. It shall not die.
Nurse. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aaron. What! must it, nurse? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Demet. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.
Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up. [*Takes the Child from the Nurse.*
Stay, murtherous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye ale-house painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood:
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.
Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aaron. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
Demet. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Nurse. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.
Aaron. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Demet. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aaron. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.
Demet. How many women saw this child of his?
Aaron. Why, so, brave lords: When we join in league
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms:
But say again, how many saw the child?
Nurse. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.
Aaron. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:
[*He kills her.*
Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.
Demet. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?
Aaron. Oh, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy;
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongued babbling gossip! No, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.

Demet. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *bearing off the Nurse.*

Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends:
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Public Place in Rome.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, *Young* LUCIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows, and* TITUS *bears the arrows with letters on them.*

Tit. Come, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is the way:
Sir boy, let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit, be you remember'd, Marcus.
She's gone, she's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets. Happily, you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! well, well, I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsman, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall:
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs; no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come to this gear; you are a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you; here, *ad Apollonem:*
Ad Martem, that's for myself;
Here, boy, to Pallas; here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy: Marcus, loose when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. Oh, well said, Lucius!
[*They shoot.*
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

Enter Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

Tit. News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter:
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to

heaven in my young days! Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir; I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go; Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *Lords, and others. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that* TITUS *shot at him.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now, he writes to heaven for his redress;
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our unjustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were:
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that Justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to glose with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aside.*

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he. God and saint Stephen give you good den; I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS *reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hanged! by'r lady then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats in course of this revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much!
Myself hath often heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome!

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before to be our embassador;
[*To* ÆMILIUS.
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit* ÆMILIUS.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—CLOWN Ay, of my pigeons, sir

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, *with an army of Goths, with drum.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scaith,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora:
And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON *with his Child in his arms.*

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
"Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam:
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf:
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiendlike face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Aaron. Get me a ladder! Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress:

If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more, but vengeance rot you all.
Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
Aaron. And if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd;
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.
Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no God;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aaron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not:
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath which by that God he swears;
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow,
By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.
Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.
Luc. Oh most insatiate, luxurious woman!
Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murther'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.
Luc. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aaron. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aaron. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head:
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within, the letter mention'd;
Confederate with the queen and her two sons.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter,
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aaron. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aaron. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse,—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at there dear friends' door,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!
Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius: What's the news from Rome?
Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd
Goth. What says our general?
Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come: march away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Before* Titus's *House.*

Enter Tamora, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.
[*They knock, and* Titus *opens his Study door.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.
Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes:
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murther and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody Murther, or detested Rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name—
Revenge—which makes the foul offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.
Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murther, stands!
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge;
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, as black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murtherers in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And, day by day, I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.
Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape and Murther; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are,
And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
Oh, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.
[TITUS *closes his door.*
Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches;
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies:
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine, and Murther, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor!
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome as you are: What shall we do?
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
Demet. Show me a murtherer: I'll deal with him.
Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murther, stab him; he's a murtherer.
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee do on them some violent death:
They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes:
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel;
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Enter MARCUS.

Tit. Marcus, my brother, 'tis sad Titus calls.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius:
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay; let Rape and Murther stay with me,

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again. [*Aside.*
Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*
Demet. Madam, depart at pleasure: leave us here.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
[*Exit* TAMORA.
Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

Enter PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.
Tit. Fie, Publius, fie; thou art too much deceiv'd:
The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.
[*Exit* TITUS. PUBLIUS, *&c., lay hold on* CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS.
Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word;
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS *with a knife, and* LAVINIA *with a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound:
Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me;
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on:
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter;
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats: Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it,
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the centaur's feast.
[*He cuts their throats.*
So; now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—TITUS'S *House. A Pavilion.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and the Goths, with* AARON.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours, with thine; befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.
Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.
[*Flourish.*

Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS, *and* TAMORA, *with Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle!
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honourable end;
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

Enter TITUS, *like a cook, placing the meat on the table;* LAVINIA, *with a veil over her face; Young* LUCIUS, *and others.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were:
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well oone of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.
[*He kills her.*
Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; and it is now done.
Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?
Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your highness feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter?
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius.
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp point.
[*He stabs* TAMORA.
Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!
[*He kills* TITUS.
Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed; death for a deadly deed.
[*He kills* SATURNINUS. *The people disperse in terror.*
Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body—
Rom. Lord. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend,—[*To* LUCIUS.]—as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain; let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murthered our emperor's brother,
And they it was that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself, unkindly banished;
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend;
And I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. Oh, pardon me,
For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.
Marc. Now is my turn to speak: behold this child;
Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house:
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.
Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—
Lucius, our emperor; for well I know,
The common voice do cry it shall be so.
Marc. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!
Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale the misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*To Attendants.*
Lucius, all hail to Rome's gracious governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe:
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task!
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses* TITUS.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son.
Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
Oh, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with AARON.

Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes!
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies; this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aaron. Ah! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument:
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No fun'ral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beastlike and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

Pontine Marshes, Rome.

NOTES ON TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"— *my* SUCCESSIVE *title*"—i. e. My title to the *succession*. "The empire being elective and not *successive*, the emperors in being made profit of their own times."—RALEIGH.

"*Nor wrong mine age*"—Saturninus means his seniority in point of age. In a subsequent passage Tamora speaks of him as a very young man.

"*Chosen* ANDRONICUS, *surnamed Pius*,"-etc.

The name of the Poet's hero, from the Greek, would be pronounced, by critically accurate classical scholars, "Andronícus," with the penultimate accent; and it is often so pronounced when it occurs elsewhere, as in St. Paul's "Epistles," or as the name of the first Roman comic writer, (Livius Andronicus.) But the author of this play calls his hero, throughout, "Andrónicus." This furnishes some additional proof that the author had not that high classical scholarship ascribed to him by Stevens, as far above the range of Shakespeare's acquirements.

"— ACCITED *home*"—i. e. *Sent for* home; a Latinism, like many of Shakespeare's words, yet not peculiar to this place, it being found in Wyatt, Hall, and others.

"— *so I do* AFFY"—"Affy" is here used for to *confide in;* a sense in which it is also quoted by Ben Jonson. But in HENRY VI. the same word is used for *betroth*, as the verb of *affiance*.

Scene II.

"*The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy*
With opportunity of sharp revenge," etc.

This refers to Hecuba's revenge upon Polymnestor, king of Thrace, who had slain her youngest son. The story is told in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," (lib. xii.:)—a book familiar, in that age, in the original, even to schoolboys; and, in Arthur Golding's spirited translation, to all lovers of poetry or amusing fiction. The incident had also passed into the story-books and popular poems of the Trojan war. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that the author had drawn it from the Greek of Euripides's "Hecuba," which was not then translated.

"PATIENT *yourself, madam*"—As a verb; a use found in other old plays.

"— *outlive thy father's days,*
And fame's eternal date," etc.

"To 'outlive' an 'eternal date' is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame."—JOHNSON.

"— *Solon's happiness*"—The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.

"*This* PALLIAMENT *of white and spotless hue*," etc.

Stevens founds on this word an argument that Shakespeare was not its author, as "*palliament*, for *robe*, is a Latinism not met with elsewhere, in any English writer, ancient or modern, though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar." Perhaps it may be rather the blunder of a superficial scholar for *paludament*—the *paludamentum* of the consuls and *imperators*, when in military command. But *pallium*, the pall or official attire of high ecclesiastical office, was a word familiar to the former age of England; and it was no high evidence of scholarship to fabricate a derivative from this source. But, certainly, neither this, nor the other classical materials of this play, indicate as much familiarity with the Latin as do many of the poetical phrases and words used in their primitive Latin sense elsewhere, by Shakespeare, with as much taste and precision of expression as originality.

"— *to make a* STALE"—A "stale" here signifies a *stalking-horse*. To make a "stale" of any one seems to have meant to make them an object of mockery. The common text, founded on the second folio, has—

Was there none else in Rome, to make a stale of,
But Saturnine?

"*To* RUFFLE *in the commonwealth*"—To "ruffle" was to be *tumultuous*, and *turbulent*. Thus Baret:—"A trouble or *ruffling* in the common-weal: *procella*."

"*He is not* WITH *himself*"—A phrase resembling our idiomatic expression, "He is *beside* himself."

"*The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax*," etc.

"This passage alone would sufficiently convince me that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies, in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the Ajax of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare. In that piece Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains."—STEVENS.

The reader will decide for himself on the force of this argument, after recollecting how all the classical and mythological story had been mixed up, in various forms, with the popular literature of the age of Elizabeth, and her immediate predecessors.

"— *these dreary* DUMPS"—This word affords an amusing instance of change in the use and association of words, while the same general sense is retained. It is now merely burlesque, or somewhat coarsely colloquial. In its primitive sense, a "dump" meant a *strain* of melancholy music, and was afterwards used to signify sorrow and dejection; and was thus applied in the gravest passages of poetry. *Dump, dumps*, and *dumpest*, are found thus used by Lord Surry, Goldiug, and Spenser. Thus Harrington, in his "Ariosto:"—

The fall of noble Menodante's son,
Shake them into a *dumpe*, and make them sad.

Instead of the "dreary dumps" of the other old copies, the folio has "*sudden* dumps," which may be a misprint for "*sullen* dumps."

"— *you have play'd your prize*"—To "play a prize" was a technical term in the ancient fencing-schools.

ACT II.—Scene I.

"*Clubs, clubs*"—Walter Scott has taught all modern readers that this was the common London city cry upon any affray in the streets, by which the citizens of London, and especially the "London apprentices," were summoned to put down riot, and defend the city.

"— *a* DANCING *rapier*"—A light kind of sword, more for show than use, which was worn by gentlemen, even when dancing, in the reign of Elizabeth. So in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL:—

—— no *sword* worn
But one to *dance* with.

And Greene, in his "Quip for an Upstart Courtier:"—"One of them carrying his cutting sword of choller, the other his *dancing-rapier* of delight."

"— *more water glideth by the mill*
Than wots the miller of," etc.

There is a Scottish proverb, "Mickle water goes by the milier when he sleeps." (*Non omnem molitor quæ fluit unda videt.*)

"— *easy it is*
Of a cut loaf to steal a SHIVE," etc.

This is also a northern proverb:—"It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf." A "shive," or *shieve*, was a commou old English word for a *slice*.

"*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*"

These scraps of Latin are taken, though not exactly, from Seneca's tragedies.

Scene III.

"— INHERIT *it*"—"Inherit" is used, as in the TEMPEST, for to *possess*, to *own*.

"— *as many* URCHINS"—i. e. *Hedge-hogs*.

Scene IV.

"*A precious ring, that lightens all the hole*," etc.

Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a *carbuncle*, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus, in the "Gesta Romanorum:"—"He farther beheld and saw *a carbuncle, that lighted all the house*." And Drayton, in the "Muse's Elysium:"—

Is that admired mighty stone,
The *carbuncle* that's named;
Which from it such a flaming light
And radiancy ejecteth,
That in the very darkest night
The eye to it directeth.

ACT III.—Scene I.

"*They would not mark me: oh, if they did hear,*
They would not pity me," etc.

So the folio of 1693. The quarto of 1600—

—— or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
All bootless unto them.

The quarto of 1611 omits "Yet plead I must," but retains "All bootless unto them." These variations are noted that the reader may understand the cause of differing from some other editions, uot because the alterations are at all important.

"— *that delightful engine of her thoughts*"—This phrase, which does not belong to the mere commonplaces of poetical phraseology, is remarkable as being also found in Shakespeare's VENUS AND ADONIS; affording some corroboration, however slight, of the opinion of the common origin of that poem and this tragedy.

"*As far from help as* LIMBO *is from bliss!*"

The commentators explain this as referring only to the *Limbus Patrum*, where the school-divines taught that the souls of the patriarchs were detained. This is not precisely accurate. The doctrine of the schoolmen, which had passed into the general belief of the middle ages, considered the *Limbus* as comprehending all those middle states of the invisible world, as *Purgatory*, and the *Limbos*, where the patriarchs and unbaptized infants were respectively detained. To this popular opinion added a *Limbus fatuorum*, or fool's paradise—a notion afterwards used by Milton. The word "Limbo" soon acquired the sense of a *prison*, or place of restraint, as it is still used ludicrously. But it had at first no association of that nature. Shakespeare more than once refers to these opinions.

"— *the enemy's* CASTLE"—Theobald changed this to *casque*. Knight thinks it is put for *stronghold, power*. But it would rather seem to refer to the ancient *castle-helmet*, so called in corruption of the old French *casquetel*.

ACT IV.—Scene I.

"— *note how she* QUOTES *the leaves*"—i. e. *Observes;* searches through.

"*Magni Dominator poli*," etc.

This is a variation, like a quotation from memory, of the passage in Seneca's tragedy of "Hypolytus," beginning, "*Magne Regnator Deum;*" being the exclamation of Hypolytus when his step-mother, Phœdra, discloses to him her incestuous passion.

"— *the woful* FERE"—"Fere," or *pheere*, is a *companion*, and is found in old poets, used sometimes for husband, and sometimes, as in Chaucer, for the wife.

Scene II.

"GRAMERCY, *lovely Lucius*"—i. e. *Many thanks; much obliged*—a form of thanks contracted from the old French *grand merci*. Chaucer uses it in its original form—"grand mercy."

"*Ay, just a verse in Horace*"—i. e. Merely a verse in Horace. The punctuation of all the modern editions, except those of Knight,) which properly retain the old pointing,) is, "Ay, just! A verse," etc. But the other mode conveys more distinctly Aaron's contempt of the dullness of the princes. Besides, "just," in the sense of *true*, strikes me as more modern than the date of this play.

"— *a young lad fram'd of another* LEER"—A word once of frequent use for *complexion, colour*. There was another old word, of the same sound and spelling, but of different derivation, and meaning *leer*, or *lere*—(i. e. *learning*.)

"— PACK *with him*"—i. e. *Contrive; arrange* together. It seems to have been used to imply "insidious contrivance of, or with, several persons;" in the same sense as we still say, "a *packed* jury."

Scene III.

"— *the* TRIBUNAL PLEBS"—This may be either a misprint for *Tribunus Plebis*, or intended as an illiterate man's blunder as to the same officer.

Scene IV.

"— EGAL *justice*"—As the original has "egal" for *equal*, a form of the word in use at the time, it seems proper not to change it to the more modern word, as many editors do; for it is not a mere mode of spelling, but a variation of the word itself, and with another sound.

"— *go* SUCCESSANTLY"—So in all old copies; altered by Stevens, and others, to *successfully*, as a mere error of the press. It is retained here, as perhaps intended to express another shade of meauing.

ACT V.—Scene I.

"*Get me a ladder*"—These words are given to the Moor here, as in all the old editions, and are in the spirit of the character:—"Let me be hung, and save the child." The mass of later editions follow Theobald, in giving the words to Lucius.

"— *popish tricks and ceremonies*"—This phrase, like the holy water and tapers at a wedding, in the first act, the Limbo, the ruined monastery, and the "mournful bell" ringing at funerals, are all among the wide deviations from strict classical propriety, such as Shakespeare often made, but were uot so likely to have proceeded from the learned Grecian, to whom some of his critics have thought fit to ascribe this play.

"*As true a dog as ever fought at head*," etc.

An allusion to bull-dogs; whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front.

—— amongst the dogs and beares he goes,
Where, while he skipping cries—*To head,—to head.*
JOHNSON.

"*Bring down the devil*"—It appears from this that Aaron had actually mounted the ladder and spoke from it, in the old English fashion of Tyhurn executions.

Scene II.

"— Rapine *and Murther*"—"Rapine" is used as synonymous with *rape*, and not in its modern sense. Old Gower, also, so employs the word.

"—*look that you bind them fast*"—There is a stage-direction here—*Exeunt*. They perhaps go within the curtains of the secondary stage, so that the bloody scene may be veiled.

"— *of the paste a* coffin"—i. e. The *crust* of a raised *pie*—a term of art in the old English kitchen.

Scene III.

"—*break the parle*"—i. e. Begin the parley; in the sense that we still say, "He breaks his mind"—to "break a matter to one."

"*Was it well done of rash Virginius*," etc.

Here is again one of those errors which a well-read scholar was not likely to fall into. Virginius did not slay his daughter because she was stained, etc., but to save her from pollution.

"*Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor*," etc.

"This line, and the concluding line of Marcus's speech, are given to the people—'Romans'—by the modern editors, against the authority of the original copies. Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what 'the common voice' has required."—Knight.

"—*give me* aim *awhile*"—To "cry *aim*," as has been elsewhere observed in this edition, was a popular phrase, introduced from the ancient universal practice of archery, and has become obsolete as that has gone out of use. It meant to *encourage;* so to "give aim" was to *direct;* neither of which senses seem in the least appropriate here. Unless there was some other colloquial use of the phrase, now forgotten, equivalent to "give me *leave*," "aim" may here be a typographical error for *room;* as Lucius says, in the next line but one, "stand all aloof."

"*Her life was* beastlike"—So in the folios; the quartos, *beastly*. The former is most in the quaint taste of the times.

Although Titus Andronicus is a play which, had it come down to us under the name of some secondary dramatist of the age of Elizabeth, would have taken its place quietly with the dramatic literature of that date, by the side of Peele, Middleton, etc., its extravagances all forgotten, and its beauties now and then selected or quoted; as it is, it is rarely mentioned by a critic, but in terms of unqualified disgust. But, great as its faults are, it certainly had once the merit of pleasing the public taste, even after Shakespeare had habituated it to nobler food. It is, therefore, at least worth transient inquiry, what the prevailing sentiment or feeling in it may be to which it owed its interest and power. We cannot, therefore, refrain from selecting a part of Franz Horn's imaginative and somewhat mystical criticism, which, if it "finds in Shakespeare more than Shakespeare meant," yet rightly indicates the real pervading feeling of the piece, and the effect it leaves on the mind. The reader will observe that Horn's argument rests upon the assumption that the piece is throughout the entire composition of the "youth Shakespeare."

The translation is from one of the contributors to the "Pictorial" Shakespeare. The work from which it is extracted is Horn's "Shakespeare's Dramas Illustrated," (5 vols., Leipsic, 1831;)—a series of essays minutely analyzing the several characters, and summing up the governing characteristics of each play:—

"A mediocre, poor, and tame nature *finds itself* easily. It soon arrives, when it endeavours earnestly, at a knowledge of what it can accomplish, and what it cannot. Its poetical tones are single and gentle spring-breathings; with which we are well pleased, but which pass over us almost trackless. A very different combat has the higher and richer nature to maintain with itself; and the more splendid the peace, and the brighter the clearness, which it reaches through this combat, the more monstrous the fight which must have been incessantly maintained.

"Let us consider the richest and most powerful poetic nature that the world has ever yet seen; let us consider Shakespeare, *as boy and youth*, in his circumscribed external situation,—without one discriminating friend, without a patron, without a teacher,—without the possession of ancient or modern languages,—in his loneliness at Stratford, following an uncongenial employment; and then, in the strange whirl of the so-called great world of London, contending for long years with unfavourable circumstances,—in wearisome intercourse with this great world, which is, however, often found to be little;—but also with nature, with himself, and with God:—What materials for the deepest contemplation! This rich nature, thus circumstanced, desires to explain the enigma of the human being and the surrounding world. But it is not yet disclosed to himself. Ought he to wait for this ripe time before he ventures to dramatise? Let us not demand anything superhuman: for, through the expression of error in song, will he find what accelerates the truth; and well for him that he has no other sins to answer for than poetical ones, which later in life he has atoned for by the most glorious excellences!

"The elegiac tone of his juvenile poems allows us to imagine very deep passions in the youthful Shakespeare. But this single tone was not long sufficient for him. He soon desired, from that stage 'which signifies the world,' (an expression that Schiller might properly have invented for Shakespeare,) to speak aloud what the world seemed to him,—to him, the youth who was not yet able thoroughly to penetrate this seeming. Can there be here a want of colossal errors? Not merely single errors. No: we should have a whole drama which is diseased at its very root,—which rests upon one single monstrous error. Such a drama is this Titus. The Poet had here nothing less in his mind than to give us a grand Doomsday-drama. But what, as a man, was possible to him in Lear, the youth could not accomplish. He gives us a torn-to-pieces world, about which Fate wanders like a bloodthirsty lion,—or as a more refined and more cruel tiger, tearing mankind, good and evil alike, and blindly treading down every flower of joy. Nevertheless a better feeling reminds him that some repose must be given; but he is not sufficiently confident of this, and what he does in this regard is of little power. The personages of the piece are not merely heathens, but most of them embittered and blind in their heathenism: and only some single aspirations of something better can arise from a few of the best among them;—aspirations which are breathed so gently as scarcely to be heard amidst the cries of desperation from the bloody waves that roar almost deafeningly."

PERICLES.

PERICLES.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF CRITICAL OPINION TOUCHING THE MERITS AND AUTHORSHIP OF THIS PLAY—ITS CHARACTERISTICS AND VARIETY OF MANNER—PROBABLE CAUSES OF THIS VARIETY, ETC.

THE literary history of this play, and of the varying critical opinions respecting it, is curious. PERICLES was a very popular play during the whole of Shakespeare's dramatic career; it was often acted at the "Globe," by the company in which he had an interest, where (from the frequency of contemporary allusions to it) it seems to have been what is now called a *stock play*. Two successive editions of it, in the small quarto pamphlet form, then in use for such publications, were published during his life, and two or more within a few years after his death, (1619 and 1630,) all bearing his name as the author. It was, however, not contained in the first folio collection of his dramatic works, in 1623. It was afterwards inserted in the collection known as the "third folio," in 1684. During the whole of that century, there appears abundant contemporary evidence that PERICLES was indeed, as its title-pages assert it to have been, a "much-admired play." Ben Jonson growled at it as "a mouldy tale," made up of "scraps out of every dish." But this was when, prematurely old, poor, and mortified at public injustice, he poured forth his "just indignation at the vulgar censure of his play, by malicious spectators;" and in doing so he bears strong testimony that the public judgment as to PERICLES was the reverse of his own—that it "kept up the play-club," and was the favourite dramatic repast to the exclusion of his own "well-ordered banquet," in what he denounced as "a loathsome age," when—

> —— sweepings do as well
> As the best-ordered meal;
> For who the relish of such guests would fit,
> Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.
> (BEN JONSON'S "*Ode to Himself*"—"*Come, leave the loathed stage*," etc.)

Ben's frank and friendly admonitor, the moralist Owen Feltham, replies by reminding him, that there were scenes and jokes in his own unfortunate play, (the "New Inn,") that—

> —— throw a stain
> Through all the unlikely plot, and do displease
> As deep as *Pericles*;—

thus giving an additional testimony that the faults of PERICLES did not escape the critical eye, while they pleased the many. Thus it kept possession of the stage until the days of Addison, when Pericles was one of the favourite parts of Betterton. Dryden, who lived near enough the author's time to have learned the stage tradition from contemporaries, while he evidently perceived the imperfections of this piece, never doubted its authenticity, and accounted for its inferiority to the greater tragedies, by considering them the consequences of the author's youthful inexperience:—

> Shakespeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore;
> The Prince of Tyre was older than the Moor:
> 'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
> All bawthorns do not bloom on Christmas day.
> (*Prologue to Davenant's "Circe,"* 1675.)

This was in 1675, and the reputation of PERICLES, and its unquestioned filiation as by Shakespeare, remained undisturbed until Rowe's edition, in 1709. Rowe had, upon some theory of his own, adopted the wild idea that Shakespeare, by the pure force of genius, attained at once to his highest excellence, without passing through the ordinary apprenticeship even of self-formed authors, in acquiring the command of words, style, versification and invention, as well as taste, skill and judgment, by persevering trial and experience. He thought, on the contrary, that "perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings: art had so little and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best." In consonance with this notice, he seems to have rejected the traditional opinion that PERICLES was "a performance of the Poet's youth," and instead of it makes the assertion that "it is owned that some part of PERICLES was written by him, particularly the last scene;" thus intimating that the rest was from an inferior hand. He accordingly omitted the play in his editions, in which he was followed by the next succeeding editors. Pope's edition was the next in order, and the poet-critic, in his preface, made "no doubt that these *wretched plays*, 'PERICLES,' 'Locrine,' 'Sir John Oldcastle,' etc., etc., cannot be admitted as his." On the authority of these two poets, and especially of Pope, whom his admiring friend and successor in the editorial chair, Warburton, praised for his skill in selecting Shakespeare's genuine passages and works from the spurious ones, PERICLES was summarily ejected from all the succeeding editions, those of Warburton, Theobald, Hanmer, and Johnson, as well as the common popular editions, without comment; so that, during the greater part of the last century, it was entirely unknown to the ordinary admirers of Shakespeare. Even Theobald, the bitter enemy and often the sagacious corrector of Pope, did not venture to dissent from the general decision, though he perceived and acknowledged in the play the traces of the master's hand. During this period, PERICLES was noticed by critics and writers upon the English drama, only as

a play once erroneously attributed to Shakespeare, and was as little known among literary men as any of the plays of the secondary dramatists of the same age, who have since been made familiar, at least by name and in quotation, by the brilliant comments of Lamb and Hazlitt, and the large use made of them by the commentators.

Towards the end of the century, PERICLES appeared in the editions of Malone, and in those of Johnson and Stevens, after the associations of these two critics. This was mainly in consequence of the opinion maintained by Malone, who had the courage to assert and support by argument, that "PERICLES was the entire work of Shakespeare, and one of his earliest compositions." Stevens, on the other hand, resolutely maintained:—

"The drama before us contains no discrimination of manners, (except in the comic dialogues,) very few traces of original thought, and is evidently destitute of that intelligence and useful knowledge that pervade even the meanest of Shakespeare's undisputed performances. To speak more plainly, it is neither enriched by the gems that sparkle through the rubbish of LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, nor the good sense which so often fertilizes the barren fable of the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. PERICLES, in short, is little more than a string of adventures so numerous, so inartificially crowded together, and so far removed from probability, that, in my private judgment, I must acquit even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials. That the plays of Shakespeare have their inequalities likewise, is sufficiently understood; but they are still the inequalities of Shakespeare. He may occasionally be absurd, but is seldom foolish; he may be censured, but can rarely be despised.

"I do not recollect a single plot of Shakespeare's formation, (or even adoption from preceding plays or novels,) in which the majority of the characters are not so well connected, and so necessary in respect of each other, that they proceed in combination to the end of the story; unless the story (as in the cases of Antigonus and Mercutio) requires the interposition of death. In PERICLES this continuity is wanting:—

—— disjectas moles, avulsaque saxis
Saxa vides;——

and even with the aid of Gower the scenes are rather loosely tacked together, than closely interwoven. We see no more of Antiochus after his first appearance. His anonymous daughter utters but one unintelligible couplet, and then vanishes. Simonides likewise is lost as soon as the marriage of Thaisa is over; and the punishment of Cleon and his wife, which poetic justice demanded, makes no part of the action, but is related in a kind of epilogue by Gower. This is at least a practice which in no instance has received the sanction of Shakespeare. From such deficiency of mutual interest, and *liaison* among the personages of the drama, I am further strengthened in my belief that our great Poet had no share in constructing it. Dr. Johnson long ago observed that his *real* power is not seen in the splendour of particular passages, but in the progress of his fable, and the tenour of his dialogue; and when it becomes necessary for me to quote a decision founded on comprehensive views, I can appeal to none in which I should more implicitly confide. Gower relates the story of Pericles in a manner not quite so desultory; and yet such a tale as that of Prince Appolyn, in its most perfect state, would hardly have attracted the notice of any playwright, except one who was quite a novice in the rules of his art."

In this view Malone finally acquiesced, in substance, though, with great truth and good taste, still insisting that—

"The wildness and irregularity of the fable, the artless conduct of the piece, and the inequalities of the poetry, may be all accounted for, by supposing it either his first or one of his earliest essays in dramatic composition."

Stevens's decision long remained unquestioned, both as to the point of Shakespeare's share of authorship, and the poetic merits of the drama itself; and it has recently received more authority for having been substantially reaffirmed by Mr. Hallam:—"From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of effective and distinguishable character, and the general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakespeare's. But (he adds) many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted, and the extrinsic testimony, though not conclusive, being of some value, I should not dissent from the judgment of Stevens and Malone, that it was in 'no inconsiderable degree repaired and improved by his hand.'" (*Literature of Europe.*) He elsewhere insists, that "the play is full of evident marks of an inferior hand." Other modern critics, of nearly as high name, have gone still further in censure: W. Gifford, for example, rejects and brands the play as "the worthless PERICLES."

This sweeping, unqualified censure was amusingly counterbalanced by as unqualified an expression of admiration, by William Godwin—a writer whose political ethics and metaphysics, full of the boldest opinions, expressed in the most startling and paradoxical form, had prepared the public to expect similar extravagances on all other subjects, and had thus taken away much of the weight of his literary judgments. Yet these judgments are in fact entitled to all the weight due to a writer of genius,—manifesting on all such subjects an extensive acquaintance with English literature, in its whole range, guided by a pure taste, and a quick and deep sensibility to every form of beauty. In his "Life of Chaucer," incidentally speaking of PERICLES, he designates it as "a beautiful drama," "which in sweetness of manner, delicacy of description, truth of feeling, and natural ease of language, would do honour to the greatest author that ever existed." Since that period, many others have been more disposed to dwell upon the beauties of PERICLES—the existence of which few now deny—than upon its many defects, to which none but a blind idolater of the great bard can close his eyes. Accordingly its merits have been vindicated by the modern continental critics, and by several of the later English ones; as by Franz Horn, Ulrici, Knight, Dr. Drake, and especially by Mr. Proctor, (Barry Cornwall,) in a long and admirable note, in his memoir of Ben Jonson, prefixed to Moxon's edition of Jonson's works, (1838.) (See extracts in notes to this edition.) Barry Cornwall roundly charges the preceding critics (from Pope to Gifford) with having condemned PERICLES *unread;* while he proves that "the merit and style of the work sufficiently denote the author"—that author of whom he eloquently says, that he "was and is, beyond all competition, the greatest Poet that the world has ever seen. He is the

greatest in general power, and greatest in style, which is symbol or evidence of power. For the motion of verse corresponds with the power of the poet; as the swell and tumult of the sea answer to the winds that call them up. From LEAR down to PERICLES, there ought to be no mistake between Shakespeare and any other writer."—(*Memoir of Ben Jonson*, xxxi.)

The "glorious uncertainty of the law" has been exemplified and commemorated, in a large and closely printed volume, containing nothing but the mere titles of legal decisions, once acknowledged as law, and since reversed or contradicted, as "cases overruled, doubted, or denied." The decisions of the critical tribunals would furnish materials for a much larger work; and Shakespearian criticism, by itself, would supply an ample record of varying or overruled judgments. Those on the subject of PERICLES alone would constitute a large title in the collection; and, as a slight contribution to such compilation, I have thrown together, at the end of the notes to this play, some of the judgments and *dicta* of the principal critical authorities, upon the long-controverted questions connected with this tragedy.

Yet, in the play itself may be found some foundation for all and each of those opinions, though least for the hasty and vague censures of Pope and Gifford. The play is awkwardly and unskilfully constructed, being on the plan of the old legendary drama, when it was thought sufficient to put some popular narrative into action, with little attempt at a condensed and sustained continuous interest in the plot or its personages. It rambles along through the period of two generations, without any attempt at the artist-like management of a similar duration in the WINTER'S TALE, by breaking up the story into parts, and making the one a natural sequel to the other, so as to keep up a uniform continuity of interest throughout both. The story itself is extravagant, and its *denouement* is caused by the aid of the heathen mythology, which, as we have had occasion to observe elsewhere, (*Introductory Remarks to* CYMBELINE,) every mind, trained under modern associations and habits of thought, feels as repugnant to dramatic truth, and at once refuses to lend to it that transient conventional belief so necessary to any degree of illusion or interest, and so readily given to shadowy superstitions of other kinds, as ghosts, witches, and fairies, more akin to our general opinions, or more familiar to our childhood. A still greater defect than this is one rare indeed in any thing from Shakespeare's mind—the vagueness and meagerness of the characters, undistinguished by any of that portrait-like individuality which gives life and reality to the humblest personages of his scene. Thence, in spite of the excellence of particular parts, there results a general feebleness of effect in the whole. The versification is, in general, singularly halting and uncouth, and the style is sometimes creeping and sometimes extravagant.

From these circumstances, if, at the time when PERICLES was excluded from the ordinary editions, its place had been supplied by a prose outline of the story, with occasional specimens of the dialogue, such as Voltaire gave of JULIUS CÆSAR, selected only from the most extravagant passages, there would be little hesitation in denying the whole or the greater part of the play to be Shakespeare's, or in allowing that it bore "evident marks of an inferior hand."

Yet, on the other hand, it contains much to please, to surprise, to affect, and to delight. The introduction of old Gower, linking together the broken action, by his antiquated legendary narrative, is original and pleasing. The very first scenes have here and there some passages of sudden and unexpected grandeur, and the later acts bear everywhere the very "form and pressure" of Shakespeare's mind. Yet it is observable, that wherever we meet him, in his own unquestionable person, it is not as the poetic Shakespeare of the youthful comedies, but with the port and style of the author of Lear and Cordelia. Indeed, the scene in the last act, of Pericles's recognition of his daughter, recalls strongly the touching passages of Cordelia's filial love, and Lear's return to reason, by a resemblance, not so much of situation or language, as of spirit and feeling. The language and style of these nobler passages are peculiarly Shakespearian, and, as Mr. Hallam justly observes, "of the Poet's later manner." They have his emphatic mode of employing the plainest and most homely words in the highest and most poetical sense,—his original compounds, his crowded magnificence of gorgeous imagery, interspersed with the simplest touches of living nature. Thus, when Pericles retraces his lost wife's features in his recovered child:—

> My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
> My daughter might have been; my queen's square brows,
> Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
> As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
> And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno, etc.—(*Act* v. *scene* 1.)

Here, too, we find his peculiar mode of stating and enforcing general truths—not in didactic digression, but as interwoven with and growing out of the incidents or passing emotions of the scene. (See note, act i. scene 1.) Taking these characteristics into view, and these alone, the play must be pronounced worthy of all the praise bestowed by Godwin. If then we were to reverse the experiment just suggested, upon the supposed reader who knows no more of PERICLES than that it is a play which has been ascribed by some to Shakespeare, and to place before him a prose abstract of the plot, interspersed with large extracts from the finer passages, he would surely wonder why there could have been a moment's hesitation in placing PERICLES by the side of CYMBELINE and the WINTER'S TALE.

There are two different solutions of these contradictory phenomena, and it is not easy to decide, with confidence, which is the true one. The first hypothesis is founded upon the old traditionary opinion, that PERICLES, in its original form, was one of the author's earliest dramatic essays, perhaps an almost boyish work; but that not long before 1609, when it was printed as a "late much-admired play," the author, then in the meridian of his reputation, revised and enlarged it, as he had repeatedly done with others of his plays, which, like ROMEO AND JULIET, LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, etc, are announced in their title-pages as having been "newly corrected, augmented, and amended." This hypothesis, of course, rejects the favourite notion that Shakespeare's genius burst forth at once,

in its full splendour and magnitude, and takes for granted what all experience teaches, that the first trials of his strength had the awkwardness and feebleness of boyish youth. This hypothesis corresponds with the legendary and inartificial structure of the main story, and the feebleness of characterization—points which would be least of all susceptible of improvement, without an entire recasting of the drama. It agrees too with the large stage-direction and ample allowance of dumb show, such as he afterwards introduced into his mimic play in HAMLET, and as remain in CYMBELINE, as remnants of the old groundwork of that drama, and which were strongly characteristic of the fashion of the stage in Shakespeare's youth. The additions and improvements are very perceptible, and stand out boldly from the weakly executed framework of the drama, which remains untouched—differing from similar enlargements and corrections of others of his own dramas, (as ROMEO AND JULIET, etc.,) by the Poet himself, in the greater contrast here afforded by the effusions of his matured mind, with the timid outline of his unpractised hand; and differing again from CYMBELINE (as Coleridge remarks) by the "entire *rifacimento* of the latter, when Shakespeare's celebrity as a poet, no less than his influence as manager, enabled him to bring forward the lordly labours of his youth." PERICLES having, from its first appearance, by means of its story, its dumb-show, and by its comparative merit relatively to its rivals for popular favour, succeeded, and kept possession of the stage, the author would not feel himself called upon to re-write a play which answered its main end, and the subject of which presented no peculiar attractions to him, while the reëxamination of his own boyish, half-formed thoughts would naturally expand and elevate them into nobler forms, and re-clothe them in that glowing language he had since created for himself.

This theory commends itself as every way probable to my judgment, as it has done to that of others, whose opinions are entitled to great deference.

Nevertheless, the other solution of the difficulty—that proposed by Mr. Hallam—may still be the true one; that the original "Pericles" was by some inferior hand, perhaps by a personal friend of Shakespeare's, and that he, without remodelling the plot, undertook to correct and improve it, beginning with slight additions, and his mind, warming as he proceeded, breaking out towards the close of the drama with its accustomed vigour and abundance.

This opinion has been the more generally received one among the English critics, and it has the advantage of solving one difficulty which the other theory leaves unexplained—why PERICLES was omitted by the editors of the first folio.

Mr. Collier has well summed up the argument on this side of the question, and as his statement contains some other facts of interest in relation to this piece, it is here inserted.

"An opinion has long prevailed, and we have no doubt it is well founded, that two hands are to be traced in the composition of PERICLES. The larger part of the first three Acts were in all probability the work of an inferior dramatist: to these Shakespeare added comparatively little; but he found it necessary, as the story advanced and as the interest increased, to insert more of his own composition. His hand begins to be distinctly seen in the third Act, and afterwards we feel persuaded that we could extract nearly every line that was not dictated by his great intellect. We apprehend that Shakespeare found a drama on the story in the possession of one of the companies performing in London, and that, in accordance with the ordinary practice of the time, he made additions to and improvements in it, and procured it to be represented at the Globe theatre.* Who might be the author of the the original piece, it would be vain to conjecture. Although we have no decisive proof that Shakespeare ever worked in immediate concert with any of his contemporaries, it was the custom with nearly all the dramatists of his day, and it is not impossible that such was the case with PERICLES.

"The circumstance that it was a joint production, may account for the non-appearance of PERICLES in the folio of 1623. Ben Jonson, when printing the volume of his Works, in 1616, excluded for this reason 'The Case is Altered,' and 'Eastward Ho!' in the composition of which he had been engaged with others; and when the player-editors of the folio of 1623 were collecting their materials, they perhaps omitted PERICLES because some living author might have an interest in it. Of course we advance this point as a mere speculation; and the fact that the publishers of the folio of 1623 could not purchase the right of the bookseller, who had then the property in 'Pericles,' may have been the real cause of its non-insertion.

"The Registers of the Stationers' Company show that on the 20th May, 1608, Edward Blount (one of the proprietors of the folio of 1623) entered 'The booke of Pericles, Prynce of Tyre,' with one of the undoubted works of Shakespeare, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Nevertheless, PERICLES was not published by Blount, but by Gosson in the following year; and we may infer, either that Blount sold his interest to Gosson, or that Gosson anticipated Blount in procuring a manuscript of the play. Gosson may have subsequently parted with PERICLES to Thomas Pavier, and hence the re-impression by the latter in 1619.

"Having thus spoken of the internal evidence of authorship, we will now advert briefly to the external evidence, that it was the work of our great dramatist. In the first place it was printed in 1609, with his name at full length,† and rendered unusually obvious, on the title-page. The answer, of course, may be that this was a fraud, and that it had been previously committed in the cases of the first part of 'Sir John Oldcastle,' 1600, and of 'The Yorkshire Tragedy,' 1608. It is undoubtedly true, that Shakespeare's name is upon those title-pages; but we know, with regard to 'Sir John Oldcastle,' that the original title-page, stating it to have been 'Written by William Shakespeare' was cancelled, no doubt at the instance of the author to whom it was falsely imputed; and as to 'The Yorkshire Tragedy,' many persons have entertained the belief, in which we join, that Shakespeare had a share in its composition. We are not to forget that, in the year preceding, Nathaniel Butter had made very prominent use of Shakespeare's name, for the sale of three impressions of KING LEAR; and that in the very year when PERICLES came out, Thorpe had printed a collection of scattered poems, recommending them to notice in very large capitals, by stating emphatically that they were 'Shakespeare's Sonnets.'

* "A list of theatrical apparel, formerly belonging to Alleyn the player, mentions 'spangled hose in Pericles,' from which it appears that he had probably acted in a play called 'Pericles.' See 'Memoirs of Edward Alleyn.' This might be the play which Shakespeare altered and improved."

† "It seems that PERICLES was reprinted under the same circumstances in 1611. I have never been able to meet with a copy of this edition, and doubted its existence, until Mr. Halliwell pointed it out to me, in a sale catalogue in 1864; it purported to have been 'printed for S. S.' This fact would show, that Shakespeare did not then contradict the reiterated assertion, that he was the author of the play."

"Confirmatory of what precedes, it may be mentioned, that previously to the insertion of PERICLES in the folio of 1664, it had been imputed to Shakespeare by S. Shepherd, in his 'Times displayed in Six Sestiads,' 1656; and in lines by J. Tatham, prefixed to R. Brome's 'Jovial Crew,' 1652. Dryden gave it to Shakespeare in 1675, in the Prologue to C. Davenant's 'Circe.' Thus, as far as stage tradition is of value, it is uniformly in favour of our position; and it is moreover to be observed, that until comparatively modern times it has never been contradicted."

STATE OF THE TEXT AND SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

"PERICLES was five times printed before it was inserted in the folio of 1664, viz. in 1609, 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. The folio seems to have been copied from the last of these, with a multiplication of errors, but with some corrections. The first edition of 1609 was obviously brought out in haste, and there are many corruptions in it. The commentators dwelt upon the blunders of the old copies, in order to warrant their own extraordinary innovations, but wherever we could do so, with due regard to the sense of the author, we have restored the text to that of the earliest impression."—COLLIER.

The variations of the text, its corruptions and metrical irregularities are so frequent, and often of so little importance to the sense and poetry, that the present editor has been often content to adopt what seemed the preferable reading, without caring to swell the notes with various readings and verbal discussions. In two or three places conjectural emendations of evidently misprinted passages are adopted, for which the reasons are assigned.

PERICLES is a version of the old romance of "Apollonius Tyrus," or "King Appolyn of Tyre," according to the old English name, which had been a favourite of all Europe during the middle ages, and has been traced by Mr. Douce, Collier, and others, back to the twelfth century, and through the Latin, Italian, Anglo-Saxon, Norman and Provençal French, old English, and modern Greek. The author of our PERICLES professed to have drawn his materials from the poet Gower, whom he has made the presiding genius of his plot; and it is evident that he is mainly indebted to him, though it seems also certain that he used the prose version of the romance, "gathered into English" by Laurence Twine, and first published in 1576. Both Gower's poem, "Appolinus, the Prince of Tyre," and Twine's romance, have lately been reprinted in Collier's "Shakespeare Library," (vol. i.) The latter bears the amusing title of "The Patterne of painefull Adventures; containing the most excellent, pleasant and variable history of the strange accidents that befell unto Prince Apollonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Thaisa his daughter, wherein the uncertainty of this world and the feeble state of man's life are lively described." Gower, one of the fathers of English literature, and indeed of the English language, is little known, except by name, to the modern reader. The friend and fellow-student of Chaucer, perhaps his precursor, certainly his friendly rival in English poetry, he received from him the title of "the moral Gower," by which epithet he was long celebrated by succeeding English and Scottish poets. Chaucer, Lydgate and Gower, formed the triumvirate of poets who, from the reign of Edward III. to that of Queen Mary, were held in equal honour, and were the objects of admiration and imitation, for two centuries. Gower wrote much in Latin and French as well as in English; and his quaint old French sonnets, or "*Balades*," as he styles them, were his most poetical works. But his great merit is that of the assiduous cultivation of his native language, and the share he had in bringing its rich but rude materials into the form of a cultivated style. "In these respects, (justly observes Warton, *History of English Poetry*, sect. xix.,) he resembled his friend and contemporary, Chaucer; but he participated no considerable portion of Chaucer's spirit, imagination, and elegance. His language is perspicuous, and his versification often harmonious; but his poetry is of a grave and sententious turn. He has much good sense, solid reflection, and useful observation. But he is serious and didactic on all occasions; he preserves the tone of the scholar and moralist on all occasions." Thus, while the spirit, wit, and invention of Chaucer have kept his ancient laurels fresh and green, so that his works are not only reprinted in the original form, and familiar to all students of our older language and its literature, but his tales have been clad in modern garb by Dryden and Pope, as well as by inferior versifiers: worthy old Gower's learning and good sense have barely saved him from oblivion. His "*Confessio Amantis*," his principal English poem, was originally printed by Caxton, the well-known father of English typography, in 1483, and was reprinted in 1532 and 1554; the last time in a form quite splendid for those days. Since that period Gower has been completely overshadowed by his great contemporary, and is mainly indebted to this play, and to Warton, and Godwin, or Southey, who have quoted and criticised him, for being remembered at all. There is, I believe, no separate edition of any of his works, since 1554; and none of them are to be found at large, in any modern form, except in Chalmers's collection of "British Poets," which contains the "*Confessio*," upon which Gower's reputation as an English poet is mainly founded.

"This poem is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, who is a priest of Venus. Here the ritual of religion is applied to the tender passion, and Ovid's 'Art of Love' is blended with the breviary. In the course of the confession, every evil affection, which may impede the progress and counteract the success of love, is scientifically subdivided; and its fatal effects exemplified by apposite stories, extracted from classic authors."—(T. WARTON'S *History of Poetry*.)

Gower makes no claim of invention of the incidents of the tale on which PERICLES is founded, but acknowledges his obligation to a Latin compilation entitled "Pantheon," by Godfrey of Viterbo, who died in 1190:—

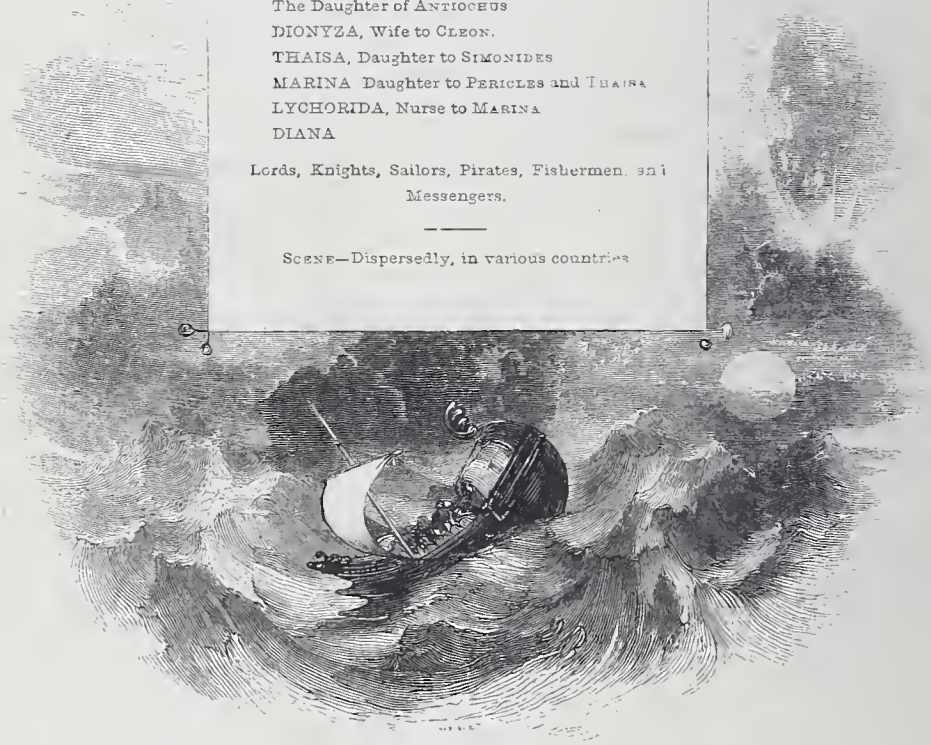
Of a cronique in daies gone,
The wich is cleped Panteon,
In love's cause I ride thus, etc.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre
HELICANUS, } two Lords of Tyre
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis
CLEON, Governor of Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene
CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, Servant to ANTIOCHUS
LEONINE, Servant to DIONYZA
Marshal.
A Pander and his Wife
BOULT, their Servant.
GOWER, as Chorus.
The Daughter of ANTIOCHUS
DIONYZA, Wife to CLEON.
THAISA, Daughter to SIMONIDES
MARINA Daughter to PERICLES and THAISA
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to MARINA
DIANA

Lords, Knights, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

SCENE—Dispersedly, in various countries



ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales,
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purpose is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then: Antiochus the great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria;
I tell you what my authors say:
This king unto him took a feere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke.
Bad child, worse father, to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So, for her many a wight did die,
As yond' grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and Attendants.*

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [*Music.*
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king

Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yond' sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yond' field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will, then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did:
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do:
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.
Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all, 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!
Of all, 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness.

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed;
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*Takes the Princess by the hand.*
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill;
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
King's are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will,
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then, give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;
But I will gloze with him.—[*To him.*] Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.
[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, *his Daughter, and Attendants.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father,)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light:
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:

Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.—
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.
[*Exit Messenger.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.
Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so, farewell to your highness.
[*Exit.*
Ant. Thaliard, adieu.—Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, *and other Lords.*

Per. Let none disturb us: why should this change of thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet.
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then, it is thus: that passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done:
And so with me:—the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known.
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.
1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.
2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable.
Hel. Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:
When signior Sooth, here, does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*]—Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in prince's frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.
Hel. I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise;
Sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That ministers a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't, offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then; and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had, and have, of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.
But in our orbs we live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other Lords.*

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside.*] How! the king gone?

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him: at least, he judg'd so;
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please:
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
I'll present myself.—[*To them.*] Peace to the lords of Tyre.

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood,
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and Attendants.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of other's griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who dig hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord! even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till lungs fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That if heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted, and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O! 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who to nousle up their babes
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O! let those cities, that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears:
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat;
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there
Go, tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes.
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, *with Attendants.*

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load:
And these our ships (you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within
With bloody veins) expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, arise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

Antioch.

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to* PERICLES: PERICLES *shows the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt* PERICLES, CLEON, *&c. severally.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease,
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost.
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. *An open Place by the sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.

Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!

2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men, that were cast away before us even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them! they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and no body look after it.

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath cast me upon your coast——

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know,
But what I am want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 *Fish.* O! not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir; do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir! things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for. His wife's soul—

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't; 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all crosses
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself:
And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life)
"Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death;" (and pointed to this brace)
"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
The which the gods protect thee from! it may defend thee."
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it,
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given't again.
I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it; and the gods give thee good on't!

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will.
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his biding on my arm:
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will!
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Platform leading to the lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.
[*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight: he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The second Knight passes over.*
Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulzura que per fuerza.*
[*The third Knight passes over.*

Sim. And what the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*
[*The fourth Knight passes over.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.
[*The fifth Knight passes over.*

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The sixth Knight passes over*

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top:
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral:
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better, than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great shouts, and all cry,* The mean knight!

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Hall of State. A banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Ladies, Lords, and Knights, from tilting.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.
Marshal. Sir, yond's your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir; sit.
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.
Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat!
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He's but a country gentleman:
He has done no more than other knights have done,
He has broken a staff, or so; so, let it pass.
Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. Youd' king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son, like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What! are you merry, knights?
1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause a while;
Yond' knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
Thai. What is it
To me, my father?
Sim. O! attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them; and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at. Therefore,
To make his entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father! it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And, further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre (my name, Pericles,
My education been in arts and arms)
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.
Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.
Sim. O! that's as much, as you would be denied
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To* PERICLES.]—Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings!—Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore, each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS, *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes; know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which the most high gods, not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'Twas very strange.
Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See! not a man, in private conference
Or council, has respect with him but he.
2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.
1 *Lord.* Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome.—Happy day, my lords.
1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.
1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.
2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.
All. Live, noble Helicane!
Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.
1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield:
And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour.
Hel. Then, you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a letter: the Knights meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.
2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?
Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt.*
Sim. So,
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir. I am beholding to you,
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask one thing.
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. As of a most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be: therefore, look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside.*] What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.
[*To him.*] O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not,
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.
Sim. No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
[*Aside.*] I am glad on't with all my heart.
[*To her.*] I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger?—[*Aside.*]—who, for aught I know,
May be (nor can I think the contrary)
As great in blood as I myself.
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife.—Nay, come; your hands,
And lips must seal it too;
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
Sim. What! are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if't please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

BLANCH.

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about.
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole:
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter Pericles *and* Simonides *at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives* Pericles *a letter:* Pericles *shows it to* Simonides; *the Lords kneel to* Pericles. *Then, enter* Thaisa *with child, and* Lychorida: Simonides *shows his Daughter the letter: she rejoices: she and* Pericles *take leave of her Father, and all depart.*

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expence,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:—
Antiochus and his daughter dead:
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
"Our heir apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen, with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Then, vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
Varies again: the grizzly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well a-near,
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this self storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The seas-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Enter Pericles, *on shipboard.*

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and Thou, that hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep. O! still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; duly quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O! how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seamau's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O!
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida——

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant.*

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.
Per. How! how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcome to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.
Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst: yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1 *Sail.* Slack the bowlines there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?—Blow, and split thyself.
2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.
1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your superstition.
1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.
Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!
Lyc. Here she lies, sir.
Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida!
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin: lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.
2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.
Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?
2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.
Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?
2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.
Per. O! make for Tharsus.—
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A Room in* CERIMON'S *House.*

Enter CERIMON, *a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now I ne'er endur'd.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return:
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*To* PHILEMON.
[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, *Servant, and the rest.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.
2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.
2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O! you say well.
1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.
Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,

Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And can speak of the disturbances that nature
Works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down; let's look upon't.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd.
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.
Soft, soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O, you most potent gods! what's here? a corse?

1 *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasured
With full bags of spices! A passport too:
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[*Unfolds a scroll.*

[Reads.

"*Here I give to understand,*
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks.—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I heard
Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there!—I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes a warm
Breath out of her: she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold:
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana!
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying* THAISA *away.*

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *and* MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may
Be manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,

The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!
Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.
Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O! no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in* CERIMON'S *House.*

Enter CERIMON, *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer, which are
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore this chest.

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire:
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite: this maid
Hight Philoten; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carried winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme:
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,

To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.
Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.
Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here
She comes weeping for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolved?
Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy grave with flowers: the yellows,
blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me, poor maid!
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.
Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep
alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.
Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again: reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.
Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.
Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.
Remember what I have said.
Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.
Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit* DIONYZA.
Is the wind westerly that blows?
Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.
Leon. Was't so?
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd "good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands hauling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.
Leon. When was this?
Mar. When I was born:
Never were waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvass-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
Leon. Come; say your prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her any danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA *is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain!
[LEONINE *runs away.*
2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!
3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come,
let's have her aboard suddenly.
[*Exeunt Pirates with* MARINA.

SCENE II.—*Near the Same.*

Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great
pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's
dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boult.
Boult. Sir.
Pand. Search the market narrowly: Mitylene
is full of gallants: we lost too much money this
mart, by being too wenchless.
Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.
We have but poor three, and they can do no more
than they can do; and they with continual action
are even as good as rotten.
Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er
we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to
be used in every trade we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [*Exit* BOULT.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over—

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O! our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come; other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we? ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; its no calling. But here comes Boult.

Enter BOULT, *and the Pirates with* MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O, sir! we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in: instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, "He that will give most, shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit* BOULT.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
(Not enough barbarous,) had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation: but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O! take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so?

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore, say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A Room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter CLEON, *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think,
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady!
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too.
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
"She died by foul play."

Cle. O! go to. Well, well;
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so, then;
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles.
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies:
But yet, I know, you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Monument of* MARINA *at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't:
Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus, (think this pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES *with his Train, at one door;* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the Tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.*

Gow. See, how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now, please you, wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

"*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,*
Who wither'd in her spring of year:
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No; nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. *A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation: we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir! I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you.—Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To* MARINA.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and* BOULT.

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
That the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost hear
From me, it shall be for thy good.

Enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it, would
Sink, and overwhelm you. Away!
[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress: she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O, abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers, too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors.—Marry hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit Bawd.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master; or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel
That hither comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. That the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

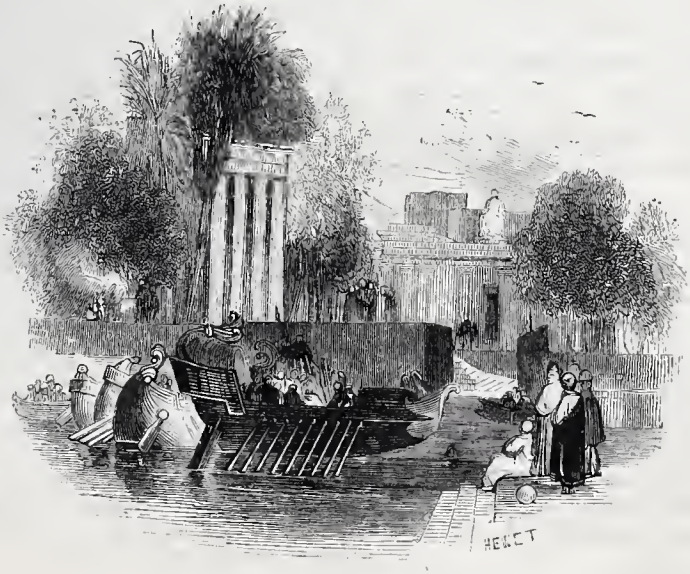
Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore, I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come; I'll do for thee what I can: come your ways. [*Exeunt.*



ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bird, bud, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses:
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him on the sea, tumbled and tost;
And, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[*Exit.*

SCENE 1.—*On board* PERICLES' *Ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclining on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*
O here he is.—
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth would come aboard: I pray
Greet them fairly.
[*Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can in aught you would
Resolve you.
Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, what is your place?
Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel. It would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him, then?
Hel. You may,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him.—[PERICLES *discovered.*]—
This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that one mortal night
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.
[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.*
[*Exit Lord.*
Hel. Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit,
That bears recovery's name.
But, since your kindness we have stretch'd thus far,
Let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir! a courtesy,
Which, if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter Lord, MARINA, *and a young Lady.*

Lys. O! here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?
Hel. She's a gallant lady.
Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.
Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!
[MARINA *sings.*
Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.—
Per. Hum! ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd: her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe.
Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Pr'ythee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou though'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on king's graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O! I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed gods sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy
Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born,
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O! stop there a little.
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull'd sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my gracious lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O! come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again.—O Helicanus!
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me, now,
My drown'd queen's name, (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments! Mine own, Helicanus,
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you,
Give me my robes! I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens, bless my girl! But hark! what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None?
The music of the spheres! list, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him: give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—
Per. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*He sleeps.*
Lys. A pillow for his head.
[*The curtain before the Pavilion of* PERICLES *is closed.*
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.
[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and Lady.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

PERICLES *on the deck asleep;* DIANA *appearing to him in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do it, and happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA *disappears.*
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir.
Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.
Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, as my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylen,
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus;* THAISA *standing near the Altar, as high Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side;* CERIMON *and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his Train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a Lady.*

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess!
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder, but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*
Per. What means the woman? she dies: help, gentlemen!
Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no:
I threw her overboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady.—O! she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here, in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is recover'd.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord!
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and drown'd.
Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O! come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to* THAISA.
Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus, then.
Per. Still confirmation!
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

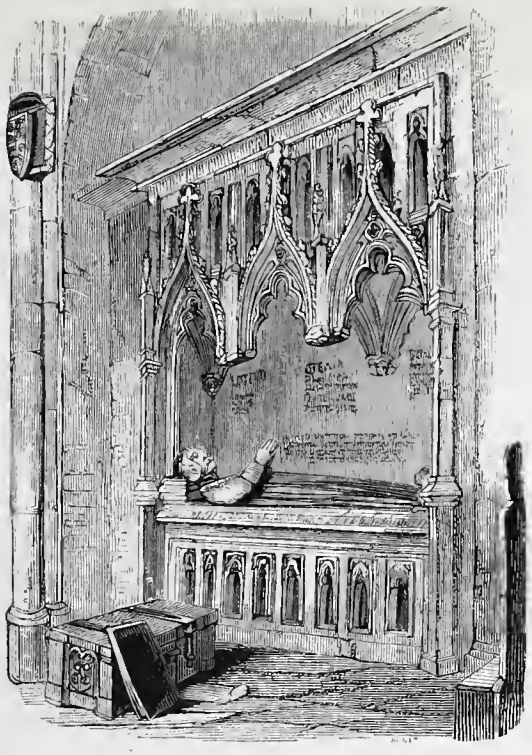
Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord:
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple,
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision,
I will offer night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament,
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.
Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit;
Sir, my father's dead.
Per. Heavens, make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead's the way.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, and loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them, although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

SCENE II.—DIANA Awake, and tell thy dream



Gower's Monument.

NOTES ON PERICLES.

ACT I.

"— *and holy* ALES"—Every old copy, quarto and folio, has "holy-*days;*" but as the speech was no doubt meant to rhyme, we adopt Dr. Farmer's amendment. By "holy ales," what were called *church ales* were meant. Rural festivals, at which, in "merry old England," there was huge consumption of ale, were called thus. There were not only "church-ales," on high religious festivals—there were *Bride-ales*, *Clerk-ales*, *Scot-ales*, and others; among them *Give-ales*, apparently answering to our American "giving *bee*."

"*The* PURPOSE *is*"—In the old copies it stands, "The *purchase* is;" and it may possibly be right, taking *purchase* in the sense of prize or reward.

"— *took a* FEERE"—i. e. A *mate*, or *wife*. The word also occurs in TITUS ANDRONICUS.

"*As yond' grim looks do testify.*"

Referring to the heads of the unsuccessful suitors, exhibited to the audience over the gates of the palace at Antioch. That such was the case we have the evidence of the novel, founded upon the play, published under the title of "The Painfull Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre," (1608,) where the heading of the first chapter ends thus:—"placing their heads on the top of his castle gate, whereby to astonish all others that came to attempt the like."

SCENE I.

"— *this fair Hesperides*"—The "Hesperides," in classical mythology, were the daughters of Hesperus, the owners of the dragon-guarded garden containing the golden apples. But the garden being called "the garden of the Hesperides," either from error or carelessness, was itself sometimes called, by the older English poets, "the Hesperides." Thus, in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, we have, "Hercules still climbing trees in the Hesperides."

"*Yond' sometime famous princes*"—Referring to the heads of the unsuccessful suitors above the palace gates.

"*For death remember'd should be like a mirror,*
Who tells us, life's but breath," etc.

Barry Cornwall ("Life of Ben Jonson") has pointed out, with admirable taste and discrimination, one of the frequent peculiarities of Shakespeare's manner, which is strongly exemplified in the above line. It is one of those peculiarities which, although they may, now and then, be found in other authors, do not mark and distinguish their style and mode of thought:—"The most subtle and profound reflections frequently enrich, and are *involved* in the dialogue, without impeding it. In other authors, they are not cast out in the same profusion, nor in the same mode. They constitute indeed, with *them*, independent speeches, or they are reserved for the conclusion of a speech, or to point it after the fashion of an epigram. Shakespeare throws out his wisdom with a careless hand, without stopping to make it conspicuous or effective. The thoughts which occur in his works—oftentimes within the limits of a mere parenthesis—would form a renown for another author. As in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, where Antony speaks of

—— our slippery people
(Whose love is never linked to the deserver
Till his deserts be past) begin to throw, etc.

And in TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, when Ulysses says:—

—— Right and wrong
(Between whose endless jars Justice resides)
Should lose their names.

"*Of all,* 'SAY'D YET"—So every old copy, which it is needless to alter to "*In* all *save that*," as was done by Malone, and commonly followed. Percy explains the meaning, "Of all *essay'd* yet."

"Copp'd *hills*"—i. e. Hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a *sugar-loaf*. Thus, in Horman's "Vulgaria," (1519:)—"Sometime men wear *copped* caps like a sugar loaf." So Baret:—"To make *copped*, or sharp at top; *cacumino*." In Anglo-Saxon, *cop* is a *head*.

Scene II.

"—*why should this* change *of thoughts*"—So every old copy: every modern one, without necessity, alters "change" to *charge*. "Change" for *charge*, and *vice versa*, was a common misprint. But Pericles, after commanding that none should "disturb him," asks why this change in his spirits should do so. Two lines lower, *as*, of the old copies, was altered to *is*, by Malone. We might, by a mere transposition of two letters, read, *Be my*, etc., for "By me," and attain an easier sense than the editors have yet given:—

> —— why should this change of thoughts,
> The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
> *Be my* so us'd a guest, is not an hour, etc.

"—ostent *of war*"—The old copies have "*stint* of war," retained in some editions, and explained by Knight—"*Stint* is synonymous with stop, in old writers." "Ostent" is an ingenious correction, and probably the true reading, as it agrees with the context, "will look so huge." It is besides a frequent old poetic phrase. Thus, in Decker's "Entertainment to James I." (1604:)—

> And why you bear alone th' *ostent* of warre.

Again, in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Batracho muomachia*:—

> Both heralds bearing the *ostents* of war.

"*Are arms to princes*"—*Which* are arms, etc., is here understood.

"—*but* smooth"—To "smooth" is to *sooth*, or *coax*. Thus in Richard III.:—

> Smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog.

So, in Titus Andronicus:—

> Yield to his honour, *smooth*, and speak him fair.

The verb *to smooth* is frequently used in this sense by our older writers; for instance, by Stubbes, in his "Anatomie of Abuses," (1583:)—"If you will learn to deride, scoffe, mock, and flowt, to flatter and *smooth*," etc.

"—*shall ne'er* convince"—In the sense of *overcome*.

Scene III.

"—*he was a wise fellow*"—Stevens has told us who this wise fellow was, from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's "Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill," (1604, p. 27:)—"I will therefore commende the poet Phillipides, who being demaunded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the king—That your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets*."

Scene IV.

"—*and* seen *with mischief's eyes*"—Thus in the old copies. Malone proposed *unseen*, and Stevens prints "wistful eyes," instead of "mischief's;" but Dionyza means to say, that here their griefs are but felt and seen with mischief's eyes—eyes of discontent and suffering; but if topped with other tales—that is, cut down by the comparison—like groves they will rise higher, be more unbearable.

'—*dames so* jetted"—i. e. So *strutted*.

"*Thou speak'st like* him's"—i. e. Like *him who is*: an elliptical expression, misprinted *hymnes* in all the old copies.

"—*if he on peace* consist"—i. e. If he *stand* on peace; a Latinism.

"—*(you happily may think*
Are like the, Trojan horse, war-stuff'd *within*
With bloody veins,") etc.

The old copies read:—

> And these our ships you happily may think
> Are like the Trojan horse, *was* stuff'd within
> With bloody *veines*, etc.

The emendation is Stevens's. Mr. Boswell says that the old reading may mean, elliptically, "*which* was stuffed."

For "bloody *veins*" the editors have generally given us "bloody *views*"—a reading at once harsh and unpoetical, and at the same time modern in its use; for *views*, in this sense, gives not only a very uncouth metaphor, but seems neither in the manner of Shakespeare nor of his age.

ACT II.

"—*will prove* awful"—i. e Entitled to *awe* and reverence.

"*Thinks all is writ he spoken can*"—Meaning, Thinks all he can speak is as holy writ.

"Build *his statue*"—"All the old copies read 'build;' but the word is invariably changed to *gild*, because in the 'Confessio Amantis' we find, with regard to this statue—

> It was of laton *over-gilt*.

But before the statue was *gilt* it was erected, according to the same authority:—

> For they were all of him so glad
> That *they for ever in remembrance*
> *Made a figure in resemblance*
> *Of him*, and in a common place
> They set it up.

Why not then 'build,' as well as *gild?*"—Knight.

"—*this 'longs the text*"—i. e. (in Gower's elliptical construction,) This belongs to the text. Excuse me from comment upon it; you will see it.

Scene I.

"—*when I saw the porpus*"—The playing of porpoises round a ship is a prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

"—*the* finny *subject of the sea*"—Stevens corrected the old copies, which read *fenny*, to "finny," and rightly, as is shown by the words of the novel founded upon the play:—"Prince Pericles wondering that from the *finny* subjects of the sea, these poor country-people learned the infirmities of men."

"—*if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it*"—This is the reading of the original, and has occasioned some discussion. Does it not mean that the fisherman, laughing at the rarity of being honest, remarks, If it be a day (i. e. a saint's or red-letter day) fits you, search out of (not *in*) the calendar, and nobody look after it (there, as it would be useless?) Stevens supposes that the dialogue originally ran thus:—

> *Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;
> *The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.*
> 2 *Fish* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it.

"—*puddings and* flap-jacks"—A "flap-jack" was a *pancake*, or *fritter*, and it seems to have been made of batter and apple. In some parts of the country it is also still called an *apple-jack*. (See Holloway's "Provincial Dictionary.")

"—*things must be as they may*"—"Things must be (says the speaker) as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt." The Fisherman may then be supposed to begin a new sentence—"His wife's soul;" but here he is interrupted by his comrades; and it would be vain to conjecture the conclusion of his speech.

"*And spite of all the* RAPTURE *of the sea,*
This jewel holds his BIDING *on my arm,*" etc.

In the old copies these lines run thus:—

And spite of all the *rupture* of the sea,
This jewel holds his *building* on my arm.

The novel founded upon PERICLES shows that the two words, which in our text vary from the original copies, have been rightly changed by the commentators: Pericles, we are informed in the novel, got to land "with a jewel, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not bereave from his arm." Sewel recommended "rapture" for *rupture*, and Malone substituted "biding" for *building*. "Rapture" was often used for *violent seizing*, taking away *forcibly*.

"— *a pair of* BASES"—Not "armour for the legs," as explained in some of the annotators, but, as explained by a better antiquary, Nares, (in his "Glossary,") "a kind of embroidered *mantle*, which hung from about the middle to the knees, or lower; worn by knights on horseback." It resembled the Highland dress.

SCENE II.

"*The word,* LUX TUA VITA MIHI"—"The word" means the *mot*, or *motto*. Of old, perhaps, the motto consisted of only one word. These "shreds of literature" might have been picked up out of any heraldic books, common in that age. Douce has traced some of them to the "Heroical Devices" of Paradin, "translated into English by P. S." (1591.) The second one, *Piu per dulzura que per fuerza*, ("more by swiftness than by force,") has the Italian *piu* (more) instead of the Spanish *mas*—the rest being Spanish.

SCENE III.

"*By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,*
These cates resist me, he not thought upon."

"This speech is usually assigned to Pericles; and in the second line, under this arrangement, we read, '*she* not thought upon.' But, throughout the remainder of the scene, Pericles gives no intimation of a sudden attachment to the Princess. The King, on the contrary, is evidently moved to treat him with marked attention, and to bestow his thoughts upon him almost as exclusively as his daughter. If we leave the old reading, and the old indication of the speaker, Simonides wonders that he cannot eat—'these cates resist me'—although he (Pericles) is 'not thought upon.' This is an attempt to disguise the cause of his solicitude even to himself. It must be observed that the succeeding speeches of Simonides, Thaisa, and Pericles, are all to be received as soliloquies. In the second speech, Simonides continues the idea of 'he not thought upon,' by attempting to depreciate Pericles—'He's but a country gentleman.'"—KNIGHT.

"— *princes, not doing so,*
Are like to gnats," etc.

"When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how, in both instances, the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it: a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who, having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character."—STEVENS.

"— *this* STANDING-BOWL *of wine*"—A bowl with a raised stand, or foot, was so called.

"— *a soldier's dance*"—Malone says, "The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient 'Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing,' (black letter, no date:)—

There is a dance call'd Choria,
Which joy doth testify;
Another called Pyrricke
Which warlike feats doth try.
For men in armour gestures made,
And leap'd, that so they might,
When need requires, be more prompt
In public weal to fight."

SCENE IV.

"— *the strongest in our* CENSURE"—i. e. *Opinion*. We believe, (says the speaker,) that the probability of the death of Pericles is the strongest. He then proceeds to assume that the kingdom *is* without a head. So the ancient readings, which we follow.

SCENE V.

"*Even as my life,* OR *blood that fosters it.*"

So in the old copies. Malone and Collier have—

Even as my life *my* blood, etc.

Even as my life loves my blood. The original is clear—I love you, even as my life, or as my blood that fosters my life.

ACT III.

"AYE *the blither*"—The old copies have, "*Are* the blither," which several editors retain, as an elliptical expression. Stevens changes it to "*As* the blither." It is strange that no English editor has thought of "aye" for *ever*—a word used by Gower and Shakespeare, and the contemporaries of both. Thus, in the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM:—

For *aye* to be in shady cloister 'mured.

Milton, too, has—

—— the Muses who
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.

This was spelled, anciently, *Aie*, and may have been so written here; which made *Are* an easy misprint for it. Like much other good old poetic English, antiquated at home, *Ay*, in this sense, is still both colloquial and poetic Scotch. Thus, the "crickets singing at the oven's mouth"—

Aye the blither for their drouth—

is precisely the same idiom with Burns's—

An' *ay* the ale was growing better—

in "Tam O'Shanter."

"— *fancies quaintly* ECHE"—A form of *eke*, found in Chaucer and Gower, as well as in later writers—here used for "eke out."

"— *many a* DEARN *and painful* PERCH"—"Dearn" signifies *loncly, solitary*. A "perch" is the measure of *five yards and a half*. "The careful search of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch, by the four opposing corners which join the world together."

"— *and* WELL-A-NEAR"—An ejaculatory phrase, equivalent to *Well-a-day! Alas, alas!* still preserved in Yorkshire use, and explained in some of the glossaries of that dialect.

"— *in this* SELF *storm*"—i. e. In this *same*, or *self-same* storm. Most modern editors corrupt the ancient text to "*fell* storm."

"*I* NILL *relate*"—i. e. I *nc will*, or *will not* relate.

SCENE I.

"— *We, here below,*
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you."

Barry Cornwall notices this last touch, as peculiarly Shakespearian. He adds, "And the bold use of effective words, as where Pericles says that the surges '*wash* both heaven and hell;' when he prays that the winds may by controlled, ('*bind them in brass;*') and his ap-

peal to Lucina, not to descend personally, not to lend her aid merely, but to send down her divinity upon them, ('*convey* thy deity,')—(he says,) are all characteristic of our greatest of poets, and worthy of him. The scene proceeds, and we hear Pericles mourning over his lost wife, Thaisa, in terms at once homely and beautiful:"—

A terrible childbirth, etc., etc.

"*Quiet and gentle thy* CONDITIONS!"

"Coudition," in old English, was applied to *temper*. Thus, in HENRY V.:—"Our tongue is rough, etc.; my *condition* is not smooth." "The late Earl of Essex told Queen Elizabeth (says Sir Walter Raleigh) that her *conditions* were as crooked as her carcase—but it cost him his head."

"*That e'er was prince's child*"—The novel founded upon the play of PERICLES here employs an expression which (says Collier) is evidently Shakespearian. It gives this part of the speech of Pericles as follows:—"*Poor inch of nature!* (quoth he,) thou art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was, and hast as chiding a nativity, as fire, air, earth and water can afford thee." This quotation shows that Malone (who is followed in nearly all editions) was wrong in altering "welcome" to *welcom'd:* the novel proves that "welcome" was the Poet's word.

"*Thy loss is more than can thy* PORTAGE *quit*," etc.

That is, Thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. "Portage" is here used for *conveyance* into life.

This is the common interpretation of this obscure phrase. I observe that, in Warner's "Albion," "portage" seems used, as its analogous word *bearing*, often for *behaviour*:—

The Muses barely begge or bribbe,
Or both, and must, for why?
They find as bad bestow as is
Their *portage* beggarly.

As Pericles has just referred to the hoped-for future gentle bearing of the child, the Poet may have meant that he should add, that the babe's loss was greater than can be compensated by its future conduct, with all else that it can find here on earth.

"—*we are strong in* CUSTOM"—The old copies have "strong in *easterne*," which (Malone says) means that there is a strong easterly wind. Knight would read, "strong *astern*"—i. e. we are driving strongly astern. Neither of these ideas could well be in the author's thoughts. This edition prefers Boswell's ingenious and most probable supposition, that *easterne* was a misprint for "custom," as meaning, they say they have always observed it at sea, and that they are strong in their adherence to old usages. He refers to the experience of his own correction of the press, that this is a natural mistake.

"*Bring me the satin* COFFIN"—"Coffin" and *coffer* are words of the same original meaning. Subsequently, Cerimon says to Thaisa—

Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your *coffer*.

The Poet, therefore, did not mean that his queen should be laid in this coffin, but that it was the *coffer*, or chest, containing satins, which Pericles terms the "cloth of state," used for her shroud. (See next scene.)

SCENE II.

"—*Give this to the 'pothecary*"—The precedent words show that the physic cannot be designed for the master of the servants here introduced. Perhaps the circumstance was introduced for no other reason than to mark more strongly the extensive benevolence of Cerimon. It could not be meant for the poor men who have just left the stage, to whom he has ordered kitchen physic

"*The very* PRINCIPALS"—i. e. The strongest *timbers* of a building.

"'*Tis not our* HUSBANDRY"—"Husbandry" here signifies *economical prudence*. So in HAMLET, (act i. scene 3:)—

—— borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry*.

And in HENRY V.:—

For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,
Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*.

"*Virtue and* CUNNING"—"Cunning" here means *knowledge*, as in the old English versions of the Psalms, and elsewhere.

"*Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,*
To please the fool and death."

"Death" and the "Fool" were both personages familiar to the amusements of the middle ages, and were acted, and painted, and engraved. Stevens mentions an old Flemish print, in which Death was exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the Fool (discriminated by his bauble, etc.) was standing behind and grinning at the process. The "Dance of Death" appears to have been anciently a popular exhibition. A venerable and aged clergyman informed Stevens that he had once been a spectator of it. The dance consisted of Death's contrivances to surprise the Merry Andrew, and of the Merry Andrew's efforts to elude the stratagems of Death, by whom at last he was overpowered; his finale being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley. It should seem that the general idea of this serio-comic *pas-de-deux* had been borrowed from the ancient "Dance of Machabre," commonly called the "Dance of Death," which appears to have been anciently acted in churches, like the Moralities. The subject was a frequent ornament of cloisters, both here and abroad. The reader will remember the beautiful series of wood-cuts of the "Dance of Death," attributed (though erroneously) to Holbein. Douce describes an exquisite set of initial letters, representing the same subject; in one of which the Fool is engaged in a very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or pebbles—an instrument used by modern Merry Andrews.

SCENE III.

"*Though I show* WILL *in't*"—i. e. Though I may seem *wilful* and perverse in so doing. There may be here a misprint for "Though I show *ill* in it," as Pericles (act v. scene iii.) says that his long hair "makes me look dismal."

"—*the mask'd Neptune*"—i. e. The ocean masking its dangers with calm. The epithet is singularly Shakespearian in manner; even the article prefixed, ("*the* masked Neptune,") is in his peculiar fashion.

SCENE IV.

"—*on my* EANING *time*"—This is the folio reading, and that of one quarto. The others have "*learning* time," which the editors have amended to "*yearning* time"—the time of that internal uneasiness preceding labour. But "eaning" is a common old English word, for bringing forth young, usually applied to sheep, but not confined to them. Shylock speaks of "the ewes in eaning time;" but there is no reason or evidence that it was not used for the birth of children.

ACT. IV.

"—*ripe for marriage* RITE"—The original has *sight*, which has afforded place for various conjectures and interpretations. The reading here adopted seems the most probably that which the author wrote.

"—*the* SLEIDED *silk*"—"Sleided" silk (says Percy) is *untwisted* silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley*, or *slay*

"— RECORDS *with moan*"—To "record" anciently signified to *sing*. Thus, in Sir Philip Sydney's "Ourania," (by Nicholas Breton, 1606:)—

Recording songs unto the Deitie.

The word is still used by bird-fanciers.

"PREST *for this blow*"—"Prest" is *ready*—(*prêt*, French.)

SCENE I.

"—*for her* OLD NURSE'S *death*"—In the old copy—

She comes weeping her *onely mistresse* death.

"As Marina (says Percy) had been trained in music, letters, etc., and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida could not have been her *only mistress*. I would therefore read—

Here comes she weeping her *old nurse's* death."

"— *as a* CARPET, *hang upon thy grave*"—"So the old copies. The modern reading is *chaplet*. But it is evident that the Poet was thinking of the *green* mound that marks the last resting-place of the humble, and not of the sculptured tomb to be adorned with wreaths. Upon the grassy grave Marina will hang a *carpet* of flowers—she will *strew* flowers, she has before said. The *carpet* of Shakespeare's time was a piece of tapestry, or embroidery, spread upon tables; and the real flowers with which Marina will cover the grave of her friend might have been, in her imagination, so intertwined as to resemble a carpet, usually bright with the flowers of the needle."—KNIGHT.

SCENE IV.

"*Becoming well thy* FACT"—The old editions all have "thy *face*." This, though retained by the latest editors, seems to afford no appropriate meaning, and to be an error of the press. Malone supposed the word intended was *feat*—i. e. thy *exploit*. I prefer Dyce's suggestion of "fact," as it requires but the change of a letter, and agrees with Shakespearian usage, in the sense of "your guilty act." Thus in the WINTER'S TALE, (act iii. scene 2,) the king reproaching his wife with her supposed guilt, says, "As you are past all shame, (those of your *fact* are so,") etc.; for those who are guilty of the same crime with you. We retain this sense only in legal phrase, drawn from the old common law, "taken in the *fact*"—i. e. in the very act of crime.

'— DISTAIN *my child*"—The old reading is *disdain*, which may be right, but does not agree with the context. Gower has said of Marina's grace—

—— this so darkes
In Philoten all graceful marks.

"Distain" is a common old poetical word for *sullying, defiling;* either literally or by contrast. It is so used by Chaucer, in his "Troilus," and by Gower; both of them authors familiar to Shakespeare.

"— *and held a* MALKIN,
Not worth the time of day."

That is, a coarse *wench*, not worth a "good morrow."

"*You are like one, that superstitiously*
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies," etc.

"This passage appears to mean, 'You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing flies.' *Superstitious* is explained by Johnson, *scrupulous beyond need.*"—BOSWELL.

"— *I know, you'll do as I advise*"—Throughout this whole scene, slight and sketchy as it is, the reader cannot but be strongly reminded of Macbeth and his wife. Cleon's "infirmity of purpose," shocked at the crime, and willing to give "the spacious world to undo the deed," while he immediately yields to his wife's energy of guilty will, and follows out her leading, is in the same spirit with Macbeth's—

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not, etc.

The stern, sustained resolution of Lady Macbeth, her complaint for her husband's scruples, as—

—— what beast was it, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?—

and her—

—— things without remedy
Should be without regard,—

are, when compared with Dionyza's cool reply, "that she's dead," and her—

—— I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And what a coward spirit,—

like the finished work of some great painter by the side of the first rough, spirited outline, in which he had embodied his conceptions.

"— *Now, please you,* WIT"—i. e. Now, be pleased to *know*. The word, as well as its context, is Gower's own language, in whom we find—

——the lorde hath to him writte
That he should understande and *witte*.

SCENE VI.

"— PERSÉVER"—The old mode of writing and accenting the word, as it often occurs in the older dramatists.

"— *under the* COPE"—i. e. Under the *cope*, or *covering* of heaven.

"— *door-keeper to every* COYSTREL"—"Coystrel" is said, by Collier and Gifford, to be a corruption of *kestrel*—a bastard kind of hawk. But it rather seems to mean a low servant, or what Marina calls "the basest groom," as it is so used in Hollingshed and Palsgrave, as quoted by Dyce.

ACT V.

"*Her* INKLE"—"Inkle" is a kind of *tape*, but here it means coloured thread, *crewel*, or worsted, used in the working of fruit and flowers.

SCENE I.

"— DEAFEN D *parts*"—The old copies all read "*defended* parts." Malone made the alteration, which he explains thus:—"His *ears*, which are to be assailed by Marina's melodious voice." Stevens would read "deafen'd *ports*," meaning "the *oppilated doors* of hearing."

"— AFFLICT *our province*"—The old copies have *inflict*—a use of the word quite anomalous, and therefore, probably, a misprint for "afflict."

"*Enter Lord,* MARINA, *and a young Lady.*"

"It appears that when PERICLES was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as, by any stretch of imagination, could be supposed to present either a sea or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port in their *mind's eye* only. This license being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama exhibited before such indulgent spectators was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been."—MALONE.

"— AWKWARD *casualties*"—"Awkward" is here used in its oldest sense, for *wrong, adverse*. Thus Udal says of the Pharisees, that "they with *awkward* judgment put goodness in outward things;" and he terms them "blind guides of an *awkward* religion."

"*Like* PATIENCE, *gazing on kings' graves, and smiling*
EXTREMITY *out of act.*"

"By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her uplifted

sword. 'Extremity' (though not personified as here) is, in like manner, used for the *utmost* of human *suffering*, in KING LEAR:—

—— another,
To amplify too much, would much more,
And top *extremity*.

So in TWELFTH NIGHT:—

She sat like *Patience* on a monument,
Smiling at Grief." MALONE.

"*Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy Motion?*

That is, No fairy puppet, made by enchantment. A "motion" was the old synonym for *puppet*. The phrase is poetic and Shakespearian, which in many editions is altered, without authority, to—

—— and no fairy,
No motion.

"— *O Helicanus! strike me*"—Barry Cornwall remarks, that "there is no one of the dramatic authors of the Elizabethan period whose pen can be so readily traced as Shakespeare's." Of this, PERICLES, with all its original defects, offers repeated examples of lines, phrases, passages, which cannot be ascribed to any other pen. One of these characteristics, which is scarcely discernible in any of his contemporaries, is, (in the words of Barry Cornwall,) "that his speeches, instead of being directed and limited for the time to one subject and person only, *radiate*, so to speak, or point on all sides; dealing with all persons present, and with all subjects that can be supposed to influence the speaker. Thus, in the speech commencing 'O Helicanus!' Pericles, in the course of a few lines, addresses himself to Helicanus, to Lysimachus, to Marina, to his own condition, etc. Hence his scenes, instead of being conversations confined for the time to two speakers, are often matters of extensive and complicated interest, in which the sentiments and humours of various persons are interwoven and brought to play upon each other, as in the natural world."—(*Life of Ben Jonson.*)

"— *another* LIFE"—"Another *like*" in the old copies, which, as it gives no fit sense, is probably a misprint for "life." The same error also occurs in Diana's speech.

SCENE II.

"*Do it, and happy*"—i. e. Do it, and *live* happy. This would hardly seem to want explanation, had not several editors thought it so obscure as to require a change of the text, so as to read—

Do't, and *be* happy.

SCENE III.

"*Voice and* FAVOUR"—"Favour" is here, as in other instances, *countenance*.

"*What means the* WOMAN"—"So the quarto, (1619,) and subsequent editions: the quarto of 1609, 'What means the *mum?*' which may have been a misprint for *nun*. It would suit the measure better, and it would not be unprecedented to call a priestess of Diana a nun."—COLLIER.

"*This ornament,*
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form," etc.

That is, My beard, *that* makes me look dismal, will I clip to form.

"*In Antioch, and his daughter*"—i. e. The king of Antioch. The old copy reads *Antiochus*. Stevens made the alteration, observing that in Shakespeare's other plays we have *France* for the *king* of France; *Morocco* for the *king* of Morocco, etc.

"That this tragedy has some merit, it were vain to deny: but that it is the entire composition of Shakespeare, is more than can be hastily granted. I shall not venture, with Dr. Farmer, to determine that the hand of our great Poet is only visible in the last act; for I think it appears in several passages, dispersed over each of these divisions. I find it difficult, however, to persuade myself that he was the original fabricator of the plot, or the author of every dialogue, chorus, etc.

* * * * * * * * *

"Were the intrinsic merits of PERICLES yet less than they are, it would be entitled to respect among the curious in dramatic literature. As the engravings of Mark Antonio are valuable not only on account of their beauty, but because they are supposed to have been executed under the eye of Raffaelle, so PERICLES will continue to owe some part of its reputation to the touches it is said to have received from the hand of Shakespeare."—STEVENS.

MR. HALLAM is not much more liberal in his commendations than Stevens:—

"PERICLES is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakespeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character—for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw—and a general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakespeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted; and the extrinsic testimony, though not conclusive, being of some value, I should not dissent from the judgment of Stevens and Malone, that it was in no inconsiderable degree repaired and improved by his touch. Drake has placed it under the year 1590, as the earliest of Shakespeare's plays; for no better reason, apparently, than that he thought it inferior to all the rest. But, if it were not quite his own, this reason will have some less weight; and the language seems to me rather that of his second or third manner than of his first."—HALLAM, (*Literature of Europe.*)

HAZLITT notices, that "the grammatical construction, like that of TITUS ANDRONICUS, is constantly false, and mixed up with vulgarisms, which, (says he,) with the halting measure of the verse, are the chief objections to PERICLES OF TYRE, if we except the far-fetched and complicated absurdity of the story. The movement of the thoughts and passions has something in it not unlike Shakespeare, and several of the descriptions are either the original hints of passages which he has engrafted on his other plays, or are imitations of them by some contemporary poet. The most memorable idea in it is in Marina's speech, where she compares the world to 'a lasting storm, hurrying her from her friends.'"

WILLIAM GIFFORD goes further, and dismisses it summarily, as "the worthless PERICLES." Upon this Barry Cornwall (*Life of Jonson, note on Pericles*) thus retorts:—

"It is certainly not one of Shakespeare's first-class plays. Nor is it to be lauded as a play full of character. But it stands higher, as a composition, than several of Shakespeare's undoubted works, and it comprehends passages finer in style and sentiment than any thing to be found in the serious dramas of Ben Jonson. We cannot but think that the preceding critics (and among the rest Mr. Gifford) must have condemned it *unread*." He then proceeds to extract and comment upon some passages, in "vindication (to use his words) of this much slandered play."

WILLIAM GODWIN, (*Life of Chaucer*, chap. xviii.,) without expressing equal confidence in Shakespeare's authorship of the play, speaks of the piece itself with warm and unqualified admiration. In his account of old Gower, as the contemporary and fellow-labourer of Chaucer, in forming our language, he says:—"Another circumstance which is worthy to be mentioned, in this slight enumeration of the literary deservings of Gower, is, that what is usually considered as the best of his tales, the tale of 'Apollynus of Tyre,' is the foundation

of PERICLES—a play which is commonly printed under the name of Shakespeare, and which, in sweetness of manner, delicacy of sentiment, truth of feeling, and natural ease of manner, would do honour to the greatest author who ever existed."

"This piece was acknowledged by Dryden, but as a youthful work of Shakespeare. It is most *undoubtedly his*. The supposed imperfections originate in the circumstance, that the dramatist has handled a childish and extravagant romance of the old English poet Gower, and could not or would not drag the subject out of its original sphere. Hence he even introduces Gower himself, and makes him deliver prologues in his own antiquated language and versification. The power of assuming a manner so foreign to his own, is at least no proof of want of ability."—SCHLEGEL.

COLERIDGE, (*Literary Remains,*) in his first attempt at the classification of the order of Shakespeare's plays, places PERICLES with the old KING JOHN, the three Parts of HENRY VI., the old TAMING OF THE SHREW, etc., and thus characterizes it and them:—"All these are trausition works, (*Uebergangswerke;*) not his, yet of him." In 1819, he thought PERICLES was produced shortly after Shakespeare's earliest dramatic attempt, LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

MR. COLLIER pronounces, with equal confidence, that PERICLES bears the unquestionable stamp of Shakespeare's genius:—

"There is so marked a character about every thing that proceeded from the pen of our great dramatist,—his mode of thought, and his style of expression, are so unlike those of any of his contemporaries, that they can never be mistaken.' They are clearly visible in all the later portion of the play; and so indisputable does this fact appear to us, that, we confidently assert, however strong may be the external evidence to the same point, the internal evidence is infinitely stronger: to those who have studied his works it will seem incontrovertible."

Several other later critics, as Horn, among the Germans, Knight, and Dr. Drake, (*Shakespeare and his Times,*) have expressed opinions on the poetic merits of PERICLES, approaching to those of Godwin and Barry Cornwall, and quite at variance with the sweeping censures of Pope and Gifford:—

"Let us accept Dryden's opinion that—

> Shakespeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,

with reference to the original structure of the play, and the difficulty vanishes. It was impossible that the character of the early drama should not have been impressed upon Shakespeare's earliest efforts. Sidney has given us a most distinct description of that drama; and we can thus understand how the author of PERICLES improved upon what he found. Do we therefore think that the drama, as it has come down to us, is presented in the form in which it was first written? By no means. We agree with Mr. Hallam, that in parts the language seems rather that of Shakespeare's 'second or third manner than of his first.' But this belief is not inconsistent with the opinion that the original structure was Shakespeare's. No other poet that existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century—perhaps no poet that came after that period, whether Massinger, or Fletcher, or Webster—could have written the greater part of the fifth act. Coarse as the comic scenes are, there are touches in them unlike any other writer but Shakespeare. Horn, with the eye of a real critic, has pointed out the deep poetical profundity of one apparently slight passage in these unpleasant scenes:—

> *Mar.* Are you a woman?
> *Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?
> *Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.*

"Touches such as these are not put into the work of other men Who but Shakespeare could have written—

> —— The blind mole casts
> Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd
> By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.

"And yet this passage comes naturally enough in a speech of no very high excellence. The *purpurei panni* must be fitted to a body, as well for use as for adornment. We think that Shakespeare would not have taken the trouble to produce these costly robes for the improvement of an early production of his own, if the taste of his audiences had from time to time demanded its continuance upon the stage. It is for this reason that we think that the Pericles of the beginning of the seventeenth century was the revival of a play written by Shakspeare some twenty years earlier."—KNIGHT.

"However wild and extravagant the fable of PERICLES may appear, if we consider its numerous choruses, its pageantry, and dumb shows, its continual succession of incidents, and the great length of time which they occupy, yet it is, we may venture to assert, the most spirited and pleasing specimen of the nature and fabric of our earliest romantic drama which we possess, and the most valuable, as it is the only one with which Shakespeare has favoured us. We should, therefore, welcome this play as an admirable example of 'the neglected favourite of our ancestors, with something of the same feeling that is experienced in the reception of an old and valued friend of our fathers or grandfathers. Nay, we should like it the better for its Gothic appendages of pageants and choruses, to explain the intricacies of the fable; and we can see no objection to the dramatic representation even of a series of ages in a single night, that does not apply to every description of poem, which leads in perusal from the fireside at which we are sitting, to a succession of remote periods and distant countries. In these matters faith is all powerful; and without her influence, the most chastely cold and critically correct of dramas is precisely as unreal as the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, or the WINTER'S TALE.'

"A still more powerful attraction in PERICLES is that the interest accumulates as the story proceeds; for, though many of the characters in the earlier part of the drama, such as Antiochus and his daughter, Simonides and Thaisa, Cleon and Dionyza, disappear and drop into oblivion, their places are supplied by more pleasing and efficient agents, who are not less fugacious, but better calculated for theatric effect. The inequalities of this production are, indeed, considerable, and only to be accounted for, with probability, on the supposition that Shakespeare either accepted a coadjutor, or improved on the rough sketch of a previous writer: the former, for many reasons, seems entitled to a preference, and will explain why, in compliment to his dramatic friend, he has suffered a few passages, and one entire scene, of a character totally dissimilar to his own style and mode of composition, to stand uncorrected; for who does not perceive that of the closing scene of the second act not a sentence or a word escaped from the pen of Shakespeare."—DR. DRAKE.

We select, from among other criticisms of the same tendency, that of Charles Armitage Brown, contained in his ingenious essay on "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems:"—

> It hath been sung at festivals,
> On ember-eves and holy ales,
> And lords and ladies of their lives
> Have read it for restoratives.—*Prologue.*

"Transferred from the halls of lords and ladies to the theatre, it was a favourite with the people; but, owing to the improvement of dramatic poetry and art, it at length required higher claims than it possessed to support its popularity. To entirely remodel this wild and strangely improbable romance might have benumbed its attraction; for it is rare to find that the multitude is pleased with direct changes in a traditionary tale. Shakespeare therefore employed himself in restoring the romance to its former importance on the stage, by

numerous retouchings in the dialogue, and by writing whole scenes of great dramatic power.

"Unless we suppose it had been ineffectually retouched previously to his adaptation, we cannot well account for the appearance of three distinct styles: one bald and utterly unpoetical, though bearing an antique air, urging on the commencement with a dogged will; the second only passable, and too frequently throughout the four first acts; aud the third, truly worthy of Shakespeare. It may be that the lines which I term only passable had been all partially changed by him. Yet, wanting the effect of his shadow merely passing over them, I must conjecture that some oue had been before him in the task, and that he had retained many of the former alterations entire. However that may have been, the question now is as to his unmixed property.

"In the first place, we have to overcome that great drawback, a want of varied colour in the characters, the essential stamp of his genius. Far from having colour, they are unshaded outlines, filled up with black and white, to represent the bad or the good, and thus shoved on and off the stage. Nothing can be discovered of his profound knowledge of humau nature, or of his philosophy, nothing beyond the work of a poet and an artist, and they appear but faintly in the two first acts. The language of Pericles himself rises from poverty gradually into strength and dignity, until it attains its utmost height; as if Shakespeare had learned, during his task, to throw more and more aside of the original; to feel, as he proceeded, a high confidence in his own powers; and at last to have discovered there was a soul in the romance, in spite of its deformities, which inspired him to attempt his hitherto untried excellence, to spread his wings, and to set, as it were, an example to himself for the future.

"The fishermen in the second act glance at us, in their comic dialogue, with the very trick of his eye; but we meet with no scene of his invention, or complete reconstruction, till we enter Cerimon's house at Ephesus in the third act. Every line there is his undoubted property. Trivial as the sketch may be called of this good physician, it is a portrait; we see him, and we know him, though observed only under one phase. Here, in the recovery of the queen from her trance, we have a most natural description of the physician's skill being suddenly called into action, his swift orders mingled with his reasoning on cases, his haste to apply the remedies, the broken sentences, his reproof to a loitering servant, the keeping the gentlemen back to 'give her air;' the whole, as if by magic, making the reader an absolute spectator of the scene.

"From the moment Marina appears, Shakespeare himself takes her by the hand, and leads her gently ouward; but I cannot perceive he had any connexion with the vile crew who surround her.

"Compared to all that precedes it, or to any thing else, the first scene of the fifth act is wonderfully grand, beautiful, and refined in art. Every one ought to know it; but it is too long for me to quote. The recall from a state of stupefaction caused by grief, and the prolonged yet natural recognition of Marina, interwoven with a thousand delicate hues of poetry, lead us on in admiration till we think nothing can be added to the effect. Still the crown of all is to come, in the poetical conclusion, true to nature while it rests on our imagination. Pericles, instantly after his sudden rush of joy, his overwrought excitement, fancies he listens to the 'music of the spheres!'—he wonders that others do not hear these 'rarest sounds;'—then he sinks on his couch to rest, and still insisting that there is 'most heavenly music,' falls into a sleep, while Marina, like an angel, watches at his side!"